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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *The Limits of Religious Thought examined in Eight Lectures, preached before the University of Oxford in the year MDCCCLVIII., on the foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A., Canon of Salisbury.* By Henry Longueville Mansel, B.D. London, 1858.
2. *Letters, Lectures, and Reviews, including the Phrontisterion, or Oxford in the 19th Century.* By the Very Rev. Henry Longueville Mansel, D.D. Edited by Henry W. Chandler, M.A. London, 1873.
3. *The Gnostic Heresies of the First and Second Centuries.* By the late Henry Longueville Mansel, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, sometime Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford: with a sketch of his *Work, Life, and Character*, by the Earl of Carnarvon. Edited by J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's. London, 1875.

IT is not often that men who achieve for themselves great literary distinction are able to lay claim as well to ancient and honourable descent. HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL sprang from a family of high repute, which had held possessions in the north of Buckinghamshire and in the adjacent extremity of Bedfordshire ever since the time of William the Norman. The family tradition is that Philip le Mansel (i.e. of the province of Maine),—from whom all the Maunsells, Mansells, or Mansels are descended,—accompanied William into England.¹ Be that as it may, a grant in fee of land in Turvey from 'Paganus de Alneto' (who certainly came over with the Conqueror) to 'Ricardus Mansell' is the first document in that rarest of family histories,—Halstead's '*Succinct Genealogies*.'² Eustace le Mor-

¹ 'Historical and Genealogical account of the ancient family of Maunsell, Mansell, Mansel,' by W. W. Mansell, (privately printed) 1850,—p. iii. and p. 17

² 1685,—p. 5.—It was compiled by Henry, Earl of Peterborough, with the aid of his chaplain the Rev. Richard Rands, rector of Turvey; and gives the history of the most illustrious of the families with which the Mordaunts had intermarried. 'Halstead' is a feigned name.

daunt (a direct ancestor of the Earls of Peterborough), Richard de Ardres, and Saher le Mansell, are related to have married the three co-heiresses of William de Alneto, Lord of Turvey, about A.D. 1190.¹ Saher was of Chicheley in Buckinghamshire.² His descendant, 'William (son of Sampson le Mansell of Turvey,)' in 1287 sold all his possessions in Chicheley³ to William le Mordaunt,—who (in 1297) imparked his wood of '*Mansels-grove*' with the rest of his lands in Turvey.⁴ The locality, which retains its ancient name to this day, probably indicates the site of the ancient homestead of the Mansels. They resided continuously at Chicheley for at least fourteen generations, viz. till the lifetime of John Maunsell in 1622; whose cousin Samuel became possessed by marriage of an estate at Cosgrove in Northamptonshire, where the family went to settle and where they have resided ever since. Cosgrove Hall, formerly the residence of the Longuevilles, was devised to Samuel's great-grandson,—John, youngest son of the Rev. Christopher Mansel,—in 1741.

John entered the army in early life, attained the rank of Major-General, being Colonel of the 3rd Dragoon Guards; and in the Duke of York's campaign in Flanders in 1794 had the command of a brigade of heavy cavalry. He fell gloriously at the battle of Coteau, 25th April. Directed by General Otto to attack the enemy in flank, after some manœuvres he came up with the French in the valley of Cawdry, charged, and completely defeated them. He then rushed at the head of his brigade against a battery of fourteen pieces of cannon, placed on an eminence behind a deep ravine into which many of the front rank fell. He passed the ravine, and at the head of a considerable body of his men charged the cannon with inconceivable intrepidity and complete success. His heroic conduct decided the day; but at the mouth of this battery, General Mansel, after having had three horses killed under him, received his death-wound. One grape-shot entered his chin, fracturing his spine and coming out between his shoulders, while another broke his arm to splinters. His eldest son and aide-de-camp, Capt. Mansel, rushed to his father's aid, but was wounded and taken prisoner. On the 26th, the General was buried in a redoubt at the head of the camp with all military honours. Six generals (Abercrombie, Dundas, Harcourt, Garth, and Fox) supported

¹ See the Pedigree in Harvey's '*Willy Hundred*,'—p. 186-7.

² Baker's '*Northants*,' vol. ii. p. 131.

³ See the deed in Halstead,—p. 456.

⁴ The deed is given in Halstead, p. 457.—The family history (quoted in note (1),—p. 45) which makes this William the son of John Mansell (1220-1265)—the celebrated favourite of Henry III. and Lord Chancellor of England,—must be in error. Chancellor Mansell, however, was at least one of the family.

the pall, and the Duke of York, the Stadtholder, the hereditary Prince of Orange, and all the officers of the army, attended the funeral. Some sixty years later, on the occasion of the heroic Balaclava charge, Lord Ellenborough said in the House of Lords,—

‘I know not the instance, although it may exist, in which cavalry has before charged the cavalry, infantry, and artillery belonging to a powerful army in position. I have never heard of such a thing, and I do not believe it has existed.’

General Mansel's grandson instantly supplied the ‘Times’ with the details of the foregoing far more splendid achievement; whereby 1500 of the British cavalry gained a complete victory over 22,000 men in sight of their *corps de réserve* consisting of 5000 men and 20 pieces of cannon.¹ History does not furnish a parallel instance of valour.

General Mansel left four sons. John Christopher the eldest, who has been mentioned already, retired with the rank of Major, and resided at Cosgrove Hall till he died. His health had been seriously impaired by wounds received in action. Robert, the second son, entered the Royal Navy, attained the rank of Admiral, and commanded H.M.'s brig *Penguin*, 18 guns. He is remembered for his gallantry in an action with three French ships. George, the third son, was Captain in the 25th Light Dragoons and died on his passage from India in 1808.—Henry Longueville Mansel, the General's youngest son (born in 1783), became Rector of Cosgrove, and was the father of the metaphysician and divine to be commemorated in the ensuing pages. Educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he is related to have been a man of fine abilities and singular moral worth, whose conscientious discharge of his ministerial duties, unselfish character, and delightful manners, endeared him to all the country round. He was the trusted friend and adviser of all. Living during the troubled period of the bread riots, he conducted most of the magisterial business in his neighbourhood, which at that time devolved chiefly on the Clergy. ‘Well, Harry,’ (said his neighbour the Rev. Lorraine Smith,) ‘I don't understand much about these things, but where *you* lead *I* will follow.’ (They two, with the squire, had alone taken the oaths under the new King.) He built the Rectory-house, and resided there (1810–35),—taking the spiritual oversight of the parish, while his elder brother (John Christopher) resided at the Hall.

In the Rectory of Cosgrove then,—a pleasant Northampton-

¹ See a letter in the ‘Times’ of Jan. 26th, 1855, signed ‘H. L. M.’: quoting from the ‘Evening Mail,’ May 14th, 1794.

shire village, surrounded by rural scenery of the genuine English type,—HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL was born on the 6th of October, 1820. He was the fourth of eight children,¹ all born in the same house,—two sons (of whom he was the elder) and six daughters, one of whom died in infancy. His mother, Maria Margaret, was the only daughter of Admiral Sir Robert Moorsom, K.C.B.,² who commanded the *Revenge* in the battle of Trafalgar, and was specially commended for his bravery in action. Thus deriving his being from heroic ancestry on either side, the subject of the present Memoir might have been expected to add lustre to the annals of his country's Army or Navy: but his triumphs were destined to be won in other fields. The warfare to which he consecrated his powers was intellectual,—a perpetual conflict on behalf of GOD'S Truth with the growing infidelity of the age. His mother (who survived him, for she lived till 1877, by which time she had attained the age of 83,) is described as a woman of great strength of character,—clearness of understanding,—quickness of judgment. The extraordinary memory, firm will, and strong affections, for which the future Dean of St. Paul's was distinguished, were characteristic of both his parents, but especially of his mother. From the Rector of Cosgrove he obtained his first lessons in the use of language. He learned from his father (he said) 'never to use a word of two syllables where a word of one would do.'

With his native village and with the Rectory-house in which the first sixteen years of his life had been spent, were linked to the last all Henry Mansel's tenderest memories. He clung to the surroundings of his father's 'modest mansion' with indescribable affection. On approaching the place, weariness seemed driven from his countenance as he recognized a face long familiar, or passed some object full of childish associations. Some happy remark would generally follow. Writing in 1855, he expressed himself as follows:—

'Now, after the lapse of twenty years, I scarcely have a dream of vivid interest in which the scene is not laid in that spot.' (He then adds:—) 'It is curious how in sleep, when the personal activity and self-consciousness which connect us mainly with the present are lulled to rest, the mind almost invariably goes back to those days and scenes of childhood when the imagination was more vivid and the judgment less mature. It seems as if the imaginative faculties, which are apt to grow duller with advancing years, strive when predominant

¹ Marianne (Mrs. Weight),—Eleanor Maria (Mrs. Gates),—Catharine Margaret (Mrs. Mansel),—H. L. M.,—Antonia Isabella (b. and d. in 1822),—Clarissa (Mrs. Searle),—Robert Stanley (1826–1881, leaving issue),—Henrietta.

² He was secretary to Lord Mulgrave, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, and subsequently Port-Admiral at Chatham.

to draw fresh supplies of vigour from the foundation of their early strength; and as if that form of consciousness, which no impossibilities startle and in which no anachronisms are detected, links itself by natural affinity with that period of the waking life in which reality and its laws are least present to us, and the dreams of Fairyland most vivid.

The reminiscences of Henry's earliest years which linger on in the family, though few and slight, are characteristic. His thoughtfulness used to strike every one. On his being presented by his mother with a little wheelbarrow, instead of playing with it in the manner of other children, he was observed to turn it upside down,—to seat himself upon it,—and to keep twirling the wheel, lost in a kind of reverie. He always wanted to know the reason *why* everything was: used to pull his toys to pieces to see how they were put together: cut out the head of his drum in order to discover what it was that made the sound. One of his earliest as well as of his latest characteristics was his slowness to speak on any subject until he had fully mastered it: but having weighed any question and arrived at his own conclusions, he would maintain and defend his position with a power rarely met with in a much older person. His mind once made up, he rarely changed his opinion. Quick, thoughtful, and observant, he frequently surprised the family by the reasoning powers he displayed. It has been said of him that 'he was born a metaphysician'; and traits are remembered of his tenderest years which illustrate and confirm that saying. In maturer life, he frequently referred to the problem which almost in his infancy used to puzzle and trouble him. Before he was old enough to put his thoughts into language, he would lie on the ground (which he was fond of doing) and perplex himself with the question,—'*My hand: my foot. But what is me?*' His mother once heard him soliloquizing in that way.—On a certain occasion, while reading Miss Edgeworth's child's book, 'Frank,' he raised the question—'Whether the story was true? A suitable answer was returned which appeared to him satisfactory. Presently came a passage—'Frank was going to say &c. &c. but he forgot.' 'Now' (exclaimed little Mansel) 'I know it cannot be true: for how could *they* know what Frank was going to say, if *he* forgot?' It is needless to add concerning such a child that he gave extraordinary promise. An appreciative aged neighbour (Rev. W. Hellings of Potterspury—familiarily designated 'the Vicar of Wakefield'), used to say, 'I am afraid I shall be dead before that boy is old enough for me to teach him Hebrew.' The power of retaining what he had once heard or read, he enjoyed through life in an
extraordinary

extraordinary degree : and this faculty developed itself very early. In fact, his retentive memory (he derived it chiefly from his mother) was perhaps his most remarkable endowment. When too young to be taught, he would often pick up portions of the lessons his sisters were learning, which enabled him to supply the passage wanted, if, when repeating their lessons to their mother (as the custom was,) the girls were sometimes at fault. This created the more surprise because apparently, he had been engrossed by his toys on the floor. It was his father's custom to catechize the children of the parish in the Church on Sunday afternoons. When Henry was three years old he insisted on standing up and repeating the Church Catechism with the rest. He had picked it up by ear. Accordingly, he was mounted on a form. On one such occasion,—‘How many Commandments are there?’ inquired the Rector of his infant son. ‘Ten,’ replied the child; immediately adding (to the surprise and discomfiture of the catechist), ‘*which be they?*’

At the age of eight, having been till then taught by his father, he was sent to a school kept by the Rev. John Collins of East Farndon in Northamptonshire; where he was long remembered for his omnivorous taste for reading. It was here that he had his first and only fight; the cause being disrespectful language on the part of one of the boys concerning the Church and sacred subjects. These throughout his life might never be approached in his presence without reverence. With Mr. Collins Henry remained for two years.

A seeming accident now determined which should be his school, University, and College. Between the Rev. Philip Wynter (President of S. John's) and the inmates of Cosgrove Rectory, a warm friendship had sprung up in bygone years when Wynter had held the Curacy of Hardingstone in the same county. Himself educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and ardently attached to that foundation—‘from my connection with which’ (he wrote) ‘all my prosperity and comfort in life under Providence have been derived,’—Wynter had not failed to urge the advantages it affords to youths intended for the University. Ultimately, through his friendly intervention, the offer came of a presentation to that School. It was accepted, and Henry was at once placed in the House of the Rev. J. W. Bellamy, then Head-master. He entered on this new phase of existence on the 29th Sept. 1830, and speedily distinguished himself by his assiduity and application, as well as became liked for his amiability of character.

Even at this early period his power of abstraction was remarked as extraordinary. ‘Such a quiet lad!’ (Mrs. Bellamy used

used to say of him :) 'I believe the boys might jump over his head while he is with his books, for aught *he* would care, so that they did not molest *him*.' 'From first to last,' (writes the present President of S. John's),—

'I never knew any man who had such deep and almost romantic notions of the claims of friendship and gratitude. He never forgot any old schoolfellow, or any one to whom he had once become attracted. He was not, as you may suppose, very expert at games or given to them, but he did not decline them.'

The years spent at Merchant Taylors' were the period of his life to which the future Dean of S. Paul's always looked back with the greatest affection and interest. His regard for his old Master continued unabated to the last, and was heartily reciprocated. On achieving any honourable distinction or obtaining any fresh accession of dignity, he always delighted to communicate the intelligence among the first to Mr. Bellamy, —the constant friend of his early years; confident of receiving from him a hearty response. Certain reminiscences of Mansel as a schoolboy from the pen of one of his school-fellows (the Rev. Leopold Bernays) will here be perused with interest:—

'I did not know him intimately until the last two years of our school time together,—from the middle of 1837 to the June of 1839,—in which year we were both elected to Scholarships at S. John's. There was during the greater part of that time a close intimacy between our families, and I knew thoroughly all that was going on in his mind both at School and at College. We were alike devoted to the reading of Poetry, and the composition of verses of our own: always comparing notes with one another, and affording each other such help and criticism as we could. His literary tastes were even then remarkable. He spent all his pocket-money on books, and possessed quite a large library of the English Poets. He sought after all the less-known writers at every book-stall. I often assisted him in hunting for scarce volumes. He had such a wonderful memory, that we used to say of him at school that if all the English Poets were lost Mansel would be able to reproduce them. Already was he noted for the jocular epigrammatic power, which he retained through life. His classical work of all kinds he got through with much ease; and by consequence had so much time at his disposal, that those about him thought he must be idle, until they found that he knew what he had spent one hour upon, as well as others did what had cost them two.'

It should also be recorded concerning this same early period of his life, (namely when he was a boy of 16 or 17,) that he had already developed the same strong political predilections,—already exhibited the same metaphysical tastes,—which characterized

terized his maturer years. His school friends remember his eager youthful 'Toryism.' He also published a little volume of poetry which bears on its title-page—'*The Demons of the Wind, and other Poems*, by Henry Longueville Mansel.'¹ It extends to 120 pages, (of which the first 52 are occupied by 'the Demons,') and contains in all twenty-five little poetical essays of much sweetness and power. He was 18 years of age when this little volume, the first-fruits of the coming harvest, made its appearance.

Here it is necessary to go back two or three years, in order to relate that the current of Henry's life which had flowed on so long unruffled was suddenly darkened by an event which at once broke up the home of his boyhood, and scattered the shining circle which till then had been the light of Cosgrove Rectory. His Father died somewhat unexpectedly in the March of 1835, aged 52 years. As soon as danger was apprehended, the boy was sent for from school. He at once travelled down by the Stony Stratford coach, which used to pass within two miles of the Rectory; and some can yet recal the anxious face with which (bag in hand) he was soon to be seen hastily traversing the little dip in the road about half a mile from his Father's door. But he arrived too late to behold alive the parent whom he loved so well.

This event it was that acquainted Henry with that sense of responsibility which for the first time makes life appear in a young man's eyes the grave reality which it is presently found to be. He was now in his fifteenth year. The desire to enter the ministry henceforth predominated with him—shaped his aims and regulated his studies. To his great satisfaction, it was arranged that his mother should ultimately return to reside at Cosgrove,—a house in the village having been bequeathed expressly for her use. For the moment, having nominated a successor to the Rectory, Mrs. Mansel went to live at Cheltenham. Thence she removed to Buckingham,—and thence, in 1837, to the village of Emberton, in the same county. At the end of another year (viz. in 1838) she made London her residence, in order to afford a home to her two sons, the younger of whom (Robert Stanley) was now also entered at Merchant Taylors' School. Henry at once left Mr. Bellamy's for his mother's house, and continued to attend as a day scholar up to the period of his leaving the school in 1839.

The period of his residence at Merchant Taylors' was a series of youthful successes. In 1838, he won the chief prize for English

¹ London : J. W. Southgate, 164 Strand, 1838.

Verse. At the close of the same year, a medal was founded by Sir Moses Montefiore for the encouragement of the study of Hebrew, which had always been cultivated in the school. Every voice suggested that 'Mansel' would be the one to carry off the new distinction; and win it he did, and easily. But he deserved his success, for (with his habitual ardour) he resorted to a Rabbi for assistance and toiled hard at the language. He went up for matriculation to S. John's as a Scholar (or Probationary Fellow) June 11, 1839, having carried off not merely the Hebrew medal, but two of the four chief Classical prizes awarded that year—those for Greek verse and for Latin verse.

'Of the other two chief Prizes, that for Greek prose was awarded to F. H. Cox, afterwards Dean of Hobart Town, Tasmania; that for Latin prose, to Paul Parnell, who was elected to S. John's at the same time with Mansel, and obtained the same honours at his B.A. Degree. Both of these were men of distinguished ability. The latter died early on his voyage out to assume the office of Crown Solicitor for the Perth District, Western Australia.'¹

Mansel's connection with Oxford as a resident, which thus began by his becoming a scholar of S. John's College in 1839, continued unbroken for a period of thirty years. Once only was he obliged to submit to a few months' absence, in consequence of excessive mental labour. Profoundly conscious from the beginning that on his own exertions he would have to depend for his livelihood, he entered on his academical course with a determination and industry which have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed. His thirst for knowledge, which increased with his proficiency, added intensity to the ardour of his pursuit. At the same time the thoroughness of his character constrained him, in the matter of his studies, as in all other things, to put up with no superficial knowledge, but to master every subject completely. His former schoolfellow at Merchant

¹ Flushed with youthful indignation and excited spirits,—Paul Parnell was seen for the last time by many besides the present writer leading a famous demonstration in the Sheldonian Theatre (at the *Enceenia* of 1843) against an unpopular Proctor.—'I see you, Mr. Parnell!'—'Yes Sir, and I see you,' (shaking his fist at him) 'and you must leave the Theatre.'—The disastrous consequences might have been foreseen, but they were deplored by the whole University. The following sad inscription on a stained window (S. John's Church, Fitzroy Square,) is the only record the Reviewer ever met with of the end of one whose abilities were of the very highest order, whose moral worth won him the esteem and regard of all, and who gave promise of a great and brilliant career:—'*In memory of Paul Parnell, B.C.L. Born 22nd Dec. 1829. Died Nov. 12th, 1852, once Fellow of S. John's College Oxford. Buried in the great deep, Nov. 12th 1852.*'—He would have been a tower of strength to the Conservative cause had he lived. His eloquence and debating power at the Union are still remembered with admiration. When Mansel casually mentioned Parnell's name many years after, it was observed that his eyes instantly filled with tears.

Taylor's, now his brother-scholar at S. John's, Oxford, thus writes concerning Mansel at this period of his life :—

'From the day that our College life began,' (in the October Term of 1839) 'he laid down for himself a course of reading, from which, as to hours and duration, he rarely if ever swerved. He rose very early. At first, he and I met before 6 in the morning; but my resolution soon failed; while he, if he made any change, rose earlier.'

It is related of him by one who was fellow and tutor of the College, that he was never absent from morning Chapel, and was constant in his attendance at Holy Communion. For a while he rose to work at four, and it was only in consequence of urgent remonstrance,—(he was manifestly injuring his health, though he retired to rest early and seldom read in the evening,)—that he returned to the more moderate hour of six. He established at this time an alarm-clock, of which the weight, in descending, pulled off his bed-clothes and woke him. His Hebrew studies he was constrained for awhile to defer until after his Degree, considering not unreasonably that Classics and Mathematics, (for he aspired to distinction in both,) were enough to occupy his whole attention.

Let it not be supposed however that he shunned society. On the contrary. He entered into it with the keenest zest, and was the life of every company in which he was found. Full of anecdote, his ready wit and powers of repartee as well as of grave argument and sustained disputation, caused him to be much courted, whether for genial or for serious gatherings. But the thing he supremely enjoyed was a walk with some clever and studious friend, of about the same standing with himself. On such occasions he would discuss what they had been lately reading, illustrating it to his companion's astonishment by an amount of knowledge,—how and when acquired the other was at a loss to imagine.

'His memory,' (writes Mr. Bernays) 'which seemed to increase in power during his College career, was marvellous. We often amused ourselves by picking out obscure personages and incidents, and testing his memory by them. He would tell us where each was mentioned, whether on the right or left-hand page. This wonderful power undoubtedly stood him in good stead, and contributed much to his great success in taking his degree: but, what is seldom the case, he combined with this minuteness of recollection great generalizing power, could bring his facts to one focus and assign to each of them its due weight and proportion. His portfolio was full of essays on the Polity, Finance, Migrations, domestic habits, of the nations of Antiquity: a map of every region,—a plan of every great battle,—an epitome of every speech occurring in his books, and genealogies of every

every dynasty. Among others, an elaborate paper upon the Roman Numerals has been preserved. His classical composition gave evidence of great taste, and of singular facility of imitation of the best masters of style.

For the last two years of his undergraduateship, Mansel read Logic and Moral Science with the Rev. J. A. (now Archdeacon) Hessey,—who writes:—

‘He generally brought with him a list of enquiries on matters which had struck him, and about which he had to be satisfied before he could go on. It was indeed a striking peculiarity of his mind to be unable to proceed unless he was sure of his position. In the course of a lecture I often perceived that his thoughts were not at the exact point which I had myself reached. His air was troubled and his brow overcast. On such occasions I stopped abruptly and waited for him. He would then tell me that he was not convinced as to the grounds of a certain statement; or that such and such objections were weighing upon his mind. It was necessary to recommence the argument, and to put it in some other form. On his difficulties being removed, his attention returned and we proceeded smoothly together. At other times I had to pause for a very different reason. A gleam of almost indescribable humour would pervade his face. There was something in his mind which must be uttered, pleasantly connected with the book before us; perhaps that part of Aristotle’s “Rhetoric” which abounds with shrewd observations upon human motives and character. It turned out to be a felicitous parallel from Shakspeare, or from Bacon’s colours of Good and Evil, or from “Hudibras,” or even from Colenso, or Father Prout, or the “Pickwick Papers.” This had struck him, and he was obliged to give vent to it,—to my very great amusement. But he could, the moment after, revert to the text, dismissing every thought of the digression.’

An ingenuous admission follows, the like of which has many a time fallen from Tutors in our Universities:—

‘I often felt that I was learning more from him than I was able to impart, especially as the time of his Degree drew near. His difficulties, which were often of a most subtle and refined character, not unfrequently suggested lines of thought which I should otherwise scarcely have entered upon. And the ability which he displayed in his Essays, the clearness with which he laid down principles, the judiciousness of his divisions of the subject proposed, and the copious information which he brought to bear upon it,—convinced me daily that I was dealing with no ordinary man. His industry was scarcely conceivable. I have before me his interleaved copy of Aristotle’s “Ethics,” filled with materials gathered in his private reading. His analyses of Plato’s “Republic,” “Laws,” and “Theætetus,” of Aristotle’s “Politics,” and of Butler’s “Analogy,” are still preserved. The labour which these cost him must have been enormous, exhibiting

as they do not merely acquaintance with the treatises of his authors, but acute discrimination of their main drift, as compared with their excursive and incidental discussions.'

In the Easter term of 1843, Mansel was rewarded for his laborious undergraduateship with 'a double-first.' Some may require to have it explained to them that this, at the time we speak of, was the highest attainable honour: viz. a place in the first class as well of Mathematics as of Classics. The excellence of his papers at once decided his place in the Class-list by the unanimous suffrage of the Examiners: but it is related that his *vivâ voce* Examination somewhat disappointed the Undergraduates who in those days used to throng the gallery benches when a man of extraordinary merit presented himself for examination. The reason of this is as interesting as it is characteristic. The Examiner began by putting a question founded on an assumption which Mansel was convinced was false, and which accordingly he proceeded to combat. He declined to accept the false premiss and to throw himself into the Examiner's train of reasoning. This was not what the Examiner wished for or expected. The plain English of the matter is that he was incompetent to handle Mansel,—who (conscious of his superiority) insisted on holding his own. A protracted disputation was the consequence. Which of the parties was more to be blamed? The youth who forgot that while he was undergoing his 'vivâ voce' it was at his peril that he resolutely wrestled with his Examiner,—Or the Examiner, who with the whole province of Moral and Mental Science before him, persisted in harping on his own one idea, instead of shifting his ground and generously inviting his opponent to follow him into any other department of the ample realm where the other might have an opportunity of displaying his known skill and attainments? Few Oxford men, it is thought, will hesitate as to their reply. Fewer still, it is further believed, on recalling their own hour of trial, will be slow to exclaim secretly,—'It was not thus, certainly, that the Examiner, in my case, dealt with me!' . . . Be that as it may, this passage of arms (for such it was) left little time for the examination in History and Poetry. But it was of no real consequence. Mansel's place in the Class-list had been safe from the first.

Could he have carried out his own wishes immediately after taking his degree, in 1843, it is known that he would have at once surrendered himself wholly to the studies proper for the work of the Ministry, and in due course would have undertaken a parish. But the death of his Father had imposed on him new duties and responsibilities.

The October term found him again in Oxford ; where private pupils, from whom he found it difficult to disentangle himself, flocked to him : and he speedily became a famous and a successful teacher. To decline the sphere of useful labour which thus in a manner forced itself upon him would have been unreasonable. Mansel, on the contrary, threw himself into it with characteristic ardour ; and found his reward in the success which attended his labours, and in the intercourse to which it led with men of kindred pursuits and attainments. At the Christmas of 1844 he was nevertheless ordained Deacon, and at the Christmas of the following year Priest, by Dr. Richard Bagot, Bishop of Oxford. He had resolutely steered clear of the great mistake of suffering his pupils to take up all his time. But he had done more : he had reserved the necessary leisure for preparing himself for what was to be the future business of his life. He also applied himself vigorously to the study of French and German, with a view to reading in the originals books to which he had hitherto only had access through translations : resumed the study of Hebrew, which he had abandoned for four years ; and acquainted himself with the best English Divinity, besides studying the Apostolical Fathers and Eusebius.

‘I have seen lately’ (writes Archd. Hessey) ‘his well-worn copy of Eusebius, filled with references and remarks which show how diligently he had studied it, little imagining that he would ever be called to the Chair of Ecclesiastical History. It was part of his preparation for Holy Orders. He made it besides his daily practice to study a portion of the Old and the New Testament.’

Such a course of reading as is sketched in the foregoing paragraph would have been in itself amply sufficient to tax to the utmost the energies of any ordinary student. But Mansel never withdrew himself for a single day from his chosen province of Moral and Mental Science : and he was at this time largely occupied besides with the work of Tuition. Pupils of high ability resorted to him, and he became known as the foremost teacher of his time.

Of the pupils referred to, not a few have subsequently achieved for themselves honourable distinction. The most conspicuous name is that of one who adorned the lustre of his birth by the acquisition of the highest University honours—the Earl of Carnarvon. When it was resolved, in 1875, to publish Mansel’s ‘Lectures on the Gnostic Heresies,’ the Earl with generous sympathy contributed an introductory sketch of ‘the Work, Life, and Character’ of his friend,—the first page of which may well find place here. It is a pleasure to transcribe the graceful language in which he recalls the memory of his College days

days and of his intercourse (1874-5) with the subject of the present Memoir, who was at that time his private Tutor:—

‘My first acquaintance with Dean Mansel was made twenty years ago at the University, when he had everything to give, and I had everything to receive. As I think of him, his likeness seems to rise before me. In one of those picturesque and old-world Colleges, in rooms which, if I remember rightly, on one side looked upon the collegiate quadrangle with its sober and meditative architecture, and on the other caught the play of light and shade cast by trees almost as venerable on the garden grass;—in one of those rooms, whose walls were built up to the ceiling with books, which, nevertheless, overflowed on the floor, and were piled in masses of disorderly order upon chairs and tables, might have been seen sitting day after day the late Dean, then my private tutor, and the most successful teacher of his time in the University. Young men are no bad judges of the capabilities of a teacher; and those who sought the highest honours of the University in the Class schools thought themselves fortunate to secure instruction such as he gave,—transparently lucid, accurate, and without stint, flowing on through the whole morning continuously making the most complicated questions clear.

‘But if, as chanced sometimes with me, they returned later as guests in the winter evening to the cheery and old-fashioned hospitality of the Common Room, they might have seen the same man, the centre of conversation, full of anecdote and humour and wit, applying the resources of a prodigious memory and keen intellect to the genial intercourse of society.

‘The life of old Oxford has nearly passed away. New ideas are now accepted, old traditions almost cease to have a part in the existence of the place, the very studies have greatly changed, and—whether for good or evil—except for the grey walls which seem to upbraid the altered conditions of thought around them, Oxford bids fair to represent modern Liberalism, rather than the ‘Church and State’ doctrines of the early part of the century. But of that earlier creed, which was one characteristic of the University, Dean Mansel was an eminent type. Looked up to and trusted by his friends, he was viewed by his opponents as worthy of their highest antagonism; and whilst he reflected the qualities which the lovers of an older system have delighted to honour, he freely expressed opinions which modern reformers select for their strongest condemnation.

‘Such he was when I first knew him twenty years ago,—in the zenith of his teaching reputation, though on the point of withdrawing himself from it to a career even more worthy of his great abilities. . . . It was then that I formed an acquaintance which ripened into deep and sincere friendship; which grew closer and more valued as life went on; over which no shadow of variation ever passed; and which was abruptly snapped at the very time when it had become most highly prized.’¹

¹ *Introduction*, pp. 7.-vii.

While on this subject, the reader will peruse with interest the following modest record of the impressions retained by another of Mansel's pupils (the Rev. John Earle, Professor of Anglo-Saxon), of the benefit he derived from a very brief acquaintance with Mansel's teaching about this same time:—

'I gained greatly by those few weeks of his help; the more so as I had got all my work up beforehand in my own way. From what I can remember, I would say that he handled metaphysical subjects with a wonderful ease. This appeared in him not by strong flights, but by always keeping where his pupil was, and taking, quite naturally, *his* point of view, even when that view was stupid or mistaken. He had also a beautiful uniformity of temper, which was all part of the same complete and calm possession both of himself and of his subject; and which made the force and rate of progress measured and deliberately slow at the time, but the result considerable in the ultimate total. I seem to remember even now my frequent surprise at the striking of the hour. What with the occasional interlude of an amusing illustration, and his strong mind bearing one along, the wheels of thought worked with so little friction, that there was no fatigue to measure the time by.'

In the interval between the date of taking his degree (Easter 1843), and 1855, the year of his marriage,—in addition to all his other work, Mansel's pen was never idle. In 1847 appeared his little treatise 'On the Heads of Predicables' (pp. 60): and in 1849 his 'Artis Logicæ Rudimenta,' which, however, is nothing else but a large and annotated edition of Aldrich's 'Logic.' This production was received with much favour, as the want of such a work had been long felt. It reached a second edition in 1852,—a third in 1856,—a fourth in 1862. In the meantime he reviewed 'The Philosophy of Language' in the 'North British Review' for Nov. 1850; and in the ensuing year (May 1851), 'Recent Extensions of Formal Logic.'¹ In 1851 he also published his 'Prolegomena Logica, a series of Psychological Essays introductory to the Science.' It is in fact an enquiry into the Psychological character of Logical processes. Of this work a second edition appeared in 1860.

Lord John Russell's Commission, appointed (1850) 'to inquire into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues, of the University of Oxford,' issued its Report in 1852. Mansel made this the occasion for his 'inimitable imitation' (as it has been truly called) of Aristophanes,—'Scenes from an unfinished Drama entitled *Phrontisterion*; or Oxford in the 19th Century.' It is certainly the wittiest thing he ever wrote, and is too well

¹ Both are reprinted in Mansel's 'Letters, Lectures, and Reviews' (1873), pp. 3-35; 39-76.

known to require praise or comment. Very reasonably has it been included in the volume of Mansel's 'Letters, Lectures, and Reviews,' edited by his friend Chandler in 1873, to which reference has been made already. The 'Phrontisterion' stands last in the collection. In 1853 he addressed to Dr. Whewell a letter (dated April 12th) entitled 'The limits of Demonstrative Science considered' (pp. 46):—and in the next year (1854) appeared his examination of Mr. Maurice's 'Theory of a Fixed State out of Time,' in a letter to the friend of his boyhood, and late brother-fellow at S. John's, the Rev. Leopold J. Bernays. The pamphlet is entitled 'Man's Conception of Eternity;' and, like the last-mentioned Letter, has been reprinted in the volume of 'Letters,' &c., above mentioned. If we content ourselves with a bare enumeration of so many thoughtful productions of Mansel's pen, it is only because, first, the prescribed limits of such a biographical sketch as the present are imperative; and next, because a detailed discussion of his multitudinous contributions to Philosophical and Mental Science is at *any* time possible. Our one object is to place on record that living image of the man which, at the end of a few years, is irrecoverable.

The year 1855 brought about the happiest event of Mansel's life. He was united (August 16th) to Charlotte Augusta, third daughter of the late Daniel Taylor, Esq., of Clapham Common, Surrey. A few thoughtful words of his own, written at this period, are sure to be read with interest. We are every one of us sufficiently philosophical to enter into the sentiments he so gracefully expresses, though we might find it difficult to express our meaning with the same tenderness, truth, and beauty:—

'I have long since been aware that the reserved and meditative habits produced by a studious and solitary life are not favourable—I do not say to the possession, but certainly to the exhibition—of such qualities as are most attractive in winning attachment. No man, believe me, is more deeply to be pitied than one whose whole training is exclusively intellectual; who is practised day by day in laborious exertions of the thinking faculties, with no corresponding opportunities for the development of the feelings and affections, which were designed by God to bear their part in the formation of human character. Such training can but mar and mutilate the living soul of God's Creation, to put in its place a lifeless and distorted image of Man's fashioning, in parts overgrown and monstrous, in parts stunted and dried up . . . There is but one remedy for this. The affections must be restored to their proper place in the everyday life, and suffered to find their daily food and nourishment in those relations which God has designed for their development. I say "but one remedy"; for even the religious feelings are, in their influence upon the heart, moulded and modified by the mental character

ter When we see how God has graciously availed Himself of human affection as the type and symbol of our relations towards Him ; how the love of a Father towards his children is sanctified as the image of God's love to Man ; how the husband is bidden to love the wife as CHRIST loved the Church ; we feel how much more fully and deeply these things speak to the heart of those whose human affections have been permitted to grow and blossom and bear fruit ; who know how deep is their obligation of love and gratitude to that God who has given them so much to love on earth.'

Such sentiments gave blessed promise of the happiness with which he was prepared to invest his home. All who came in contact with him felt this influence. Servants were attracted by it ; and some who remained in his household throughout the period of his married life, could testify to the blessing of serving such a Master. Greatly was he beloved by them, as indeed he was by all those who came within the sphere of his personal attraction. Truly, it was a bright and a peaceful home,—'every way pure and lovely,' as one remarks who knew it best. His gentleness, cheerfulness, quiet playfulness,—above all, his consistently religious life,—imparted a nameless charm to the atmosphere of his daily existence. Quiet fun too there was in abundance, and not unfrequently sparkling sallies of wit ; but *this* characteristic, though it was what chiefly impressed and fascinated strangers, is observed to be the feature which does not predominate in the memory of those who knew him most intimately—loved him most dearly—lived with him longest. These, when questioned, tell by preference of his deep humility, ever esteeming others better than himself. It was his delight to dwell on the intellectual progress which is in reserve for the soul hereafter ; the enlarged powers which Man's future state will inevitably develop ; and the blissful prospect of having unfolded to him *then* so much of what he longs to know, but which at present is shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

Mansel at the time of his marriage entirely gave up reading with private pupils. Retaining his Tutorship at S. John's, he also now perforce relinquished residence in College for a home of his own,—No. 87 in the 'High Street.' It should be stated that it was his election (May 17th, 1855) to the Readership in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy in Magdalen College which enabled him to resign his fellowship at S. John's, and to marry. In 1859, he became the first 'Waynflete Professor' in the same department without election, thereby vacating his Prælectorship. It may further be mentioned that on the ground of his being 'Waynflete Professor,' he was re-elected

Professor-fellow of S. John's on the 8th April, 1864,—an event which afforded him the liveliest satisfaction.

In the beginning of the October term (Oct. 23, 1855), he delivered his inaugural lecture as Reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, in conformity with the condition imposed by the founder of that lecture, in the ante-chapel of Magdalen College: its title, 'Psychology the Test of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy.' It was immediately afterwards published. In the ensuing year (1856), and in the same locality, Mansel delivered a second Lecture (May 20th) on 'The Philosophy of Kant,' which was published at the time, and has since been reprinted in the volume so often referred to. He also wrote in 1857 the article entitled 'Metaphysics' in the 8th edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and in the same year was appointed Bampton Lecturer for 1858. And now his hands were full of work indeed. The opportunity had at last presented itself for dealing a tremendous blow at the pretentious Deism of the day,—for exposing its essential imbecility and deformity,—and for practically reminding Oxford men of the half-forgotten lessons of their great teacher, Bp. Butler,—not to say for achieving for himself a great reputation. So he girded himself up for the conflict for which he had been so long preparing, with a proud consciousness that his prowess would inevitably be crowned with success. Nor was he destined to be disappointed. In the ensuing spring (viz. of 1858) he achieved a triumph seldom equalled and never surpassed by any Bampton Lecturer. 'From the pulpit of S. Mary's' (writes Lord Carnarvon),—

'He stepped at once into the foremost rank of modern Theological writers; and the classical Tutor, the Professor of Moral Philosophy, however eminent locally, became at once a power beyond the walls of the University. From this time he wielded an influence which he never lost; and which, had he lived, he would, I believe, have largely increased. But those Lectures were its origin. They passed through several editions; were repeatedly reviewed and canvassed; and became almost a text-book in the schools of the University.'

The interest which Mansel's delivery of his Bampton Lectures excited in Oxford was extraordinary: the strangest feature of the case being, that those compositions were so entirely 'over the heads' of most of those who nevertheless every Sunday morning flocked to S. Mary's to hear them. The Undergraduates' gallery, which accommodates about half the congregation at S. Mary's, was always entirely filled with attentive and enthusiastic listeners; but it may be questioned if one in a hundred was able to follow the preacher. The young men knew, of course, in a general kind of way, what the champion of Orthodoxy

doxy was about. He was single-handed contending a host of unbelievers — some, with unpronounceable names and unintelligible theories; and sending them flying before him like dust before the wind. And *that* was quite enough for *them*. It was a kind of gladiatorial exhibition which they were invited to witness: the unequal odds against 'the British lion' adding greatly to the zest of the entertainment; especially as the noble animal was always observed to remain master of the field in the end. But for the space of an hour, there was sure to be some desperate hard fighting, during which they knew that Mansel would have to hit very straight: and *that* they liked. It was only necessary to look at their Champion to be sure that *he* also sincerely relished his occupation, and this completed their satisfaction. So long as he was encountering his opponents' reasoning, his massive brow, expressive features, and earnest manner suggested the image of nothing so much as resolute intellectual conflict, combined with conscious intellectual superiority. But the turning-point was reached at last. He would suddenly erect his forefinger. It was the signal for the final decisive charge. From that moment resistance was hopeless. Already were the enemy's ranks broken. It only remained to pursue the routed foe into some remote part of Germany, and when the field was cleared to pronounce the Benediction.

The object which Mansel set before himself in his 'Bampton Lectures' was essentially that which Bp. Butler had in view when he wrote his immortal 'Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature.' He exposes the worthlessness of the objections which have been urged against Christianity,—he does *not* undertake to prove that the Religion is true. He clears the ground for the production of the proper Evidences, and shows that Religion *may be* true notwithstanding the objections which have been brought against it. The exhibition in detail of the direct Evidences of Christianity he leaves to others. His method is to ascertain and assign the *Limits of Religious Thought*. He begins,—

'Does there exist in the human mind any direct faculty of religious knowledge, by which, in its speculative exercise, we are enabled to decide, independently of all external Revelation, what is the true nature of God, and the manner in which HE must manifest Himself to the world; and by which, in its critical exercise, we are entitled authoritatively to decide for or against the claims of any professed Revelation, as containing a true or a false representation of the Divine Nature and Attributes?'

Mansel demonstrates (in his third Lecture) that no such faculty exists. His great achievement is the proof he furnishes

(chiefly in that place) that 'the human mind inevitably, and by virtue of its essential constitution, finds itself involved in self-contradictions whenever it ventures on certain courses of speculation.' But let us hear his own account of the matter:—

'What then' (he asks) 'is the practical lesson which these Lectures are designed to teach concerning the right use of Reason in religious questions? and what are the just claims of a reasonable Faith, as distinguished from a blind credulity? In the first place, it is obvious that, if there is any object whatever of which the human mind is unable to form a clear and distinct conception, the inability equally disqualifies us for proving or for disproving a given doctrine, in all cases in which such a conception is an indispensable condition of the argument. If, for example, we can form no positive notion of the Nature of God as an Infinite Being, we are not entitled either to demonstrate the mystery of the Trinity as a necessary property of that Nature, or to reject it as necessarily inconsistent therewith. Such mysteries clearly belong, not to Reason, but to Faith; and the preliminary inquiry which distinguishes a reasonable from an unreasonable belief, must be directed, not to the premisses by which the doctrine can be proved or disproved as reasonable or unreasonable, but to the nature of the authority on which it rests, as revealed or unrevealed.'¹—(*Preface*, p. xi.)

The abandonment of the Philosophy of the Absolute inevitably conducts us to Mansel's favourite (and undeniable) position, that the distinctive character of religious truths,—beginning with Man's conception of GOD,—is *regulative* not *speculative*. In other words, *not* the satisfaction of the intellect,—(for that indeed is demonstrably impossible,)—but the moulding of the affections, the schooling of the will, has clearly been the object in view in the Revelation which GOD has made to us concerning Himself in Holy Scripture. In Mansel's words,

'The highest principles of thought and action to which we can attain, are *regulative* not *speculative*: they do not serve to satisfy the reason, but to guide the conduct.'

The problem of the Divine Morality, on which Deists hold themselves at liberty freely to dogmatize, inevitably comes in for discussion in the 'Bampton Lectures.' 'The human mind' (writes one) 'is competent to sit in *moral* and *spiritual* judgment on a professed Revelation; and to decide, if the case seem to require it, in the following tone:—This doctrine attributes to GOD that which we should all call harsh, cruel, or unjust, in Man. It is therefore intrinsically inadmissible.' One would have supposed that Butler's famous observations on the same

¹ In Butler's words,—'Objections against Christianity, as distinguished from objections against its Evidence, are frivolous.'

subject had by this time been sufficiently long before the world to prevent the risk of serious misapprehension when reproduced in different language by such an one as Mansel. But it is not so. He remarks in the way of explanation:—

‘It is a fact which experience forces upon us, and which it is useless, were it possible, to disguise, that the representation of God after the model of the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving is not sufficient to account for all the phenomena exhibited by the course of His natural Providence. The infliction of physical suffering,—the permission of moral evil,—the adversity of the good,—the prosperity of the wicked,—the crimes of the guilty involving the misery of the innocent,—the tardy appearance and partial distribution of moral and religious knowledge in the world,—these are facts which, no doubt, are reconcilable, we know not how, with the infinite Goodness of God; but which certainly are not to be explained on the supposition that its sole and sufficient type is to be found in the finite goodness of Man. What right then has the philosopher to assume that a criterion which admits of so many exceptions in the facts of Nature may be applied without qualification or exception to the statements of Revelation?’—(*Preface*, pp. xiii, xiv.)

The publication of these Lectures on ‘the Limits of Religious Thought’ produced an immense sensation,—not only in England, but also on the Continent and in America, where they were reprinted. Two editions were called for in 1858, and two more in 1859. The ferment they occasioned in the Theological as well as the Philosophical world has not yet in fact wholly subsided. Their germ (as the Author states in his Preface) is contained in the great principle of Sir William Hamilton’s Philosophy, viz. that ‘*the Unconditioned is incognisable and inconceivable* ; its notion being only negative of the Conditioned, which last can alone be positively known or conceived.’ To writers of the Deistical school the Lecturer’s application of this principle to Religion,—his merciless exposure of Man’s inability to conceive the Absolute and the Infinite,—proved exasperating in a high degree. It was indeed to have been expected that an argument based on the demonstrable impotence of Thought would arouse the jealousy of professed thinkers. Some were heard to declare that to deny to Man a knowledge of the Infinite is to make Revelation itself impossible, and to leave no room for Evidences on which Reason can be legitimately employed. Mansel replied,—

‘The objection would be pertinent, if I had ever maintained that Revelation is or can be a direct manifestation of the Infinite Nature of God. But I have constantly asserted the very reverse. In Revelation, as in Natural Religion, God is represented under finite conceptions,

ceptions, adapted to finite minds; and the evidences on which the authority of Revelation rests are finite and comprehensible also.'—(Preface, pp. xvi.-xviii.)

His assertion that Human Morality cannot, in its highest manifestation, be regarded as a complete measure of the absolute goodness of GOD, was denounced as 'destructive of healthful moral perception.' His claim that GOD, manifesting Himself to certain nations or individuals on particular occasions might deliver to them particular precepts, requiring actions which would be immoral and vicious were it not for such precepts,—was repelled with horror and indignation. Upon this principle, (remarks one of his Critics) 'the deed which is criminal on earth may be praiseworthy in heaven,'—which (as Mansel remarks) 'is to distort the whole doctrine and to beg the whole question.' It was freely urged against the Lecturer that his book was 'an attack on the Divine Morality:' but, (as Copleston shrewdly remarks on a similar occasion,) offence was evidently taken 'not so much from a jealousy for the honour of GOD, to which it pretends, as from a jealousy for the honour of Man.' There is nothing new or strange in the position, that the adequate idea of GOD is unattainable by the human mind as now constituted. It is even one of the axioms of Catholic Theology that GOD, in the perfection of His essential Nature, is by Man '*unknowable*.' GOD is infinite: but a finite being cannot comprehend infinity. By no finite intelligence, wherever found, can GOD be known as *He essentially is*. In Hooker's words,—'Our soundest knowledge is to know that we know Him not as indeed He is, *neither can know Him*.' We do but attain to an imperfect knowledge of His Nature through the analogy between human things and things Divine. In other words, 'the knowledge which Man in this life can have of the Creator is not a knowledge of the Divine Nature *as it is in itself*: but only of that nature as imperfectly represented through analogous qualities in the creature.'

To assert, however, that GOD, because '*unknowable*' is therefore '*unrevealable*;'—to pretend (with the Agnostics) that by an eternal necessity in reason, as a logical consequence of the *finitude* of human power, Man's reason is incapable of apprehending any alleged Revelation of GOD—natural or supernatural;—is to invent an impossibility in order to meet the requirements of Agnosticism. That GOD hath been revealed to Man in respect of those essential attributes of His which make Him unknowable,—is what no one pretends. It were a contradiction in terms to say so. But that GOD is revealable is certain,—seeing that in the Bible *He is actually revealed*.

'On

‘On the whole,’ writes Mansel in his Preface to the 4th Edition of his Lectures [Nov. 21st, 1859],—

‘I have no reason to complain of my Critics. With a few exceptions, the tone of their observations has been candid, liberal, and intelligent, and in some instances more favourable than I could have ventured to expect. Such criticism is at least useful in stimulating further inquiry, and in pointing out to an author those among his statements which appear most to require explanation or defence.’

Although therefore he altered nothing in his Lectures, yet in a valuable and very interesting Preface of nearly 40 pages he explained several matters to which exception had been taken by his anonymous Critics,—meeting their various objections and effectually disposing of them. But (he adds in a Postscript),—

‘It may perhaps be expected that I should say something in reply to the long and elaborate attack upon me which has recently been published under the sanction of the name and reputation of the Rev. F. D. Maurice. My reasons for declining to do so in this place, will, I think, be appreciated by those who are acquainted with Mr. Maurice’s book. The language in which Mr. Maurice’s remarks are conveyed, and the temper which they exhibit, are such as to place his work in a totally different class from the criticisms with which I have hitherto been dealing.’

Mansel refers such of his readers as desire to know more on the subject, to his own separate ‘Examination of the Rev. F. D. Maurice’s “Strictures on the Bampton Lectures of 1858.”’ It appeared simultaneously in the form of a bulky pamphlet, in which he disposes effectually of Mr. Maurice’s 480 vituperative pages. The ‘Strictures,’ he declares to be ‘a tissue of continuous misrepresentation, without a parallel in recent literature ;’ but he considered it due to Mr. Maurice’s respected name and high character that his Criticism should be replied to, though he deemed it damaging only to the reputation of the Critic himself. Into Mansel’s subsequent controversy with Goldwin Smith and John Stuart Mill, we may not on this occasion enter.

In conclusion, the Reader cannot be too plainly reminded that, while the Author of the Bampton Lectures denied Man’s ability by his own unassisted reason to find out God, he insisted that from GOD’S Revelation of Himself in the Scriptures Man has received a large amount of direct information concerning the great CREATOR, which he is fully competent, *if he will*, to embrace with both the arms of his heart : and which, having himself embraced, he is bound to communicate to others. It was no part of Mansel’s immediate province to enlarge on all this. His one great object was to convince as many as it

it might concern that the Philosophy of Rationalism, traced upwards to its highest principles, finds no legitimate resting-place from which to commence its deduction of religious consequences. This was the one thing he had to prove, and he has proved it. It belongs to a separate enquiry to vindicate the appeal to Scripture; and to ascertain the nature and office of Faith; and to insist that it is the province of *Tradition* (rightly understood) to formulate Doctrine; and to explain that the Creeds of the Church (which, as all men know, are not *derived from Scripture*) are emphatically the voice of Tradition proclaiming the necessary outlines of GOD'S Truth. It was clearly no part of the Lecturer's business to enlarge on such subjects. Had he proceeded to point out that it is the office of the Church by virtue of her inherent prerogative to guide her children, as it was promised her that she should be herself guided, into all the Truth:¹ meaning by 'Truth,' the highest Truth of all,—the knowledge of Him whom to know, is life:—the knowledge of GOD and of His attributes,—of His mind and will:—had Mansel done *this*, *who* sees not that the Philosopher and Metaphysician would have forsaken his own proper province for that of the Theologian and Divine? To state the case in other words, and to put this entire matter more briefly:—the Bampton Lectures are destructive, not constructive, in their character and intention. They may be thought to require a supplement: and it is not unlikely that their Author, had he lived, would have furnished it by insisting in some separate Lectures that belief in a Revelation, and Faith in a personal GOD,—besides the freedom of the Human Will to embrace the first and to exercise the second,—are demonstrably essential parts of one and the same Divine scheme,—are one and all undeniable *facts*. But it may not be objected against the Bampton Lectures that they fail to achieve *that* which never formed part of their lawful scope and intended purpose. In the meantime, evidence is not wanting that those powerful discourses were the means in many instances of settling the faith of the wavering, and leading back the minds of not a few who had wandered from the safe paths into the miserable labyrinth of doubt and misbelief. But to proceed.

Besides his laborious controversial Replies to critics already enumerated, Mansel on being appointed 'Select Preacher,' viz. from October 1860 till June 1862,² availed himself of the opportunity to give breadth and symmetry to his philosophical system by enlarging on certain departments of his great subject

¹ S. John xvi. 13.

² He was again appointed 'Select Preacher' from October 1869 till June 1871. which

which he had before but slightly treated. His Sermons at this time bear the following titles:—'*Faith and Sight*,'—'*Faith and Reason*,'—'*Moral Sense in Theology*,'—and '*Man's Relation to GOD*.' It is thought that the publication of certain of these might be serviceable to the cause of Truth, and usefully supplement the teaching of his '*Bampton Lectures*.'

Various other literary efforts occupied his time at this busy period of his life. In 1859, conjointly with Professor John Veitch, he edited Sir William Hamilton's *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*, in 4 volumes. He further published (in Bentley's '*Quarterly Review*') a paper on '*Modern German Philosophy*.'¹ In 1860, he contributed an article on Metaphysics to the '*Encyclopædia Metropolitana*,' which appeared in 1862 as a treatise on '*Metaphysics, or the Philosophy of Consciousness, Phenomenal and Real*;' and of which a second edition was called for in 1866. In 1861 appeared his masterly article '*on Miracles as Evidences of Christianity*' in the volume of Theological Essays entitled '*Aids to Faith*,'—put forth as a counterpoise to the shock which the public conscience had sustained by the recent publication of '*Essays and Reviews*.'

In 1863, he preached at S. Mary's the second of a course of Lenten Sermons, afterwards published.² Founding his discourse on Genesis i. 2, he argued that THE SPIRIT is a Divine Person, to be worshipped and glorified. Those Lenten Sermons were an experiment, originally set on foot by Bp. Wilberforce in 1857,—and attended with such marked success—(the Preachers were in fact the most eminent Divines of the day)—that the practice was imitated in every direction, and has since come to be regarded as an institution. In the same year (1863) Mansel contributed a Critical Dissertation (pp. 51) to a publication of Sir Wm. Napier on Miracles. The same prolific pen is found writing a delightful article on '*Sensational Novels*' for the April number of the '*Quarterly Review*;' and in the ensuing July number, another essay, on '*Modern Spiritualism*.' It was also in 1863 that he yielded to the urgent appeal made to him that he should take part in the '*Speaker's Commentary*.' So continuous a strain on his powers was attended by its inevitable result. It was plain that he must take rest. All saw it: friends anxiously urged it: the physicians pronounced it necessary.

¹ This has been reprinted in '*Letters, Lectures, and Reviews*,' p. 189.

² In 1865, his Lenten sermon at S. Mary's was on '*The Conflict with Sin in a money-getting age*': in 1866, he preached (from 1 S. John iii. 8) on '*The Conflict and Defeat in Eden*':—in 1868, his subject was '*The personal Responsibility of Man, as individually dealt with by God*.'

He left Oxford with Mrs. Mansel for the Continent just before the Easter of 1865, and travelled in Italy for nearly three months. Their visit to Rome was a special gratification to him. He returned in the middle of June refreshed, but was informed of a work by Mr. John S. Mill, which he was requested to notice. He replied in the '*Contemporary*,'—republishing his Articles in 1866 in a separate volume, entitled '*The Philosophy of the Conditioned*,' comprising some 'Remarks on Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy, and on J. S. Mill's examination of that Philosophy.' The benefit of his foreign travel was in great measure undone by his thus descending at once into the arena of intellectual strife. His whole life was one of conflict.

Only incidentally hitherto has anything been said about Mansel's wit. So remarkable a feature may not be passed by with a passing allusion only. He stood alone among the men of his time for the brilliancy of his epigrams—repartees—puns—witty sayings. Wit in him was something all distinct from *humour*,—delightful, suppose, as Sydney Smith's. Further yet was it removed from that irresistible drollery which depends for its success on exuberant animal spirits—laughs immoderately at its own jokes—and at last sends you to bed with aching sides and eyes blinded with pleasant tears. Neither again was it as a *raconteur* that Mansel was famous: meaning thereby that delightful conversational faculty—(it must have been pre-eminently conspicuous in Sir Walter Scott)—which is ever illustrating the matter in hand by first-rate anecdotes, or by reproducing the brilliant sayings of famous men. Least of all was there in Mansel any of that sarcastic bitterness which makes certain utterers of *bons mots* the terror as much as the admiration of society. He was never known to say a cruel thing of anybody. Sarcasm was not one of his weapons. He was always good-natured, always good-tempered. His wit was purely intellectual; and its principal charm was that it was so spontaneous—so keen—so uncommon—above all, for the most part, so unpremeditated.

It is related of the poet Cowper,—(the present writer was told it by one of the poet's friends,)—that it was delightful to see how his countenance would 'light up' before he began to tell a story. Those who used to watch him with affectionate interest, knew that he was about to be unusually entertaining several moments before he opened his lips to speak. The same thing (as many have remarked) was true in a high degree of Mansel. The severe cast of his habitual cogitations had resulted in imparting to his features an expression of profound thoughtfulness. But this would relax in a moment,—vanish like a wreath of mist before

before the sun. Painfully alive to the ridiculous, it was natural to him to introduce into a grave discussion some apt quotation or remark which would provoke a burst of general merriment; the sure prelude to which was an expression which betrayed the approach of the coming surprise. His features,—his whole manner, showed that he was ready to say something supremely droll. One of his schoolfellows remarks,—‘His humour was irrepressible, and the coming joke was to be seen spreading gradually over his face.’ The quick eye of Samuel Wilberforce, Bp. of Winchester, was not slow to recognize the same peculiarity. ‘It is coming’ he once exclaimed, when Mansel’s conversation was suddenly brought to a pause. ‘I always know that look! If you will wait a minute, you will be rewarded with something delicious.’—It should be added that he was also the most *appreciative* companion one ever met with. One has seen him so convulsed by a droll story as to make one almost apprehensive that he was going to have a fit.

Difficult it is to know how to begin when one tries to recal specimen sayings which shall adequately illustrate what goes before. The reason is because no attempt was ever made to collect the scintillations of his genius and to commit them to writing. They were in fact too many to write down. ‘He was *always* saying good things,’ as his friend Chandler remarks:—

‘Living for so many years in the midst of all those witty sayings, I regret to say that I took no note of them at the time, and now scarcely one of them can I remember.’

It is but fair to add that, by dint of pressure—when two or three of Mansel’s friends are brought together—you are sure to elicit *something* worth hearing. The matter of regret is that the sum of what can be now recovered is so slight. What need to add that every several gem, divested of its *setting*, no longer sparkles as at the first? It was not only the suddenness of the saying,—but its aptness to what had just gone before,—which delighted. Divorced from its context it loses all its charm.

For, as already hinted, his wit was without premeditation. Take a few samples:—It was a Common Room dinner-party. The cook had written (in his bill-of-fare) ‘*Reforme* cutlets.’ The paper went the round of the table and provoked many a smile. At last it reached Mansel. ‘O the man is quite right’: (every eye was of course turned in one direction:) ‘Reform generally ends in *e mute*.’—One whom he was showing round St. Paul’s, complained of the heathenish character of the monuments. ‘Just look at *that* now,’—(pointing to a huge figure of Neptune). ‘What has *that* got to do with Christianity?’

‘*Tridentine*

'Tridentine Christianity perhaps,' suggested Mansel.—He was dining in vacation with the present writer in Oriel Common Room, when a joint of lamb was being hacked at by the College 'Dean,' who to his other accomplishments did *not* add that of adroit carving. A pool of brown gravy as large as a saucer speedily adorned the table-cloth. It provoked the ejaculation,—'Filthy mess!' 'It's *lamb-on-table* certainly,' rejoined Mansel.—Walking round the Park with Dr. Evans (now Master of Pembroke) when Gladstone's bill for disendowing the Irish Church was in progress,—'I cannot understand' (Mansel broke out) 'how he can possibly reconcile to his conscience such wholesale robbery.' 'He pleads' (was the reply,) 'that he is acting on conviction.' 'O, then I see how it is,' instantly rejoined the wit, raising his fore-finger in order to give emphasis to his thought. 'The ordinary process has been reversed. Commonly, you know, conviction follows robbery. In this case, it seems that *Robbery follows Conviction*.'—His friend Professor Chandler relates that, on their way through the Schools, one afternoon, 'just as we came in sight of the Clarendon building, I observed—"Somebody told me the other day that the statue there" (pointing to the figure in the niche) "has no back to it; is in fact a mere shell; a front and nothing more." "You mean" (rejoined Mansel) "that it is *the Hyde* without *the Clarendon*.'"

His sister relates that one evening, Chandler having played something on the piano, was requested to sing,—which he declined to do. Another person pressed him and suggested,—'If you can think of nothing else, sing us the hundredth Psalm.' 'No, I should only murder it.' This produced a third entreaty and a more resolute refusal; whereupon Mansel came to his friend's rescue; remarking that,—'Chandler naturally declines to *murder all people that on earth do dwell*.'

Only once more. It was a severe day at the end of March, and some one inopportunist reminded the company of the saying that 'March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb.' 'Umph,' ejaculated the wit, 'It's *cold* lamb, though!'

Inasmuch as his sayings were habitually addressed to Academic hearers, certain of them may be thought to require a word of explanation when submitted to the general reader. It is presumed however that the few which follow will readily find an interpreter, if needed. Dr. Moore, principal of S. Edmund Hall, writes,—

'The last time I dined with him, some one at table was describing a peculiar habit attributed to a certain famous African traveller; viz. that if he ever did put on a clean shirt, he put it on
over

over the old one; so that by the end of a visit he had on three or four, one over the other. "In fact" (remarked Mansel), "it was a kind of *Sorites* of shirts, though it could not be described as a *Goclenian Sorites*."

The conditions of bestowing the degree of Doctor in Divinity had degenerated into a senseless form,—which was felt to be discreditable to the University. A proposal was at last introduced in Council to substitute two Theological Dissertations, as the preliminary requirement. While the discussion was proceeding, Mansel wrote and passed to his neighbour,—

'The degree of "D.D."
'Tis proposed to convey
To an "A double S"
By a double *Ess-ay*.'

Great offence was occasioned by certain graduates of the University of Dublin, who on obtaining the 'ad eundem' Oxford degree, proceeded at once to flaunt in public their Oxford hoods as if they had been veritable graduates of Oxford University. This led, eventually, to the abolition of 'ad eundem' Degrees: but at first, the fees were revised,—which occasioned the following:—

'When Alma Mater her kind heart enlarges,
Charges her graduates,—graduates her charges,—
What safer rule can guide th' accountant's pen
Than that of Dublin's fees for Dublin men?'

On another occasion it was proposed to lower the fees upon degrees conferred by 'accumulation.' Mansel wrote,—

'Oxford, beware of over-cheap degrees,
Nor too much lower "Accumulation" fees:
Lest—unlike Goldsmith's "land to ills a prey,"—
Men should "accumulate," and *Wealth* "decay."

The undergraduates having complained (not without reason) of the ugliness of their 'gown,' the authorities,—hoping that if the men's costume were made less unbecoming, they would manifest less disinclination to wear it,—entertained the proposal for a change. Mansel was ready with an epigram:—

'Our gownsmen complain ugly garments oppress them,
We feel for their wrongs, and propose to *re-dress* them.'

He was riding with a brother-Professor over 'Port-meadow.' 'I observe' said the other, (pointing to a flock of geese on the wing and screaming,) 'those geese always rise in that way as soon as we come in sight.' 'Naturally' (rejoined Mansel).
'They

'They have a *keen* vision.'¹—A philosophical friend, during a constitutional in Magdalen Walk, remarked on the extraordinary clamour of the jack-daws in the grove: adding,—'I wonder what they are talking about?' '*Caws* I suppose,'—replied Mansel.—Only one more Academical *bon-mot*. It being mentioned at a party that a man named 'Fieldflowers' had just come up to Oxford,—'What a name!' (exclaimed the wit:) 'Why, he deserves to be *ploughed* for the first half of it and *plucked* for the second.'

A large proportion of his remembered epigrams were elicited by the political events of the day. And this may be a fit opportunity for adverting to the strength of his political opinions. He was to the backbone a Conservative,—a Conservative of the best type: had been so from the beginning,—remained so unchanged to the end. You were always sure of Mansel. Nothing knew he of half-heartedness, or of a disposition to trim with the times. He was thorough. His politics were a part of his Religion. At the Election of 1865, when Mr. Gathorne Hardy was elected to represent Oxford University in the place of Mr. Gladstone, Mansel was the most conspicuous member of his Committee. It was not to be expected that one with such facility for epigram would let that season of political excitement pass, without directing at something or somebody the shafts of his ever-ready wit. The following rhymes are remembered out of scores which have perished:—

- 'When the versatile Prelate of Oxford's famed city
Spied the name of the chairman of Hardy's Committee,
Said Samuel (from Samson his metaphor taken),
"You have plough'd with my heifer,—that is, my Archdeacon."'²
- 'But when Samuel himself leaves his friends in the lurch
To vote with the foes of the State and the Church,
We see with regret, (for the spectacle shocks one,)
That Dissenters can plough with Episcopal "*Oxon*."'

On the introduction of the Liberal Reform Bill, Mr. Gladstone repeatedly declared that the Government would stand or fall by the fate of that measure. When carried at the second reading by a majority of only five in a very large House, it was evident that the Bill though actually carried was practically lost. Pressed on this point, the Minister repeated his former language about standing or falling with the Bill; and added,—'But, Sir, we are of opinion that the Bill still stands.' Mansel immediately wrote:—

¹ *χην* (pronounced *keen*), the Greek for 'goose.'

² The Ven. Archd. Clerke of Ch. Ch.

'Upon the Bill we staked our all:
With it to stand, with it to fall.
But now a different course we see:
The Bill may lie,—and so may we.'

About the same time Ministers, though they suffered repeated defeats, pertinaciously stuck to office. Mansel was heard to remark that—'Although the Ministry evidently possessed in an eminent degree the Christian virtue of *Patience*, they had yet to learn the grace of *Resignation*.'

It will readily be understood that wit so versatile, prolific, and ready, did not by any means stand on ceremony, or confine itself to set occasions. In public and when on his mettle, Mansel was truly brilliant. At a dinner-table no man could be more entertaining. His witty sayings were without number. But when alone with those he knew and loved best, Mansel would sometimes give way to the impulse of the moment,—perpetrate the most atrocious puns imaginable on anything and anybody,—no matter *what* came in his way. He was simply irrepressible. If his wife at last said 'playfully,—'No, Henry, I won't have those puns,'—*that* was the surest way to set him off on a fresh flight of absurdity. His friend Chandler writes:—

'At all times he was "light-armed with quips, antitheses, and puns." Some of the best and some of the most atrocious of puns did he make. Occasionally, when we were alone, he got into a sort of humour of absurdity, and then he would persist in playing on every remark one could make. . . . He was great at guessing riddles, and not unfrequently hit upon better answers than the real ones, for he had as nimble and merry a mind as any man I ever knew. . . . Once, when he had what I should call one of his merry fits of absurdity on him, the conversation happened to turn on the rationalisation of classic myths. He found instantly some ridiculous reason for every one I could mention. "Well," I said at last, "what do you say to Scylla and her dogs?"—"O" (said Mansel, affecting a momentary stammer) "it only means that some woman had a pain in her *bow-vowels*."

The same devoted friend has jotted down a few more personal details which shall be given in his own words. They are of unequal interest, but they will all be read with pleasure:—

'Those who only know Dr. Mansel from his books can form no adequate idea of the man as he actually was. A hard-headed disputant,—a rigid theologian,—a strong party man: yes, he was, in some sense, all these; but *before* all these he was a man of very strong feelings and affections. More than once I have heard him declare that he really must get himself put on the list of voters for the City of Oxford, (this was when he lived in the High Street), in order

order that he might vote for Charles Neate,—Neate being a Radical and Mansel a staunch Tory. Nevertheless he would have liked to vote for Neate, (he said,) because he was an honest man, and a man he liked.¹

‘He had a wonderfully accurate and tenacious memory. He knew most of the best passages of the best English, Latin, and Greek poets by heart. It seemed as if he had merely to read a thing with attention, to retain it for an indefinite time. While reading, he made no notes,—as note-taking is commonly understood: but when he had done, he would take off his spectacles, or push them back, and then set to work with a pencil. Passages that he wished to remember he marked by dashing his pencil down the margin, and noting the page and the substance of the thing on the fly-leaf or cover. Beyond this, I never saw him take a note: his vast memory did the rest. If any one was at hand he would from time to time express his assent or dissent from what he was reading. A warm summer’s afternoon comes back to me as I write this. He held in his hand some German theological work (I forget which,)—and from time to time uttered in a tone of deep contempt “Bosh,” till at last he could stand it no longer. “What do you think,” (he cried out) “of a man who argues in this way?” and then came a rapid translation of the offending passage, and an indignant refutation of its reasoning.

‘Before writing anything, he would sit quite still without speaking a word for an hour together or more. Having got his matter into order in his mind, he wrote it out right off, almost without a correction. He was very particular about punctuation,—which he never would leave to the printer. Many a time have I heard him find fault with printer’s stops. He was no bibliomaniac, though he quite understood and even tolerated that form of harmless lunacy. He always preferred a well-bound and clean copy of a book to a ragged and poor copy; but never indulged in large-paper, expensive bindings, or similar vanities. When he bought a book it was in order to read it. He disliked getting rid of books, and used to declare that he had hardly ever parted with a volume without immediately wanting it back again. He was one of those rare men to whom you might lend a book safely: he knew how to handle it.

‘I do not think that he either positively liked or disliked music: he was however always fond of Scotch and Cavalier ballads and old English songs. As far as mere feeling went, he was at heart

¹ No one who knew, could fail to love and honour Charles Neate,—M.P. for the city of Oxford from 1863 to 1868, and fellow of Oriel for 51 years. He was a truly single-hearted, upright, and most amiable man; ever the champion of the weaker cause, and the eager defender of the injured or oppressed: sincerely pious, but abhorring the outward show of piety: a faithful layman in days when confessorship was rare. Oriel never had a more loyal or dutiful son than he. His great abilities, varied attainments, and elegant scholarship, can scarcely be said to have enjoyed their due reward. He carried with him to the grave (7th Feb. 1879) the affectionate regrets of the University and of the City,—heartily beloved as well as respected, irrespectively of politics or party. He sleeps in the Churchyard of Alvescott, Oxfordshire.

a Cavalier; and though his loyalty was unimpeachable, he had I think a secret love for the Stuarts.

'A man's private and home life is in my opinion a thing too sacred to be exposed to public gaze; but this I may say, I hope without offence, that I cannot imagine any one to have been more completely happy in all such relations than he was. Bright and good everywhere, he was at his best in his own house; where his happiness was not interrupted by even a passing cloud. So it was, and so it ought to have been, for he was a good and true man in all the relations of life.

'Of my friend as a friend I have said nothing. I cannot. He has been dead some years, yet his loss is as fresh to me as though it had happened only yesterday. Every day, I see and hear him in fancy; for go where I will there is something to remind me of him. It is bad enough to have lost him; but I cannot put on paper, for the gratification of strangers, a statement of the greatness of my loss.'

The loveliest feature of his character, beyond question, was his profound humility,—added to his simple childlike piety. Having thoroughly convinced himself,—(as every thoughtful man may, who will but honestly take the necessary pains,)—that the Bible must needs be what it claims to be,—namely, the very Word of GOD, he prostrated his Reason before it; accepted all its wondrous revelations with a most unquestioning faith. 'The Resurrection of CHRIST' (he used to say) 'is the great Miracle. Once establish, once grant *that*, and all other Miracles follow.' His prevailing thought when he spoke about the mysterious parts of Scripture was the accession of light to be enjoyed by faithful men hereafter, whereby the hidden things of GOD will become not only intelligible but, even easy to be apprehended. It may be allowable to introduce in this place one of his letters to the Earl of Carnarvon. It was written from Oxford, 25 Feb. 1866:—

'I send you a sermon of Pusey's¹ in which I think you will be interested, both on its own account, and because it touches on a question in which you have lately taken part, and helps to expose the real shallowness of the objections which lie at the bottom of the opposition against you. There is a little note of mine at the end of the sermon which arose from a conversation I had with Pusey the day after it was preached. I believe that the real basis of the whole

¹ 'The Miracles of Prayer, preached before the University on Septuagesima Sunday, 1866,' pp. 35. Mansel's letter is found at p. 33.

This Sermon, with the note at the end, disposes effectually of Prof. Tyndall's alleged difficulties. Strange, that men should not see that the *fixedness* of which they speak is in the Law: not in the occasions when its operation will be manifested. 'We do not ask the chemist to violate the laws of Chemistry, but to produce a particular result in accordance with those laws. Do we necessarily do more than this, when we pray that God will remove from us a disease?'—(P. 35.)

controversy against the prevalent Materialism of the present day lies in the question of the human will. Once concede that the will of Man is free; and no Philosophy, say what it may of fixed laws, can ever really upset the truths dictated by man's religious instincts. This is why I look on the philosophy of such people as Mr. Mill as so utterly mischievous; because the question of Free will or No free will is really the question of Belief or No belief. If I am a person capable, within certain limits, of influencing the phenomena of Nature by my personal will, I can believe in a Personal God who can influence them still more. If I am a thing subject to purely material laws, the sooner I go the way of other things the better. If I am merely a part of the Universe, I am content to be resolved, as soon as may be, into the gases which pervade the Universe. My free will is the only thing which makes me better than a gas.'

At the close of the year 1866, Lord Derby, then Prime Minister, announced to Mansel his intention of submitting his name to Her Majesty for the Regius Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, which had been rendered vacant (30th November 1866) by the lamented death of Dr. Shirley,—at the early age of thirty-eight. Connected with the Chair is a Canonry and residence at Christ Church,—whither in due course Mr. and Mrs. Mansel removed, and the Professor entered eagerly on the duties of his office. There were not wanting some (as usual on such occasions) to intimate that the Philosopher and Metaphysician would be out of place in the domain of Ecclesiastical History; and that political favour had placed him in a sphere alien to his ordinary pursuits. The men who so spoke were not aware that, though the accidents of Mansel's literary life had given pre-eminence to his Philosophical tastes, his earliest predilections had been in favour of Theological study; that he had never ceased to cultivate Divinity as a science; and that there are extensive provinces of Ecclesiastical History which can only be successfully occupied by one who is thoroughly versed in ancient and modern Philosophy. At all events the practical refutation of adverse opinion, by whomsoever entertained, proved complete. Mansel held the Chair for barely two years, (*viz.* from Jan. 1867 until Oct. 1868) but it was a period long enough to enable him to outlive detraction and to leave his mark for good behind him. In the Lent Term of 1868 he delivered before the University a course of Lectures on the Gnostic Heresies, which (worked up and enlarged) he seems to have designed ultimately for publication. The MSS. of those Lectures at all events, after due deliberation, were thought valuable even in their present state, and were found to be in a sufficiently finished condition to warrant their appearing as a posthumous work. The present Bp. of Durham, (then Dr. Lightfoot, Canon of S. Paul's,) under-
took

took the labour of editing them ; while Lord Carnarvon contributed that sketch of the Dean's 'Work, Life, and Character,' to which reference has been made already. Certainly no work of equal interest on the 'Gnostic Heresies of the First and Second Centuries' has hitherto appeared in the English Language.

It should have been sooner mentioned that Dr. Jeune, Master of Pembroke, on being appointed to the See of Peterborough in 1864, selected Mansel to be his examining Chaplain. It was at his Consecration (S. Peter's Day 1864) that Mansel preached a sermon which was subsequently published and well merits attentive perusal,—'The Witness of the Church to the Promise of Christ's Coming.' His work at Peterborough, where he held an honorary Canonry until his death, terminated a few months before his connection with Christ Church was ended, by the Bishop's lamented decease. In the Sermon which he preached on this latter occasion, Mansel pays an eloquent (and well-merited) tribute to the Bishop's steadfast sincerity of purpose,—his integrity and faithfulness in the discharge of his solemn trust.

The same year (1868) which brought to a close his connection with Bishop Jeune, witnessed Mansel's transference from the Professorial Chair at Christ Church to the Deanery of S. Paul's,—vacated by the death of Dean Milman. The proposal to present his name to Her Majesty, which was conveyed in most kind terms by Mr. Disraeli, then Prime Minister, was at once gratefully accepted. No man ever loved Oxford more ardently than did Henry Mansel, but the course of recent events within the University had been supremely distasteful and distressing to him. Not least, the daily pressure of University business, even more than his actual Professorial duties, was telling seriously on his health. All who within the last 30 or 40 years have resided continuously in Oxford and endeavoured to lead a studious life there, know something about this matter to their cost. But *his* was a peculiarly busy existence, in the midst of which he was always eagerly reaching out for a season of leisure which was destined never to arrive. He cherished the expectation that the position thus offered him in London would leave a margin of leisure for carrying out his many literary engagements with less interruption and pressure. Not that at first he experienced such a result : but it was hoped that at least the change of occupation might prove a benefit. Much had to be done at S. Paul's. The time was come for commuting the Estates of the Cathedral : and it was no light enterprise to calculate and weigh the claims of the various interests which were concerned in the vast machinery connected with S. Paul's. This was nearly completed at the

time of his death ; and it was on the basis of his calculations that the liberal arrangements of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners were subsequently obtained.

The only relaxation which he allowed himself during his residence in London was a six weeks' holiday at Cosgrove Hall, the residence of his brother-in-law. On the first of these occasions (July 1869), the village being but 50 miles from London, Mrs. Mansel suggested to her husband that they should drive down in an open carriage (by way of Dunstable) taking the journey in two stages. They started early on a delicious July morning, in order to enjoy the charm of the fresh country air almost before the dew was off the ground ; breakfasting at Barnet. It proved a drive of intense enjoyment to him. He recognized at every instant some old familiar sight,—village or landscape which he had not seen since the boyish days when he used to travel along that same road by coach : and he delighted himself with recognizing the once familiar, now half-forgotten surnames, which occasionally met his eye. But though he had left London for rest, he did not find it. Scarcely a week passed without his being recalled to London on business connected with the Cathedral. Nor while he was at the Hall was he able to shake himself free from occupation. Every spare moment he devoted to the work which he had commenced in 1863 for the *Speaker's Commentary*. A portion of his original task he had been constrained to relinquish, but the first two Gospels he was persuaded to retain. Ever conscientious in the discharge of whatever obligations he incurred, he was distressed at having been unable to fulfil his engagement to complete this work at an earlier period. It now fairly blocked the way and prevented him from doing anything else. This debt he felt must be first discharged.

Meanwhile the proposed Decoration of his Cathedral largely interested as well as occupied him. On succeeding to the Deanery he had determined, with the rest of the Chapter, to make a fresh effort towards the achievement of this object,—(it had been a favourite aspiration with the great architect himself),—and he was greatly encouraged by the response the appeal had met with. Over 35,000*l.* were subscribed almost within a year. But he was not destined to see even the commencement of the work of adorning the interior of *S. Paul's*.

The last act which was permitted him in connection with the proposed improvements was to authorize the removal of the organ from the North West bay to the entrance of the Choir, and to place the morning or North Chapel in the hands of the work-people for renovation. Little can he have thought
that

that within a brief space, the window of that chapel would contain a stained glass memorial to himself! . . . Having seen these arrangements commenced, the Dean and Mrs. Mansel left London as they had done in previous years,—reaching Cosgrove Hall on Saturday, the 15th July, 1871. His intention was to return to the Deanery from time to time, in order to superintend the progress of the Cathedral work. It was remarked that he seemed more oppressed with weariness than on former occasions; but it was hoped that the quiet of his old home and the refreshment of horse exercise which he greatly enjoyed would be attended by its usual salutary effect. Nor indeed was there any apparent reason for apprehending any other issue. At the end of one short fortnight, every scheme for the future,—all earthly hopes and fears, all earthly joys and sorrows, were for ever hushed to rest. But the reader will perhaps share the suspicion of one of Mansel's friends, that half,—it may be *wholly* unconsciously,—a secret presentiment was conveyed to his inmost soul that something solemn was impending. It is impossible to recal an utterance of his to his Wife at this time,—‘You have made me *so* happy!’—without connecting it with what so speedily followed, and regarding it as the unconscious language of valedictory love. After Mrs. Milman's interment in St. Paul's about a month before, he is remembered to have exclaimed,—‘Whose turn will it be next?’ Another slight incident to be presently recorded suggests the same suspicion.

It should be mentioned that at this juncture he paid a two-days' visit to Oxford in order to be present at the Magdalen College ‘gaudy.’ Several then remarked that when called upon after the dinner to respond to a toast, he surpassed himself. Old friends rejoicing to welcome him back, observed with satisfaction that much of the old weary look had passed away. One present writes as follows:—

‘The last occasion of our meeting was the Magdalen Commemoration, on St. Mary Magdalen's Day (Saturday, 22nd July), 1871. The Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of St. Paul's were the principal guests. Both spoke effectively: but the latter, it was observed, was fluent and felicitous beyond his wont. Even after the polished oratory of Wilberforce, Mansel appeared at no disadvantage; and while he touched with pathos on the prospects of the Church and with humour on the policy of the Government, little did any one imagine that his voice would never again be heard in Oxford.’¹

He returned to Cosgrove on Monday. Mrs. Mansel noticed that throughout the week he was exceedingly thoughtful, which

¹ From the Rev. E. T. Turner,—Registrar of the University,—Jan. 3rd, 1874. slightly

slightly troubled her. He seemed very low,—for which there was no apparent cause. He occupied himself daily with his Commentary on S. Matthew's Gospel. On Friday he took with his wife the Sunday walk which he had always taken as a child with his Father and Mother after Divine Service. 'And that was our last walk!' . . . He had often mentioned that he desired to sleep in death with his Parents; and now, (on their way from the Hall to the Vicarage,) as they passed the spot where his Father lies buried,—'*That's where I meant,*' he said, pointing to the spot. On the morrow, in the forenoon, he wrote the concluding words of his Commentary, and in the afternoon added something to his 'Fragment' on Bp. Berkeley.¹ He was looking forward to a visit to London on Chapter business on the ensuing Monday: and knowing how entirely this would occupy him, he seemed bent on making all possible progress with his literary undertakings *now*. But *that* was destined to be his last day's work. The next day was Sunday.

He attended Divine Service both morning and afternoon; and according to his wont retired early to rest. He had said his private prayers: had laid himself down on his bed: had spoken a few loving words: and was silent. He may have fallen asleep. Between 10 and 11 o'clock his wife thought she heard him breathe uneasily and spoke to him. Obtaining no reply, she rose instantly, procured a light, and found—that his spirit had departed . . . A surgeon was instantly sent for, who explained that instantaneous dissolution had been occasioned by the rupture of a small blood-vessel at the base of the brain. His change had come without the slightest warning. There had not been a moment's consciousness that he was passing out of Time into Eternity.

Thus, on the night of Sunday, 30th July 1871, at the comparatively early age of 51, Henry Longueville Mansel entered into rest. On the morrow, the mournful strains of the organ, and the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's, conveyed the first intelligence of the event to thousands in the metropolis; and on the ensuing Saturday he was laid, as he desired, near his Father, in the quiet corner of Cosgrove Churchyard where his ancestors for more than two centuries had been interred before him, and where his Mother has since been laid. Over his own last resting-place his Wife was careful to cause to be inscribed his own favourite text:—'*Now we see through a glass*

¹ It was to have been a contribution to the 'Q. Review,' on the occasion of Prof. Fraser's edition of Berkeley's Collected Works,—4 vols. 8vo. 1871. See 'Lectures, Letters and Reviews,' p. 381-91.

darkly,

darkly, but then face to face. Now I know in part: but then shall I know even also as I am known.'

Affecting it is, in connection with what goes immediately before, to recal certain words which Mansel wrote in 1859. Some have asked (he says) 'What, upon these principles, will be the character of our knowledge in a future state?'

'I am content to reply, *I do not know.* My conclusions, such as they are, are deduced from certain facts of human consciousness in this present life. To what extent those facts will remain, and how they will modify our knowledge, in a future life,—what is the exact nature of the change implied by the Apostle's distinction between seeing 'through a glass darkly' and 'face to face,'—is a question which I do not find answered in Scripture, and which I am unable to answer without. *I am content to believe that we shall have that kind and degree of knowledge which is best for us.'*¹

Let it be declared in conclusion concerning the Theologian, Metaphysician, and Philosopher, whose life we have been tracing in outline,—that although he will be chiefly remembered by posterity for the profundity of his intellect,—as by his contemporaries he was chiefly noted for the brilliancy of his wit;—yet, by those who knew him best, he will while memory lasts be held in reverence chiefly for his simple piety,—his unfeigned humility,—the unquenchable ardour of his childlike faith. The great lesson of his life was the use which he made of his opportunities; his devotion to his Master's service; the unflagging zeal with which he toiled on to the very edge of darkness. His summons came to him at last suddenly—as he hoped it would come; but it found the 'good and faithful servant' with 'his loins girded about and his light burning;' and himself 'like unto a man that waiteth for his Lord.'

¹ Preface to the Fourth Edition of 'Bampton Lectures' (foot note [p] abridged.)

- ART. II.—1. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Livery Companies of the City of London.* Vol. I. The Commission.—The Reports and Memoranda of the Commissioners.—The Oral Inquiry. Vol. II. Returns of the Great Companies.—Correspondence between the Great Companies and the Commission. Vol. III. Returns of the Minor Companies.—Correspondence between the Minor Companies and the Commission. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1884.
2. *English Gilds. The Original Ordinances of more than 100 Early English Gilds.* Edited by the late Toulmin Smith, with an Introduction by Lucy Toulmin Smith, and a Preliminary Essay on the History and Development of Gilds, by Lujo Brentano, J.U.D. Early English Text Society. London, 1870.

A FEW weeks after the General Election of 1880 had replaced Mr. Gladstone in power, he announced in the House of Commons that the 'time had come' to enquire into the Livery Companies of the City of London. The new Government, full of energy, unchastened by experience, and anxious to use their strength, threw out mighty efforts hither and thither with lavish unconcern. It needed, therefore, no address to the Crown, no debate, no division, to rouse them to action. A suggestion from a private member sufficed. It was promptly and cordially accepted, and without more ado a Royal Commission was issued with large powers of investigation and enquiry. When the list of members appeared, Mr. Gladstone's ominous phrase acquired new significance. The time of the City Companies had indeed come. Of the twelve Commissioners, nine belonged to the dominant political party. No one of the twelve could be deemed (to put it gently) an expert on the special points, partly historical, partly antiquarian, and partly legal, with which the subject bristles. On the other hand, Mr. Firth, the Radical Member for Chelsea, Mr. Burt, M.P., and Mr. Walter James, M.P., all avowed enemies of the Companies, were invited to become their judges. Sir Nathaniel Mayer de Rothschild, Sir Sydney Waterlow, and Mr. Alderman Cotton, represented City interests. When we remember how the vast estate of the Russells was built up out of the ruins of abbeys and almshouses, the Duke of Bedford's name sounds oddly in connection with an enquiry into ancient foundations, their original purposes and charitable trusts; nevertheless he was one of the Commissioners. Lord Coleridge, one of the learned band of Serjeants who, a few years ago, sold the property of their

their Guild and divided the proceeds amongst themselves,* was also chosen to sit in judgment on the City Companies. The other Commissioners were Lord Derby (the President), Lord Sherbrooke, Sir Richard Cross, and Mr. Pell, M.P. Despite the high position, commanding abilities, and official experience, of many of the members of this Commission, the selection could hardly have been less felicitous. Its composition went far to make the result a foregone conclusion.

The Commission lost no time in calling on the Livery Companies to send in returns of their property, incomes, and expenditure, during the preceding ten years. With a few inconsiderable exceptions, the summons was loyally obeyed, and the Report bears witness to the care and candour with which the returns were prepared. They reached the Commissioners early in 1882, and during the Session of that year and the next, oral evidence was received. Messrs. Hare and Longley, the former the senior inspector and the latter a member of the Charity Commission, were examined. They bore testimony to the faithful and generous, although costly management of the trust properties under the control of the Companies. Then appeared five gentlemen who may be called hostile witnesses. Of these, two attended specially to support the views of Mr. Firth; two to air personal grievances, which on investigation turned out to be baseless; while the mission of the fifth was to charge the Companies with responsibility for the depopulation of the City of London. Subsequently various educational and charitable bodies presented themselves in order to place on record their desire to participate in the spoils which the labours of the Commission were expected to furnish. The replies of the Companies to the adverse statements of the hostile witnesses practically complete the evidence, so far as we need deal with it. The estates of the Irish Society were largely referred to during the enquiry, and form the subject of many pages of the Blue-book, but they are excluded from notice in the Report. The labours of the Commission will be recorded in a series of five volumes. The first three are before us. Their contents are noted in the title. The fourth and fifth, which have not yet appeared, will be filled with reports of the Charity Commission, information as to provincial and foreign guilds, tables, and indices.

Although we speak of the Report, it must not be supposed that the Commission has resulted in anything approaching to unanimity. This Report is signed by nine only of the Commis-

* 'Report,' p. 17.

sioners, and of these, two, Messrs. Firth and Burt, express in a separate memorandum their dislike of its most important recommendations. The other three Commissioners, Sir Richard Cross, Sir N. Rothschild, and Mr. Alderman Cotton, sign a 'dissent' Report, differing in almost every point from the conclusions of the majority, and even this is agreed to by Alderman Cotton, subject to a 'Protest,' in which he still more absolutely repudiates those conclusions. Moreover, the disclosure of a 'private' letter, written, it is said, without authority, by the Secretary, in the names of Lord Derby and his colleagues, invoking the 'valuable assistance' of Liberal editors in the provinces in 'educating' the country to support the Recommendations, has produced a very marked and disagreeable impression, which has detracted from the moral weight of the Report even more seriously than the differences of the Commissioners. Yet its formal authority is not impaired. It is still the Report of the Commission, upon the basis of which legislation may, and very probably will, be attempted. It is worth while, therefore, to consider it on its own merits. Let us endeavour to do so.

When William the Conqueror granted his so-called Charter to London, addressing it to the Bishop, Portreeve, and 'all the burghers within London,' and confirming to them as individuals the rights which they had enjoyed in King Edward's day, there existed neither City nor Corporation. London was simply an enclosed piece of country, stretching along the bank of the Thames, divided into a great number of holdings owned by different landlords.* Dotted about, especially near the river, were blocks of building which we should now call rookeries. There were also one or two good roads, and many straggling lanes, flanked by houses varying in size, and irregular in plan. Here, where a convenient landing-place, a good spring, a church, or a great house, provided a centre, the buildings were huddled together in picturesque but extremely insanitary confusion: there where nature or accident had presented no special inducement, they were scattered widely apart. As for the rest of the walled-in space, it consisted of fields and gardens, and orchards, and patches of wood. It was advisedly, therefore, that the Norman King addressed himself to the burghers *within*

* 'But ye shall understand that at this day [close of the 10th century] the City of London had most housing and building from Ludgate toward Westminster; and little or none where the chief or heart of the city is now [15th century] except in divers places was housing but they stood without order, . . . but after the conquest it increased.'—('Fabyan's Chronicle' (ed. 1811), p. 202.) See also the late Rev. J. S. Brewer's article on 'Ancient London' in 'English Studies' (pp. 424, *seqq.* London, 1881.)

London, just as we might talk of the residents in the Isle of Wight. The idea conveyed is one boundary including all—not any direct connection between the enclosed parts. And as with London so with Londoners. There is no recognition of corporate unity in the Conqueror's Charter, because corporate unity had not come into existence. The rights secured are not corporate rights. They have relation to individuals and not to the community. Freedom as distinguished from villeinage, and the right to transmit property from father to son, might have been conferred as easily on selected persons living in every county in England, as on all the burghers within the London wall.

But although London had then no unity for State purposes, common interests and common needs had probably long before this time begun to draw the burghers together. From a very early period London had been a great centre of trade and manufacture. Its port and warehouses and workshops were renowned throughout Europe. The landowners of London were as a class engaged in the business of the place, and were already flourishing on its profits to a sufficient degree to excite the cupidity and invite the exactions of a King and Court, who at any rate had the excuse of chronic insolvency. The instinct of self-preservation therefore, no less than a desire for the development of trade, suggested combination, or in other words, the formation of guilds.

'The essential principle of the guild is the banding together for mutual help, mutual enjoyment, and mutual encouragement in good endeavour.'* Its conception belongs to no particular age, and to no one place. It is simply the outcome of the gregarious nature of man. We need not therefore tax our ingenuity to discover, by a process of doubtful historical evolution, a remote origin for guilds. We find them in existence in the Middle Ages, we know they flourished in the days of the Romans, and we may be pretty certain that they were not unknown in intermediate times; but whether the good burghesses of Norman and Plantagenet London, in forming guilds, were either consciously or unconsciously imitating their Roman predecessors, is equally uncertain and unimportant. Both felt the same need, and both took the same means to supply it. The special features of the medieval guild were, a common fund, a common feast, and common worship, all supported by the offerings of the members.

The particular object which formed the *raison d'être* of the

* Miss Toulmin Smith's Article on Guilds in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'
guild

guild might be anything; the practice and encouragement of minstrelsy, the erection of churches, the production of plays, the protection of trade, or even mere social enjoyment and the promotion of good fellowship. But whatever this special purpose, the ideas which governed the organization were always the same, namely brotherhood, and the endeavour to promote moral worth. Bad behaviour, especially idleness and unthriftiness, were severely punished. The statutes of the guilds were full of penal clauses against members falling into evil courses. Thus for example:—

‘If any man be of good state and use hym to ly long in bed, and at rising of his bed he will not work ne wyn his sustenance and keep his house and go to the tavern to the wyne to the ale to wrastling to schetyng and in this manner fallith poor and left his cattel in his default for succour and trust to be holpen by the fraternity, that man shall never have good ne help of companie neither in his lyfe ne at his dethe but he shall be put off for evermore of the companie.’*

A marked distinction was drawn between real misfortune and trouble resulting from misdoing.

It is very refreshing amid the prevailing savagery and gloom of the Middle Ages to find at work far and wide one influence which certainly made for good. The rules of the guilds which have come down to us, quaint and homely as they sound, breathe a spirit as elevated as it is simple, and although we must probably make the usual allowance for the difference between men’s acts and their words, we cannot but believe that the generation which formed such grand aspirations, and which so persistently strove to realize them, had a better side than posterity has discovered.

It was therefore not at all extraordinary that the London burghers as they grew in numbers and importance should form guilds, the basis of which was their business. That they did so in early times we know, and that these guilds by some means or other came to be represented by one great combination, we know, but whether the original institutions were many or few, when they arose, and how and why and when they were absorbed, are all matters of speculation. Adopting the name used for the corresponding institution elsewhere, we shall call this central combination the Guild Merchant, although there appears to be no evidence that the actual title was employed in London. The Guild Merchant was an association of traders, formed at a time when, as we have seen, the landed and mercantile interests were practically identical. The great mer-

* The ordinances of the Guild of St. Anne in the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry of London. ‘English Gilds,’ p. xi.

chants were also the chief land-owners of London. This had a twofold result. The Guild Merchant developed into a body for the local government of the City, and that government became aristocratic in tone and feeling. At first the Guild Merchant probably did no more than other guilds, that is, it made rules for its own members and enforced them by a kind of voluntary jurisdiction, not unlike that exercised by the Church in early days before the State lent its coercive power. But the fact, that these rules were promulgated by the combined authority of the trade and landed interests, made it, we can easily believe, extremely difficult for any Londoner to disregard them. Obedience became a matter of course.

The maintenance of municipal order was gradually added to the regulation of trade, as the power of the guild and the beneficial results of its sway grew more apparent, and probably before the end of the eleventh century the machinery of local government in the Metropolis was in fair working order. It is likely enough that the State did not perceive, or if it perceived did not care to acknowledge, this new institution, until its power and influence were too well assured to be questioned. Possibly in writing to the burghers within London, William was intentionally ignoring the Guild Merchant. In another half century there is every reason to think it had acquired a settled position, and London began to be regarded as a community with a corporate voice and power of action.

The Guild Merchant was, as we have said, aristocratic in its spirit. Its members were traders, but they were also landlords, and the caste prejudices then prevalent entered largely into its constitution, and were transmitted along with this dual character to the governing body, into which the guild became merged. But an aristocratic Corporation of London was as clearly doomed to overthrow in the days of the Plantagenets as it would be now. The fact that London was free, that no great lord held it in demesne and quenched the spirit of enterprise in its inhabitants by the exercise of feudal rights, made a separation between the landlord interest and the trade interest inevitable. It was not long before a class of men sprung up, who were merchants, or masters of a handicraft, or shopkeepers, but who possessed no land, cared nothing for the landed traditions, and looked at things entirely from a 'business point of view.' How was the Guild Merchant to treat the new class? Of course the stately old burghers looked down on these mushroom citizens who paid rent for their shops and were the 'sons of divers mothers,' to quote the graphic but inexact phrase of the time. Looking back from the safe distance of a good many centuries,

centuries, it is easy to see how futile was this contempt of the rising middle-class. The trade of London was advancing by leaps and bounds, but the land could not grow. Commerce was as certain to be ultimately supreme in the City, as the fields and gardens within the wall were certain to disappear. But probably neither the one nor the other seemed at all necessary to the Basings and Bukerels and the other great families of old London.

It is not known to what extent the division of interest between the landed and unlanded traders of London was carried. Whether, as on the Continent, the latter were turned out of the Guild Merchant, and prohibitive rules enacted against the admission of men 'with dirty hands' or 'blue nails,' or 'who hawked their wares in the streets,' is very doubtful. But at any rate there was a separation of interest and a lack of sympathy between the new class and the old aristocratic fraternity, which led to very important results. The craftsmen began to form guilds for themselves, which in the principle of brotherhood, and the effort to do worthily, were identical with the Guild Merchant, but in which the aristocratic element was wholly wanting. The special motive for union was now business, and each guild was a community of men engaged in one particular trade or manufacture. Instead of a single great body, a multitude of societies sprung into being, limited as to numbers and power by the divisions and variety of London trade.

Dr. Brentano* considers that the period of the origin of the craft guilds throughout Europe extended from the beginning of the eleventh to the middle of the thirteenth century.† It is impossible to say when they first arose in London. Informal associations requiring no licence for their foundation,‡ they probably most of them had as small a beginning as the guild now known as the Grocers' Company, of which we are told that '22 pepperers' carrying on business in the open booths of the Chepe met together to consider their prospects and the regulation of their trade. It is likely enough that craft guilds were formed, flourished, and decayed, years and years before circumstances combined to bring them into prominence. The Bishop of Chester thinks that 'the Craft Guilds originally stood in a filial relation to the Guild Merchant, or that membership of the narrower involved the membership of the wider society.'§ Probably the two institutions existed side by side

* Dr. Brentano's *Essay in 'English Gilds,'* p. cvii.

† *'English Gilds,'* p. cxviii.

‡ *'English Gilds,'* p. cxix.

§ *'Constitutional History,'* i. 474.

without coming into serious collision, until, through the influences we have referred to, London merchants and tradesmen began to turn to the members of their own calling for the support which the central body of the City was ceasing to afford. As soon as the Craft Guilds undertook to make rules for the conduct of the business they represented, the jealousy of the Guild Merchant was aroused, and we find ample evidence of its results in the records which have come down to us. Thus the Corporation tried hard to suppress the Weavers' Guild, and thought they had succeeded by a liberal bribe to King John. But that wily monarch, having accepted the City's money, accepted a still larger bribe from the Weavers, and allowed the Guild to go on.*

It would take too long to attempt to follow out the struggle between the Guild Merchant and the Craft Guilds. The story belongs to the history of England. Gradually the old burgher spirit succumbed, the Guild Merchant disappeared, and the Corporation of London, to which it had given form and shape, came under the influence of the craftsmen. On the other hand, the great merchants—the survivors of the aristocratic clique—joined the guilds and became powerful members of the leading Companies. This transfer of power was completed about the middle of the fourteenth century. In Edward II.'s reign, all who would be free of the City were required to join a guild, and in the next reign the right of election of Aldermen was taken from the wards and vested in the Companies. This arrangement, however, did not last long, and in 1384 the old constitution of the City was in a great measure restored to it. The epoch is principally important as marking the climax of the power of the Craft Guilds, or, as we may henceforth call them, the Livery Companies.

The first and foremost function of a City Company was to provide a social club and benefit society for the members. Except the dealers who kept stalls on Chepe (a great open market-place in the old days), the City men of the Middle Ages lived at their places of business. We can get a fair idea from 'Fitz Alwyne's Assize'† (the first Metropolitan Building Act promulgated, 1191, by the first Lord Mayor of London) of what an ordinary master artificer's house was like in the

* See also the account of the great feud between the tailors of Exeter and the Corporation of that city. Mr. Toulmin Smith says, 'I think I may safely say that these documents give us the earliest account of the costs of soliciting a Private Bill in Parliament, that is known to exist.'—*English Gilds*, p. 300 *et seqq.*

† *Liber Albus*, Introduction, pp. xxix-xxxviii, and pp. 319-332.

thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It was neither very large nor very commodious. The party-walls were of stone, three feet thick and sixteen feet high. From them the roof, made of tiles, or in old houses of thatch, ran up to a point forming a gable towards the street. The rain, running down the slant of the roof into a gutter made along the top of the wall, was discharged from a projecting spout into the kennel, unless the head of a passer-by happened to intercept the stream. The front and back were filled with timber and plaster. Joists at a height of eight feet from the ground supported the floor of the upper, and the ceiling of the lower story. The 'solar,' as the first floor was called, was probably entered, like a modern hayloft, by a ladder through a hole in the floor. The ground-floor was used as one room, or divided into several, according to the size of the house and the needs of its inhabitants.* Glass was scarcely known in dwelling-houses at the commencement of this period, and the windows were simply holes guarded by iron bars, and closed at night by shutters. But before the end of Edward III.'s reign, glass windows of lattice-work were common. Chimneys likewise were a refinement which Londoners generally did not adopt till about the beginning of the fourteenth century. A movable stall, jutting out into the street, formed an annex to the front ground-floor room, and provided a shop window behind which the master and his apprentice could work at their craft and keep watch over their wares at the same time. A cellar, reached by steps from the outside, existed under most of the houses. Reeds on the floor and whitewash on the walls were usually the only internal decorations of what to our modern notions must have been an extremely squalid comfortless abode—a mere hut.

Our ancestors' great fear was lest it should be burnt down. The City ordinances abound in quaint regulations by way of precaution against fire. Between Whitsuntide and St. Bartholomew, when the heat and drought would be most severe, every one was to keep a barrel or large earthen vessel of water in front of his door in case of emergency. The 'bedel' of each ward was to be provided with a strong iron crook with a wooden handle, two chains, and two strong cords. This was to assist the neighbours, summoned by the bedel with his 'loud-sounding horn,' to arrest a conflagration by tearing down burning buildings. After the fire of 1212, Fitz Alwyne promulgated a new

* Numbers 7 and 8 in the Old London Street, shown last year at the Health Exhibition, were excellent specimens of the type of house here described.

Assize,* in which these regulations are repeated, except that the barrel of water is no longer ordered, but, like the sanitary precautions of modern times, only recommended as 'a good thing.' In this Assize the cookshops, evidently regarded as the chief source of danger, were placed under stringent rules, a step which was justified by subsequent events, for the great fire of 1666 began at a baker's oven in Pudding Lane.

It is not to be wondered at that a Londoner of the olden time sought relaxation out of doors. There was little scope for entertainment at home; indeed, accommodation which could hardly have been adequate for ordinary domestic life offered no opportunity for hospitality to friends. His guild met the want. It supplied him and his family with social intercourse, with feasting, and with what Englishmen still love better than most things, if they would only confess it, plenty of shows. The whole household were included. The father and mother were members of the Company, for women were freely admitted. The sons who were old enough were apprenticed, probably to their father, and so belonged to the craft; the grown-up daughters were invited to the guild dinners; and even the little children had their share of amusement in the fun and excitement of the great procession, as they stood watching with wide-open eyes the vagaries of the 'green men,' who, disguised as terrible ogres, cleared the road with their bludgeons for the master, the wardens, the chaplain, and the long files of citizens all arrayed in the gay 'livery' of their society. Every guild had its 'day,' which was distinguished from the other fêtes of the year by the greater elaboration of its ceremonial.† In the morning the brothers and sisters of the fraternity, bearing lighted tapers, assembled in the church connected with the guild either parochially, or as the destination of its offerings, to hear solemn mass sung for the souls of the departed brethren. This over, they repaired in procession to the guild house, if there was one, or, if not, to any suitable building that could be secured, and there held a 'morning speech' or general meeting of the company.

The ordinances of the guild, kept in a box or 'common hutch,' were taken out and read aloud, while the brethren stood round with uncovered heads. The accounts were adjusted; new rules were passed; events important to the guild members were discussed, and wardens elected for the succeeding year. In early times the master was probably chosen by the whole guild; but the constitution gradually changed, and for many centuries

* 'Liber Custumarum,' Introduction, pp. xxxi-xxxiii., and pp. 86-88.

† For a graphic account of a Guild-day and its ceremonial, see Knight's 'London,' vol. v. p. 114.

a Livery Company has consisted of three orders;* the master, wardens, and assistants, in whom the whole administration of the Company's affairs is vested, the livery, and lastly the freemen. The livery are chosen by the court of assistants (composed of the master, wardens, and assistants) out of the freemen, the court also fills up vacancies in its own body out of the livery. After the business came the feast, which, if it was a simpler affair than a modern City dinner, was not a whit less the subject of anxious consideration. The ordinances of the guilds are full of directions as to the feasts. They were no doubt highly appreciated as occasions of social intercourse at a time when such occasions were rare. No one can give much attention to the subject without coming to the conclusion, that feasting was one of the essential and most valued features of the Companies in their early days. The 'Companions of the Puy,' a guild of foreign merchants in London who met together

'for the increasing of loyal love, and to the end that mirthfulness, peace, uprightness, gaiety, and good love may be maintained,'

had their bill of fare ordained by their statutes. The companions were to be served

'with good bread, good ale, and good wine, and then with pottage and one course of solid meat, and after that with double meat in a dish, and cheese, and no more.'

Perhaps the absence of sweets may be traced to the working of another regulation, by which 'no lady or other woman' was to be present, for the reason

'that the members ought thereby to take example and rightful warning to honour, cherish, and commend all ladies at all times in all places, as much in their absence as in their presence.†

The more serious part of the guild business consisted in arranging for the relief of the poor (especially decayed members), and for the welfare of the craft to which the society belonged. The influence of a guild over the trade connected with it was a matter of gradual growth. Nothing was more natural than that when a number of men, all engaged in the same calling and prosecuting it in the same place, were bound together as a brotherhood, they should talk amongst themselves about their

* 'English Gilds.' Dr. Brentano (pp. cxxv, cli, clii) says 'since the sixteenth century.' The Report, p. 12, says 'since considerably before the reign of Edward III.' The ordinances of the Tailors of Exeter show that the three orders existed there in the reign of Edward IV.—'English Gilds,' p. 324.

† 'Liber Custumarum,' Introduction, pp. liii, 579-594. Mr. Riley considers this explanation unsatisfactory, but it is at any rate creditable to the ingenuity of the polite foreigners.

business. Indeed, to promote each other's advantage in business was one of the objects of their union. The difficulties and vicissitudes, the obstacles and opportunities of the trade, were, we may be sure, often and anxiously discussed. As the guild came to include more and more of the members of the particular craft, the power of combination began to unfold itself in a practical shape to the guildsmen. Rules made amongst themselves for their own guidance became the rules of the trade, because they were adopted by the majority of those who carried it on. In addition to being a club and a benefit society, the guild became an effective trades union.

It is important that we should understand the sense in which it is said that the Companies governed the crafts. We have already referred to the high moral principle which lay at the foundation of the guild organization of the Middle Ages. This principle was not forgotten in the trade dealings of the guilds. Adulteration, bad work, the use of worthless materials, and cheating in every form, were discountenanced and punished, but except in this general way it would be a mistake to suppose that the public good was the animating impulse of this system of co-operation. Any benefit which the community at large derived from the trade supervision of the guilds, and it did derive much benefit, was accidental. The primary purpose of the Companies was the advantage of their own members. Thus the trade regulations, although incidentally they may have protected the public from fraud, were framed by the traders to prevent damage to their own credit, and to hinder a dishonest member of their body from obtaining an unfairly large profit.*

Having acquired the position of successful trades unions, the next step was for the guilds to seek to obtain that completeness of power which the State alone could confer. Instead of burning the tools of a recalcitrant craftsman and refusing to work with him, as the members of modern trades unions at one time were apt to do, the Companies struggled to obtain legal monopolies. Like most other privileges in the gift of Plantagenet kings, these monopolies were obtainable by those who could pay for them. The Companies were able and willing to pay, and they obtained what they wanted. Their Letters Patent or Charters, most of which they acquired in Edward III.'s reign, gave large powers. The Companies were incorporated,

* See the Brass-pot case, *post*, p. 53. Dr. Brentano (p. cxxx) writes: 'nominally to ensure the good quality of their wares, the guild statutes always ordain that no one "shall work longer than from the beginning of the day until evening, nor at night by candlelight." But doubtless the real ground for this ordinance was rather regard for the well-being of the guild masters.'

were allowed to hold land (to a limited extent) in mortmain; were empowered to make rules for trade, subject to confirmation by the City Corporation, and to prevent any one from practising a craft unless he joined its guild. Some of these powers the Companies had practically enjoyed before; some the Corporation had already ineffectually attempted to confer on them. The great difference which the legal acknowledgment of the guild monopolies made in their position was, first, that they were able to enforce the observance of their rules by taking offenders before the Mayor and Aldermen; and secondly, that they were able to invest their property in land. Hitherto this had only been possible indirectly, by recourse to a custom according to which the citizens of London were allowed to devise their City estates to corporations, and corporations were allowed to accept such devises, although they possessed no licence from the Crown to hold land in mortmain.

We are far from saying that the Crown, in granting these important privileges to the City Companies, was unconscious or unmindful of the advantages which the State derived from having the trade of the capital supervised without trouble or expense to itself; yet that was not the main object in view. The Charters were granted to the Companies for valuable consideration, not only in money, but also in the shape of a well-grounded confidence that, so long as the King befriended the City, the City would always be ready to help the King with men and means in the hour of need. The charters were intended therefore by the King, and they were received by the Companies, as benefits and gifts to be used for the advantage of the recipients.

During the fourteenth century, there can be no doubt that the Companies exercised a very effective superintendence over trade and manufacture. The City records abound with accounts of the exposure and punishment of fraud at the instigation of the Companies, whose representatives seem to have used their powers of scrutiny and search with considerable vigour. Some of the cases reported with all solemnity in the 'Remembrancia' are very quaint, and afford a curious insight into the manners of the time. Thus in 1311 we read of a scrutiny of 'false hats' being prosecuted 'at the request of the hatters,' with the result that fifteen black and forty grey and white hats were seized as false, and condemned to be burnt in Chepe, while 'certain other hats,' of the *bona fides* of which there was some doubt, were 'postponed for further consideration.*' In

* Riley's 'Memorials,' p. 90.

1316 'the good folk of the trade of potters' denounced to the Mayor and Aldermen divers persons, and especially one 'Aleyne le Sopere,' who busied themselves by buying

'in divers places pots of bad metal, and then put them on the fire so as to resemble pots that have been used and are of old brass, and then,' the record continues, 'they expose them for sale in West Chepe on Sundays and other festival days to the deception of all those who buy such pots, for the moment they are put upon the fire and exposed to great heat they come to nothing and melt. By which roguery and falsehood the people are deceived, and the trade also is badly put to slander.'*

The magistrates of the fourteenth century were not restricted to the dull monotony of '40s. or a month,' and they seem in devising penalties to have given free scope to their powers of invention. For example, one Quilhogge having bought a putrid pig, which had been lying a long time by the riverside, for 4d., cut from it two gammons for sale, and sold part thereof 'in deceit of the people.' He was sentenced to stand in the pillory while 'the residue of the gammons was burnt beneath him.'† In the same way a seller of bad wine was condemned to stand in the pillory, to drink a draught of his own stuff, and to have the remainder poured over his head. We may well envy our ancestors the protection of this excellent law, and sigh that the solace of its discriminating application is denied to us.

Such was the position of supremacy which the Companies at length attained. But their reign did not last long. The middle of the fourteenth century probably marks the crisis of their fortunes. Scarcely had their power acquired its full development than it began to decay. Extraneous circumstances, as we have seen, secured the triumph of the Craft Guilds over the Guild Merchant: extraneous circumstances worked their downfall. The former was the result of the severance between the landed and trade interests, the latter was produced by the severance of capital and labour. The Craft Guilds were associations of masters who were also, for the most part, workmen. The stock required to set up in business was not great, and an apprentice when his term of service was over became a master almost as a matter of course. Journeymen were scarce, or at any rate not plentiful enough to have much influence on trade. There were no great employers of labour, but a multitude of small masters, each working with the help of one or two

* Riley's 'Memorials,' p. 118.

† Ibid. p. 270. This, however, seems to have been a usual punishment for selling bad meat. Several other instances are given in the Returns of the Butchers' Company. (Blue-book, III. p. 209.)

apprentices, and perhaps one servant. Thus capital and labour were united. But about the middle of the fourteenth century a twofold change set in. Capital began to be invested in business, and the villeins began to leave the country and to flock in crowds to the towns for the sake of the higher wages which their services could command. In this way labour, as distinct from capital, developed into a separate interest. A fresh problem presented itself to the craftsmen for solution. How were the Companies to treat the new class? They very naturally allowed jealousy rather than prudence to guide their policy, just as the old burghers had done long before, and with the same result. They placed all sorts of impediments in the way of workmen who wished to join the Craft Guilds, and they succeeded in excluding them. But their success undermined the inherent authority of the Guilds themselves, which henceforth ceased really to represent the Crafts. Pedigrees were carefully scanned before candidates were admitted. The entrance fees were raised, and costly masterpieces were required as a test of competency.*

On the other hand, combinations of the workmen among themselves were vehemently opposed, and, when possible, prevented. The City authorities in 1383 published a proclamation against 'all congregations, covins, and conspiracies of workmen,' and the 'Remembrancia' contain several instances of proceedings taken about this date, generally by the Craft Guilds, against confraternities of journeymen.† So the Companies became the representatives, not of trade, but of capital. Refusing to admit labour, they shut out one of the master forces of trade, and of course it soon became obvious that their control of the Crafts was doomed.‡

But other causes were at work inside the Companies, which helped not a little to unfit them for serving as trades unions. Chief amongst these was the institution known as 'Patrimony,' by which the adult children of a guild member had a right to be admitted to membership on coming of age. There is no doubt that this was the rule of the City Companies from the earliest times.§ Its operation produced an inevitable severance between the trade and the guild, which got wider as each gene-

* One of the witnesses, Mr. B. Lucraft, rather absurdly makes it a part of the case against the Companies that masterpieces are no longer required.—Blue-book, I. 258.

† Riley's 'Memorials,' pp. 542, 609, 653.

‡ The Report (p. 15) quotes with apparent approval the opinion of Mr. Froude that by the commencement of the Tudor period, the Companies had to a great extent become an obsolete institution as regards this superintendence.

§ 'Report,' p. 16.

ration introduced fresh members whose only connection with the particular craft was that an ancestor had once followed it. Thus the Skinners' Company in 1445 numbered but one skinner by trade amongst its members.* Of the five persons named as Master and Wardens of the Clothworkers in their charter of 1560, only one was a clothworker by trade.† Many of the early charters of the Companies expressly sanction the admission of strangers.‡ So entirely had the connection between the trades and the guilds been lost in some instances, that when Queen Elizabeth, wanting to know why her silk gowns were so dear, sent to the Mercers to ask the reason, the Company were obliged to explain that only one or two of their members knew anything about silk.

Another method of admission by 'Redemption,' i.e. purchase, has been in use for many centuries, and has no doubt also had an effect in importing non-traders into the Companies. Servitude is the other recognized mode. It has been the custom from time immemorial for freemen to have apprentices bound to them by indenture executed at the Company's Hall. It appears from the statements of the Companies that the apprentices are bound to the masters to learn, not as has been supposed, the trade from which the Guild is named, but whatever trade the master himself follows.§ It is obvious that if the apprenticeship is to be a *bona fide* one, this must be so in a Company whose members are not confined to any particular craft. The contrary had been assumed, and the Commissioners showed some surprise on learning that colourable servitude is not allowed in the principal Companies. The system, however, of binding apprentices to follow the calling of a guild member (whatever it might happen to be) must have tended to increase the separation between the Companies and the crafts from which they are named.

The civic supremacy of the Companies was, as we have seen, very brief, and came to an end five centuries ago. Their regulation of trade, though not quite so ephemeral, died a natural death in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the powers of monopoly and search contained in the Company's charters were in several cases declared illegal by the judges, and it was generally understood that the coercive powers of the Companies could no longer be

* Mr. J. R. Phillips, one of the gentlemen called as historical experts to support the case against the Companies, speaks of a charter of James I. to the Skinners as 'the first severance from trade of the governing body of a company'!

† Blue-book, I. p. 334.

‡ E.g. Clothworkers, Haberdashers, and Merchant Taylors.

§ Blue-book, I. pp. 278, 293, 343, 345, 347, 348.

maintained.* The guilds lost all claim to be considered trades unions in any sense of the word. They fell back into their original condition of voluntary associations of individuals bound together for purposes partly social and partly benevolent. The religious element so prominent in the early days of the guilds vanished at the Reformation, when the masses for departed guildsmen, and the endowments by which they were supported, were alike swept away. The relation of the guilds to the trade and manufactures of the country was thus a phase through which they passed. Like many another institution, they did their work, they left their mark on the mercantile history of England, and then disappeared from its pages. The special feature in the case of the City Companies is, that when they ceased to influence public affairs they did not fade away altogether. They simply returned to their first condition. They existed long before circumstances conduced to bring them into prominence; they continued to exist when the public service no longer required their help; and they exist still.† The secret of their vitality is their possession of property. It is this which has attracted the attention and warmed the zeal of their critics, has made for them so many enemies, and has given to the result of the Commission a great and general importance.

There are twelve great and sixty minor Livery Companies of the City of London. The former, consisting of the Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers, have been known as the Great Companies for hundreds of years. As has been already stated, there are three grades of membership. The Courts of Assistants vary in number in different Companies from twelve to thirty or forty members. The aggregate of all the Courts is about 1500. There are altogether 7319 Liverymen (including the 1500 members of the Courts). The Freemen are computed by the Commissioners to be 10,000 in number.‡ The total number of individuals with vested rights in the Companies is, according to this calculation, about 17,300.

The Commission have not been able to make anything more than a rough estimate of the total value of the property of the

* For a tabulated statement of the nominal powers still possessed by the Companies, see Pulling's 'Laws and Customs of London,' p. 486.

† Eight of the Companies, however—viz. the Ironmongers, Goldsmiths, Vintners, Apothecaries, Founders, Gunmakers, Scriveners, and Stationers—still retain some connection with the trades with which they were associated. Other Companies—e.g. the Turners, Horners, and Needlemakers—have recently made efforts to revive their connection with their respective crafts.

‡ Alderman Cotton (p. 72) considers there are 13,000 freemen.

Companies; but they consider that it cannot be less than fifteen millions sterling.

The income of the Companies amounts, according to the Report, to from 750,000*l.* to 800,000*l.* a year: this includes a theoretical annual value put on their halls, although as a matter of fact they produce no income. The rents of the Companies' real estates are said to amount to 600,000*l.*, while they receive above 100,000*l.* a year income of personal estate investments, and the fees paid by members on admission to either of the three grades bring in about 20,000*l.* more.

Part of the property owned by the guilds, and of course the income arising from it, is held by them under old wills and deeds of gift, on trust for different charitable purposes, and it is necessary to keep clearly before the mind the distinction between this *trust* property and the rest of the Companies' estate, or their *corporate* property, as it is called. The Report gives the total of the trust income as 200,000*l.* There is no dispute as to this. The Companies have never questioned their obligations with respect to their charitable funds. Of late years charges of dereliction of duty have been brought against them, but they have never been endorsed by the Charity Commissioners, and are effectually refuted by the facts published in the Report. Indeed the witnesses did not dare to bring forward their accusations before the Commissioners. Mr. J. R. Phillips, one of the chief exponents of the case against the Companies, had been particularly zealous with his pen in denouncing alleged malversations:—

'The conduct of the Companies has been such in their trusts as, if they had been private individuals, would have subjected them to be treated as criminals.' *

Yet Mr. Phillips, when he had the opportunity of proving his brave words, completely changed his tone, and became quite unctuous in his protestations.

'Never in my life by one word that I have ever written have I suggested any dishonour of any single member of these Companies. . . . I have never suggested that they are not honest'! †

But, although the integrity of the Companies is amply vindicated with regard to the administration of their trust-property, as according to the present state of the law that term is understood, the Report throws some doubt on the correctness of the rules which judges have laid down for construing the wills of charitable testators. The subject is, however, too technical for discussion in these pages.

* Blue-book, l. p. 310.

† Ibid., p. 167.

We may now dismiss from our consideration altogether the trust estates of the Companies, and proceed to consider the main question which the Commissioners had to decide—To whom do the corporate estates belong? or, in other words, are they public or private property?

There is ambiguity in the use of the word 'public' with reference to the Companies. An ordinary joint-stock company is a 'public company,' but no one supposes that the public have any right in its assets other than that of buying shares, if any are in the market. On the other hand, the City Companies are in terms described as 'private bodies corporate' in the Act of Parliament which still regulates their government.* The 'public' element, upon which the enemies of the guilds insist so strongly, attaches rather to the property than the body owning it, for no one of the witnesses seemed to concern himself as to the fate of the guilds after their estates have been taken from them. But, even so, there was anything but unanimity as to the sense in which the guild property was said to be public. According to some witnesses it belongs to the whole community, i.e. to the State. According to others, Londoners only are entitled to claim the benefit of it; while, according to a third view, it is indissolubly connected with trade. All, however, agreed that it ought be taken away from its present owners. The negative aspect of the subject was evidently uppermost in the minds of the witnesses and the Commissioners, and we shall probably not misrepresent them if we take the expression 'public property' as simply equivalent to non-private property.

The clearest way of proving the public character of the guild property is to show that the guilds themselves are *public bodies*, and this is the main contention of Mr. Firth and his friends. According to them, the Livery Companies are simply a part of the Corporation of the City, and of course it follows that their estates are Corporation property. The connection of the Companies with the Municipal Government of London may be stated in very few words. The substitution, in the reign of Edward III., of the Guilds for the Wards, as the electoral bodies by whom Aldermen were chosen, lasted, as we have said, for a few years only, after which the freemen of the City, voting in their different wards, regained their ancient rights. Until 1835, no one could have the freedom of the City but members of the Livery Companies. In that year this restriction was removed by the Corporation. The whole body

* 19 Henry VII. ch. 7,

of the freemen of the City who are also liverymen form a conclave called the Common Hall, by which two Aldermen are annually chosen and presented to the Court of Aldermen for them to select one as the Lord Mayor during the ensuing year. The Common Hall also elects the Sheriffs, Chamberlain, Bridgmaster, and Auditor. In addition to these privileges as members of the Common Hall, freemen who are liverymen have, under certain restrictions, the Parliamentary franchise.

The Common Hall is the one lingering vestige of connection between the Corporation and the Companies. Historically, it is a survival from the days when the guilds were supreme in the City. Practically, the condition that the members of Common Hall should have the livery of a Company has acted as a rough kind of property franchise, by which unfit persons have been excluded. Mr. Firth and his friends make much ado about the Common Hall, and not without reason, for it is the sole excuse for the assertion that the Companies are an integral part of the Corporation. They magnify its greatness and the importance of its functions, until one begins fearfully to ask oneself what Londoners would do if anything should happen to the Common Hall.

It has been asserted that this body has a larger scope than the somewhat formal electoral duties to which we have referred would indicate, and that the Lord Mayor can summon the Livery to meet together whenever he thinks fit, for any corporate purpose whatever. Mr. Firth* states that 'this would seem to have been finally settled' by a legal decision in the Mayor's Court in 1775, when Alderman Plumbe, representing the Goldsmiths' Company, was 'successfully prosecuted' for ignoring a summons to Common Hall on other than election business. Mr. Beal also, in his evidence,† referring to this passage, says 'the Companies were found to be in the wrong.' Both Mr. Firth and Mr. Beal, however, omitted to mention that the decision of the Recorder of London on which they rely was reversed on appeal by the unanimous voice of four of the King's Judges.‡ Mr. Firth, in one of his supplemental observations,§ endeavours to explain away this rather important circumstance, by arguing that the reversal depended on other grounds, and does not disprove his proposition. Perhaps not, but it certainly does not establish it. The case, so far from 'finally settling the

* 'Municipal London,' p. 43 n.

† Blue-book, I. p. 135.

‡ 'Plumbe's Case with Observations.' Edited by Mr. Roberts, City Solicitor, 1782.

§ Blue-book, I. pp. 77-79.

point,' left it, at the best, exactly where it found it, which must have been obvious from the first if Mr. Firth had thought fit to mention the fact of the appeal. This remarkable suppression, coupled with the use which, with Mr. Beal's assistance, Mr. Firth endeavoured to make of it before the Commission, is commented on by the Companies' representatives in very plain terms,* and we are not surprised.

The Report does not adopt the arguments about the Common Hall pressed forward by Mr. Firth. It passes rather lightly over the matter, merely noticing its existence and explaining its functions in connection with 'the municipal privileges still enjoyed by the members of the Companies.' The Commissioners, however, although they hesitate to follow the road marked out for them, manage to arrive at the destination to which it leads. The Report states more than once† that the Companies are 'public bodies.' The proof of this proposition, which we presume was present to the minds of the Commissioners, when they laid it down as a matter of absolute certainty, has unfortunately not been reproduced in the Blue-book at all clearly, but apparently the statement is grounded on two sentences too important to be abridged. After referring to events in the latter part of the thirteenth century, the Report continues:‡—

'About a century after this period, having regard to the fact that the head men of the guild were generally Aldermen of the Corporation, and that the Corporation exercised, as Mr. Riley's collections show, a minute supervision over the trade and manufactures of London, we regard the Companies as having become in effect a *Municipal Committee of trade and manufactures*.

'Soon after they had arrived at this position they were incorporated, and thereupon became in our judgment, while retaining their position under the municipality, an institution in the nature of a *State Department for the superintendence of the trade and manufactures of London*.'

Again, later on,§ in enumerating the reasons for State intervention, we are told—

'the Companies were originally a *Municipal Committee of trade and manufactures*. . . on their incorporation by the Plantagenet monarchs, they became a *State Department for the superintendence of the trade and manufactures of London*.'

At the period in question we believe there were forty-eight

* Blue-book, I. pp. 273, 308.

‡ Page 12.

† Ibid., I. pp. 41, 43.

§ Page 42.

Craft Guilds in London;* how, therefore, the head men of these guilds (or aldermen, as they were called) could generally have been Aldermen of the Corporation, of whom there were only twenty-five, it is difficult to perceive. As has been already stated, the Municipal Government of London was for a few years of the fourteenth century vested in the City Companies, and if this is all that is meant, we might have been spared the arithmetical puzzle of how forty-eight men are to be squeezed into twenty-five places. The passages from Mr. Riley's books consist of extracts from the City annals, some showing how the Corporation, often at the instance of the Companies, endeavoured to repress the tricks of trade in the fourteenth century;† and others setting out the byelaws of various Companies, sanctioned (as was necessary) by the City authorities. No one doubts that the powers of the Corporation were frequently put forth to enforce the guild regulations, or that those regulations, for a more or less brief period in the Middle Ages, very powerfully affected, and in fact controlled, the trade and manufactures of London. If it is desired to call the aggregate of the Companies during this phase of their existence a 'Municipal Committee' as a kind of fancy name, by all means let us do so, so long as we are careful to remember that the Companies never in fact formed a committee at all, and that they were only municipal in the sense stated above. But Edward III. lived rather more than five hundred years ago, and the 'Municipal Committee' must be taken to have adjourned *sine die* almost as far back. There is something almost ludicrous in the attempt to treat as public bodies organizations which in the days of the Plantagenets ceased to fulfil any public functions, and have ever since existed for altogether other purposes. The singularity of the claim becomes more marked when it is remembered, that such municipal duties as were performed by the Companies were not incident to their original constitutions, but were, so to speak, taken on at an advanced period of their history. The compilers of the Report have made a palpable slip in alleging that the guilds were *originally* a Municipal Committee. As we have seen, they existed long before they could by any possibility be credited with this position. If the Companies are now public bodies, it is because, having started seven hundred or eight hundred years ago as private societies, they passed, five hundred years ago, through a public phase which quickly came to an end, but yet stamped its character indelibly upon them.

* Stubbs's 'Constitutional History,' iii. 619.

† See *ante*, p. 53.

Next, we are told that the guilds became a State Department by virtue of their Charters of incorporation. The Commission might with about equal plausibility have relied on the fact that Edward III. was a Linen Armourer, Queen Elizabeth a Mercer, and Charles II. a Grocer. A corporation is a manufactured individual, and a charter is the means of its manufacture; that is to say, the law allows the Crown to endow, it may be a number of people, or it may be the holder from time to time of a particular office, with the same legal rights as an individual would possess if he were to go on living for ever. As this creature of the law cannot sign his name, he is allowed to use a seal. He can buy and sell, sue and be sued, grow rich and fall into poverty, and in fact do anything which a real man could do in respect of property, except hold land; this the law forbids, unless the corporation is specially authorized to do so by a licence in mortmain. A charter granted to a society such as a Craft Guild, especially if accompanied by a licence in mortmain, is therefore a boon by the help of which the members of the society can more conveniently acquire and manage property. In the case of the City Companies the privilege was, as we have seen, paid for. There is not the slightest vestige of reason or authority for the notion, that a charter brings the society incorporated into any special connection with the State, or makes it in any sense a public body. The present Lord Chancellor stated this very clearly in the House of Lords in 1877, when discussing the Inns of Court:—

‘I decline to look upon incorporation as a test for that purpose; * some private societies, such as clubs and trading companies, might be incorporated, and institutions not incorporated might be of a public character.’ †

This opinion Lord Selborne repeated before the Commission in answer to a question put to him by Lord Coleridge. ‡

But although the attempts to show that the City Companies are public bodies, by identifying them with the Corporation, by calling them a Municipal Committee, and by elevating them into a State Department, are all equally unsuccessful, it does not follow that their property is necessarily private. It may have been acquired by virtue of the public functions which the Companies once discharged, or it may be in itself, quite apart from the public or private status of the holders of it, public property. The first of these two possible views may be dis-

* Viz. the purpose of determining the public or private character of a society.

† Hansard, 3rd series, vol. 233, p. 1256.

‡ Blue-book, I. p. 189.

missed in a very few words. The Crown, while it has very often accepted from the City Companies gifts, or loans which were never repaid, has not by any of its Charters, or by any other means, conferred on them one yard of land or one sixpence of money. Indeed, the Companies possessed their Halls and some portion of their other property, before they obtained their Charters.* But, whenever acquired, it consisted of the gifts and bequests of members, and in some cases probably of the profits made in business carried on by the Guilds in their corporate capacity.† The spirit which prompted the offerings of the brethren to the common stock of their guild is not even yet extinct, for it seems that so recently as 1831 a certain Mr. Thwaytes left 20,000*l.* to the Clothworkers' Company, 'to be laid out in the way that may tend to make the said society comfortable.'‡ Poor Mr. Thwaytes! His 20,000*l.* has helped to brighten the lot of many deserving people, but it has greatly exasperated Mr. Firth and his friends. Such infatuated affection for a City Company is unpardonable. Mr. J. R. Phillips, whose evidence we have more than once referred to, denounces his gift as 'a lunatic bequest.' The secret of this wrath is not hard to unravel. It is comparatively easy to frustrate the wishes of a testator who died centuries ago, but confiscation applied to the property of a man whom living people remember, is too startling to be safe. Hence the effort to make the guild property seem as ancient as possible. Mr. Phillips, after bestowing much scorn on the weak-minded Mr. Thwaytes, adds § 'with this exception I suppose I could count on my fingers the gifts of any substantiality made to the Companies during the last 200 years.' The inference is clear, that Mr. Phillips has these recent gifts at his fingers' ends. But we look on a little way and we are undeceived.

'I presume that really you have no means of knowing to what extent moneys have been left to the Companies since the beginning of the century?—*I have not.*' ||

So much for mere audacity of assertion.

To complete our view of the various pretexts on which it has been sought to fix the guild property with a public use, we come now to the most important of them all—that selected by the Commissioners as the main support and justification of the policy they recommend. It is said that the Companies' estates, or at any rate so large a portion of them as to represent the

* Blue-book, I. pp. 13, 348, 351, 352, 358.

† 'English Gilds,' Introduction, pp. xxxv, xxxvi.

‡ Blue-book, I. pp. 95, 124, 160, 162, 338.

§ Blue-book, I. p. 162.

|| Ibid.

whole, are, apart altogether from the public or private status of the Companies, public property, and that this can be proved historically. It is well known that at the time of the suppression of the monasteries an enormous amount of property, given to pay for masses and the support of chantries, was diverted from these uses, and vested in the Crown. The London Companies held a very considerable proportion of their estates subject to trusts of this sort, which were thus forfeited to the King. They however, after a year or two's interval, bought their lands back, paying nearly 19,000*l.* to Edward VI. as redemption money. Questions arose in Queen Elizabeth's time, and also in that of her successor, as to whether the Companies had not concealed certain chantry lands from the King's Commissioners, and as to other somewhat technical points which the ingenuity of 'patentees,'* sharpened by self-interest, enabled them to discover. There does not seem to have been much substance in these questions, but they were sufficiently serious to harass the Companies, and large sums, said to have amounted to 5000*l.*, were extorted as 'compositions.' Finally, in order to put an end to all doubt, a private Act† was passed 'assuring and establishing' their title to the chantry lands.

Such are the bare facts. What is the case founded on them? As it stands in the Report, it is perfectly simple and fairly convincing. The Commissioners say ‡

'The Companies were, however, allowed to redeem the lands on a representation that they were required for the purpose of the eleemosynary and educational charities of which they were trustees.'

Again,§

'There is no doubt, however, that the lands were only allowed to be bought back because the Companies represented to the Crown, as was no doubt the fact, that the rental was required for the support of their almshouses, schools, and exhibitions, many of which depended for their existence on these superstitious benefactions. We think there is nothing unfair as regards the Companies in a recognition of this state of circumstances, and though we allow all proper weight to the decisions of the Court of Chancery, we do not consider ourselves bound by them in framing the present Report to your Majesty, and we desire to express the opinion that these Crown grants may be reasonably taken to have been made in the expectation that the income would continue to be in great part applied to charitable objects, such as, in particular, education and the relief of poverty.'

* Persons who obtained Crown grants of any lands which they could discover to have been forfeited to the Crown, but not surrendered by the owners. They were also called concealers.

† 4 James I., ch. x.

‡ Page 15.

§ Page 40.
Finally

Finally in summing up* :—

‘Their lands which were confiscated at the Reformation as being held to superstitious uses were suffered to be redeemed only upon a representation that the rents were required for the relief of poverty and the promotion of education.’

Nothing could be more definite and precise than these statements. We turn to the notes for the authorities on which they are based. Will it be believed that this dogmatic assertion, reiterated again and again, and obviously influencing very materially the conclusion at which the Commissioners arrived, is a gross and unpardonable blunder? Yet this is the plain fact.

The Report exclusively relies on certain passages cited from Mr. Herbert’s ‘History.’† These passages are copied by him from Strype’s edition (1720) of Stow’s ‘Survey of London,’ and rest upon Strype’s authority.‡ Unlike the Commissioners, we have consulted Strype himself, and grounding ourselves on his pages, we venture to affirm, (1) that the so-called ‘representation’ was made many years after the ‘redemption’ had been effected, and was in no wise connected with that transaction, and (2) that the ‘redemption’ itself was not made at the request or upon any ‘representation’ of the Companies at all, but was arbitrarily forced upon those bodies by the King for the purpose of raising money.

The ‘representation’ on which, according to the Blue-book, the Companies ‘were allowed’ to redeem their lands, is alleged to be contained in a document (copied from Strype), which the Report actually describes as the ‘Return to Commissioners appointed by Edward VI.’ Strype, however, merely calls it ‘a particular note of such charitable good uses as are performed by the Companies of London out of such rents as they purchased of King Edward VI.,’ and states that it was drawn up in 1587, that is, thirty-seven years after the redemption. It was presented to Queen Elizabeth upon one of the occasions above referred to, when advantage was being taken by the ‘patentees’ of the legal flaws supposed to exist in the Companies’ title.‡ Indeed, the paper is, on the face of it, subsequent to the redemption, as it contains a statement of the sum paid by each Company to the King on the sale. It is not a ‘representation’ of the purposes for which the property was required, but a note of the purposes to which it had, in fact, been applied. So

* Page 42.

† Herbert’s ‘History of the Twelve Great Companies of London.’ 2 vols.

‡ Strype’s ‘Stow,’ Book V., ch. xvi. p. 249 (ed. 1720).

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much for this particular document, the historical groundwork of the Commissioners' Report.

Let us next examine the facts of the redemption itself. Herbert says:—*

'The Companies paid the chantry rents so given to Edward VI. until the third year of his reign, when the King *requiring them to purchase them,*' &c.

This expression alone might have suggested to the Commissioners that the redemption was not altogether voluntary on the part of the Companies. Had they turned to Herbert's authority they would have discovered that

'The King in the third year of his reign, having occasion to levy a great mass of money,† *did require the Companies to purchase those rents, which they were loathe to do,* but being urged by their duty of love and service to the King,'

they obeyed. And their obedience cost them dear. The price paid was at the rate of twenty years' purchase of the rents, a high one for those troubled times. Eight days only were allowed the purchasers to find the money, and Stow tells us that in order to do so they were forced to sell their own 'best lands far better cheap' than they were buying back the forfeited rents.§ Such is Strype's account of this act of royal generosity done, as we are asked to believe, upon the representation of the Companies that they would devote their purchases 'for the purposes of the eleemosynary and educational charities of which they were trustees.' The Letters Patent by which the rents were reconveyed are absolutely silent as to trusts: that the Companies themselves did not recognize any trusts is clear from another clause of the petition just quoted:—||

'The Companies having purchased the said rents, *though they might have turned them wholly to their own profit,* have employed the same to public uses, viz.'

And again:—

* Vol. i. p. 115.

† Mr. Froude ('Hist. Eng.' iv. 280, &c.) describes in graphic language the financial straits of the King's Government in this year.

‡ A petition from the Companies to the Lord Treasurer, given at length in Strype's 'Stow,' Book V., ch. xvi. p. 254.

§ Stow's 'Annals of England' (ed. 1615), 604.

|| In a letter written on behalf of the Companies to Sir Chris. Hatton (Queen Elizabeth's Vice-Chamberlain and Lord Chancellor), in May 1582, we read—'. . . which rentes the severall Companies afterward purchased of the said king to the full value of such profittes and nevertheless have bestowed those profittes in good and charitable uses and in her Majesty's service.'—'City Records Remembrancia,' vol. i. Nos. 339, 347.

'The

'The Companies being *bonæ fidei possessores*, and having truly purchased for great sums at the King's request, should be defrauded* of their lawful bargain.'

Thus not only do the Commissioners quote a specific document as the basis of a transaction which happened a generation before it was written, but the circumstance which this document is alleged to prove is seen to rest on no evidence whatever, and to be utterly inconsistent with all the known facts of the case.

In justice to the Commissioners, it should be added that they are not without distinguished support even in this their wildest statement. Sir Arthur Hobhouse, an eminent lawyer and Judge, as well as an ardent advocate of Municipal Reform, in an article on the City Companies in the current number of the 'Contemporary Review,' writes,—†

'It is worth while, however, to inquire a little deeper into the circumstances of the repurchase, because there is reason to think that the Guilds got favourable terms from the Crown on the ground that the confiscated lands were applied by them to charitable purposes.'

Sir A. Hobhouse's desire to get 'a little deeper' does him credit. Unfortunately, as he has not got below Herbert, he cannot, at present, be congratulated on its realization. We await with interest the result of his researches in the lower strata to which we venture to introduce him. That Sir A. Hobhouse does not as yet appreciate the wealth of the mine he has been attempting to work is sufficiently clear. Thus he laments his inability 'to lay hold of complete copies' of the Letters Patent of Edward VI. and the Private Act of James I., although both may be inspected any day between the hours of 10 and 4 at the Public Record Office.

The Report also refers, in corroboration of its statements, to the preamble of the private Act of James I. already mentioned, in which the King takes knowledge of 'the good and charitable employment of the said lands.' It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to trouble ourselves with the details of a case of which the foundation has been found to be utterly rotten, but it may be well to point out (1) that the statutory grant to the Companies declares no trust whatever; and (2) that, in reciting the reasons which induced the King and Parliament to favour the Companies, stress is laid upon the good as well as the charitable uses to which the guild property was put; the 'comfort of many good subjects,' as well as 'the great relief of the poor,' are

* This refers to the 'patentees.'

† Page 20.

specified. In fact, the draftsman took care to use language which, by a polite euphemism, included the City dinners as well as the City doles. Finally, it may interest the reader, although the Commissioners, in the ripeness of their erudition, 'do not consider themselves bound' by the decisions of judges, to learn that Lord Chancellor Cottenham * (no mean authority on charitable trusts) considered that there was 'no pretence for the suggestion' so confidently put forward in the Report.

The Commissioners are very impartial. In the historical basis on which they have elected to rest their recommendations, reckless reliance on fiction is balanced by a not less reckless rejection of fact. In singular contrast to the extraordinary importance attached by the Commissioners to the occurrences of Edward VI.'s and James I.'s reigns, is the summary manner in which the Fire of London, with its results on the position of the Companies, is dismissed. At the Restoration the Companies were in a very depressed condition, owing to the loans which both Royalists and Roundheads were ready enough to contract, but extremely slow to discharge. Then came the Fire, and consumed their Halls, melted their plate, and destroyed the houses from which most of their income was derived. The Companies were ruined.† Their annals are full of accounts of their straits, their struggles to maintain their charities, and the sacrifices which the members endured in order to preserve their guilds from extinction. The feeling of affection, which Mr. Phillips considers a sign of insanity, was largely manifested. The melted plate was sold, new leases on easy terms were granted to the tenants to enable them to rebuild the burnt houses,‡ and the members out of their private resources restored the Halls and re-established the Companies in something like solvent respectability. The moneys subscribed for this purpose were undoubtedly private, and they were bestowed at a time when, according to the Report (p. 19), the status of the Companies was precisely the same as it is to-day. One would have expected, therefore, that the fact that the City Guilds were, so to speak, re-endowed out of private funds 200 years ago, would have appeared to the Commissioners worthy of considerable attention. The Report, however, after enlarging with sententious fulness on the important results of the imaginary 'Representation' in Edward VI.'s reign, continues:—

'For the purpose of the re-purchase of their forfeited estates, as above mentioned, and also for the purposes of the rebuilding of their

* Attorney-General v. Fishmongers, 5 Myl. & Cr. 14, where this argument on the preamble of the Act of James I. was relied on.

† Blue-book, I. pp. 271, 272, 282.

‡ Herbert's 'Companies,' i. 186.

Halls and house property after the Fire, and of the acquisition of their Ulster lands, the Companies raised very large sums of money between the years 1547 and 1604* (*sic*). . . . Even assuming, however, that the Companies were actually founded anew at this period, the second foundation took place a long time ago, and they are public bodies.'

This is all the Commissioners have to say. That lapse of time may operate to turn a bad title into a good one is intelligible, but that length of possession can turn a good title into a bad one is, we venture to think, a novel doctrine. Moreover, if the Fire of London is too remote an event to be taken account of (although the Companies' records of that date are in perfect preservation, and show accurately the sources of the money expended), how can the proceedings of Edward VI.'s reign, more than a century earlier, affect the matter? Lord Beaconsfield complained, in one of his later speeches, of the 'irresponsible frivolity' of the newspapers; but surely responsible frivolity is even worse, and it would be hard to find a fitter phrase to describe the attitude of the framers of this Report, who thus dismiss grave historical facts with a jaunty observation which, but for its feeble irrelevance, would absolutely destroy the argument they themselves have been laboriously building up.

Sir Arthur Hobhouse assures us† that the argument founded on the reconstruction of the Companies after the Fire is 'inapplicable,' because, he naïvely remarks, 'that which gives its enormous value to City land is the situation, and the sites were not destroyed by the Fire.' This way of looking at the question is very attractive on account of its Arcadian simplicity, carrying us back to the innocent days when a man's bank was his barn and farmyard, when fortunes consisted of flocks and herds, and commerce was carried on by barter. But Sir A. Hobhouse's view seems singularly inappropriate to these evil times of stockbrokers and mortgagees and Bankruptcy Acts. The gist of the matter is, that the Fire left the Companies in a condition of utter insolvency and ruin, from which they would never have been extricated but for the voluntary benevolence and self-denial of their members. The mere possession of acres of charred ruins, no matter how precious the sites have since become, could not save owners who were in debt far beyond the then value of the land, even assuming it to have been saleable.

We have now discussed the different reasons brought forward by the Commissioners and the witnesses, to prove that the

* The Fire of London was in 1666.

† 'Contemporary Review,' January 1885, p. 20.

corporate estate of the Companies may lawfully be taken away from them by Parliament and devoted to public uses. But we may be met, as Lord Sherbrooke met one of the witnesses,* with the objection:—What does it matter about law? Parliament is omnipotent. The question is, not whether it is lawful, but whether it would be convenient to appropriate the Companies' fifteen millions sterling. We must admit this is unanswerable, just as the highwayman's pistol is unanswerable to an unarmed traveller. No one doubts that Parliament can confiscate this property. But it is contended that, however justifiable it might be to alter the law so as to prevent the future accumulation of property by such bodies as the City Companies, it would be unjust by an *ex post facto* law to sweep into the public exchequer, whether imperial or municipal, property which has been given to those bodies under the express sanction of special charters granted by the State itself; and further, that such considerations, although subject, as Lord Sherbrooke suggests, to the drawback of being moral ones, are not irrelevant when we are dealing with a civilized country and a settled government. Indeed, the very arguments we have been discussing are an acknowledgment by those who put them forward that the principle stated above applies to the City Companies; otherwise the pains taken to show that their estates are, as a matter of fact and history, public property, would be unnecessary.

The recommendations of the Report contain a similar acknowledgment. For although the signatories, having convinced themselves that the guild property is public, say that it appears to them 'obvious that the State has a right to disestablish and disendow the Companies,' only two out of the twelve Commissioners advise that they should be so dealt with. The majority can only brace themselves up to a partial confiscation. Their recommendations affect the application of the income, rather than the ownership of the *corpus* of the guild property. This moderation has excited some surprise. We venture to say that no one who has read the Blue-book is at all surprised. On the one hand, the Report† proves that the administration of the Companies' funds is open to far less criticism, and is far more enlightened, than was generally supposed; on the other, it exposes an amount of ignorance, misconception, and even wilful misrepresentation, on the part of their opponents, for which we certainly were not prepared. We have pointed out a few errors, but it would have been easy to have filled this article with similar instances. The changes suggested are comparatively

* Blue-book, I. p. 277.

† See 'Dissent Report,' p. 42.

mild, because the case against the Companies completely broke down.

Mr. Firth and his friends had poured into the public ear a torrent of plausible stories of reckless extravagance and malversation by the governing members of the Companies, and it was not until these stories were examined before the Commission that their true character was understood. We have already referred to the remarkable latitude which Mr. Firth allows himself in making use of legal decisions. But he is quite eclipsed by some of his friends. Thus, Mr. Beal has been in the habit, by means of newspaper letters and lectures, of edifying the working-classes with tales of civic wickedness. Of his readers and hearers he tells us : *—

‘they are most remarkably intelligent men, and they read a great deal. . . . they are thoroughly familiar with the whole scope of this question.’

Mr. Beal adds, with a modesty all his own :—

‘I believe they have all read the letters of mine to which I have referred, and that has been the basis of their education.’

Let us take one item of the valuable information contained in these letters :—

‘An aldermanship, a seat in the Court of one of their friends, and its etceteras, are worth from 4000*l.* to 5000*l.* a year.†

An alderman is not paid, and the aggregate value of the fees received by an assistant for attendance at the Court of his Company during one year is found by the Report‡ to vary from a maximum of 300*l.* to a minimum of 50*l.* To those who know anything of City affairs the absurdity of Mr. Beal’s statement is obvious, but no doubt it was fully believed by the working-men whose judgment it was intended to influence. Now let us see Mr. Beal’s authority. The genesis of the story is unfolded in the Blue-book. A City friend of Mr. Phillips, it seems, once mentioned to him his intention to ‘join three or four of the biggest Companies,’ adding that when he became a member of their Courts it ‘would double his income.’ Probably the ingenious gentleman has long ere this discovered an initial obstacle, which is that neither ‘three or four,’ nor even two, of the ‘biggest Companies’ would elect him. Membership of two great Companies is rare, and only permitted for special reasons. However, away went Mr. Phillips to work out

* Blue-book, I. p. 119.

† Blue-book, I. pp. 165–166.

‡ Page 37.

the interesting problem of his friend's means. 'From my estimate of his business *I imagined* that this would be 3000*l.* to 4000*l.*' Mr. Phillips passed on to Mr. Beal the annual value of 'an aldermanship with etceteras,' according to this singular inferential mode of calculation. Mr. Beal added another 1000*l.*, and forthwith it was transmitted to the 'most remarkably intelligent men,' amongst whom Mr. Beal passes as an oracle, who thus became 'thoroughly familiar with the whole scope of the question.' In this way a statement, based on a random remark in the street, supplemented by guesswork, and expanded by exaggeration, is paraded as an absolute and ascertained fact before people who have no opportunity of testing its accuracy.

The expenditure of the Companies (after deducting the cost of management) may be roughly grouped under three heads:— 1. Charity; 2. Education; 3. Dinners. Upon the first, in addition to their trust income, the Companies expend about 100,000*l.* a year: 10,000*l.* of this sum is devoted to the relief of poor members, and the other 90,000*l.* to objects of benevolence and charity, such as hospitals, orphanages, refuges, churches, and Mansion House funds. The opinion different people will form as to the wisdom of this large expenditure will vary according to their general notions of charity. 'There are persons,' to quote Sir Frederick Bramwell's evidence,* 'who say that if you find a man lying in a ditch with a broken leg, you ought not to pull him out, because it may encourage others to fall into ditches carelessly.' To such people the Guild Charities will seem lamentably out of harmony with the principles of social science and political economy. Mr. Horace Davey, Q.C., one of the two eminent counsel whose advice the Commission sought (but did not always take), is of this opinion, for he says, speaking no doubt with full practical knowledge of the subject,—

'About one half of the Charities of this country are useless or positively mischievous; and the other half, owing to the want of organization and combination in their administration, do not produce half the good results which might be looked for.†

But probably the general feeling will be on the side of Sir Frederick Bramwell, the stout defender of the Goldsmiths' Company, who wound up an account of his own share in its unscientific works of benevolence by bluntly assuring the Commission, 'and if you were to bring me all the statistics in England you would not persuade me that I have done a bad thing.'‡

* Blue-book, I. p. 298.

† 'Report,' p. 49.

‡ Blue-book, I. p. 298.

About 50,000*l.* a year is expended by the Companies on education, in addition to the educational endowments of which they are trustees. Merchant Taylors' School, the Mercers' School, a large new middle-class school at Hackney, founded by the Grocers' Company, and several schools in the country, are entirely supported out of corporate, i.e. non-trust, funds. St. Paul's School, * recently established on a greatly enlarged basis in a new home at Hammersmith, Tunbridge School,† and a large number of grammar schools throughout England, although endowed, are assisted out of corporate funds. Large sums are also expended in University scholarships and in promoting the higher education of women. Of late years the Companies have taken up with great spirit and success the subject of technical education. 'The City and Guilds of London Institute for the advancement of Technical Education' explains itself in its unwieldy title. The magnificent building opened at South Kensington during last summer by the Prince of Wales is its headquarters.

The Companies spend 100,000*l.* annually on entertainments. As we have seen, feasting was one of the original purposes of their foundation, and even now it is manifest that the dinners have their advantages. Still, when all has been said that can be said, it must be admitted that this enormous expenditure does not commend itself to modern taste and feeling. It is the one point which has tended to lower the Companies in public opinion, and to make people somewhat careless as to their fate.‡

The Report proposes to treat the Companies as the Universities were treated. A Commission is to be appointed for five years with power (1) to 'allocate a portion of the corporate income to objects of acknowledged public utility ;' (2) to make arrangements for 'the better application of the trust income,' (3) to 'reorganize the constitution of the Companies.' Although the main burden of advising and carrying out so-called reforms is thrown on this Commission, certain changes are expressly indicated. The Companies are to be restrained by law from alienating their property, for fear lest they should follow the example of the learned members of Serjeants' Inn, and sell their estates for their own private gain. The annual accounts are to be published. The Livery are to lose the Parliamentary Franchise. An opinion is expressed that many of

* The Mercers are the Trustees.

† Under the management of the Skinners.

‡ According to Strype, the expense of feasts was in the 16th century defrayed entirely out of quarterages and members' fees. (Strype's 'Stow,' ii. 253.)

the Courts of Assistants are too numerous, and that colourable apprenticeship should be abolished. It is added, 'some of our number regard patrimony as an antiquated and unsatisfactory qualification for membership.' As to expenditure, the Report states, 'we all regard the sums at present spent by many of the Companies on entertainments, maintenance, and the relief of poor members, as excessive.'

The objects of acknowledged public utility, to which the confiscated portions of the guild revenues are to be applied, are defined as follows:—

'(1) Scholastic and scientific objects, i.e., elementary education, secondary education, classical education, technical education, scientific research.

'(2) General public purposes, e.g. hospitals, picture galleries, museums, public libraries, public baths, parks, and open spaces.

'(3) Improvement of workmen's dwellings, and, where the Companies represent trades, subsidies to the benefit societies of such trades.'

The witnesses made various suggestions, most of which are comprised in this comprehensive list. Mr. Hare, of the Charity Commission, is in favour of a board of management and control, consisting of 'certain qualified persons,' amongst whom professors of political economy are mentioned as indispensable. Mr. B. Lucraft, of the London School Board, who looks at things from a point of view the reverse of academic, 'is not particular whether it is the School Board' that takes charge of the guild funds, so long as they are devoted to objects which command his approval.

The Commissioners and their advisers labour under a difficulty which seems to haunt all schemes of State confiscation. The Abbey lands in the sixteenth century were squandered uselessly on Court minions and their underlings; the Irish Church surplus has been an anxiety to successive governments, without any counterbalancing public advantage; and the 'open spaces,' in which Commissioners and witnesses alike find refuge, are a fitting expression for the want of any reasonable plan, from which they one and all suffer without confessing it. The list of 'objects' given above may be divided into two classes, namely those which the Companies already of their own accord promote, and those which, however excellent in themselves, have no greater claim on the City Guilds than on any other owners of property. The dispossessed monks and nuns of the Tudor times, looking out on the world from the holes and corners they were permitted to occupy, watched the wreck and ruin which frequently overtook the plunderers of their estates, and hugged themselves

themselves in the comfortable belief that the judgment of Heaven would fall on all who touched the unhallowed spoil. But in truth a very mundane, commonplace principle governs all these transactions, whether executed on a grand scale by the State, or, let us say, at a suburban villa by individual enterprise. It is not the gross proceeds, but those divided by the number of sharers, which measure the profitableness of a 'job.' Fifteen millions sterling is undoubtedly a very large sum of money; but if it is to be applied to a multitude of 'objects,' ranging from scientific research to open spaces, all of them very costly, the question arises whether, even if it can be acquired, its acquisition will really pay.

It is said legislation on the lines of the Report is to be attempted next Session. If it should succeed, the Companies will be doomed. Their freedom of action will have been almost destroyed by confiscation of part of their property and restraints on the administration of the remainder. The old methods of admission being condemned as 'antiquated and unsatisfactory,' the Liveries will dwindle in number and decline in interest, until their extinction becomes inevitable. Thus the guilds will disappear. One of the few remaining links which visibly unite us to the England of bygone days will be severed, and institutions which survived the barbarism of the Middle Ages, the greed of the Tudors, and the exactions of the Civil Wars, will succumb to the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and the demure rapacity of modern democracy.

- ART. III.—1. *Thomas Carlyle: a History of the First Forty Years of his Life, 1795–1835.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. In 2 vols. London, 1882.
 2. *Thomas Carlyle: a History of his Life in London, 1834–1881.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. In 2 vols. London, 1884.

IT would be an ill compliment to Mr. Froude to suppose him hurt by the hard words that have been flung at the great mausoleum he has now completed to the memory of Carlyle. For great it assuredly is, nor in substance only. Whatever be our feelings for the relics it is intended to enshrine, whatever even we may think of the style of the building, we must all respect the pious care and industry of the architect. Our language is not rich in biographies of this high class. Boswell's life of Johnson, Southey's life of Nelson, Lockhart's life of Scott, Carlyle's life of Sterling, Stanley's life of Arnold, Mr. Trevelyan's life of Macaulay; it would have been hard to name another till these four volumes appeared, but in that list they will assuredly take their place. Apart from the peculiar interest which the uncouth and solitary figure of Carlyle has always had even for those least disposed to acquiesce in his theories

‘On man, on nature, and on human life,’

the sense of satisfaction inevitably stirred by the sight of a master at his work, added to the admiration all must feel for the uncompromising fidelity with which the writer has played the part, as he has conceived it, entrusted to him by his dead friend, must surely keep these volumes sweet beyond the common span of a literature in which such qualities are too rarely found. Yet though these voices in the air have moved Mr. Froude no more than those which in the Arabian legend bemocked the steadfast climber of the magic mountain, it is clear from many passages in the last two volumes that he has heard them. But he had accepted his task. Carlyle had charged him, in the words of the dying Hamlet:

‘If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicity awhile,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
 To tell my story:’

And he could not say him nay.

How hard, for all his courage and all his convictions, this task has been, Mr. Froude has let us see, in a moment not of
 weakness,

weakness, not of apology, but, as it were, to brace himself anew for the struggle. 'Had I considered,' he writes, 'my own comfort or my own interest, I should have sifted out or passed lightly over the delicate features in the story. It would have been as easy as it would have been agreeable for me to construct a picture, with every detail strictly accurate, of an almost perfect character. An account so written would have been read with immediate pleasure. Carlyle would have been admired and applauded, and the biographer, if he had not shared in the praise, would at least have escaped censure.' With Emerson he agrees that the world likes best to hear of the merits and not the frailties of great men—though the world to be sure has changed in many ways since Emerson's day—and he allows that 'with great men of the ordinary kind' this desire may be rightly and honourably gratified. But 'with the exceptional few who are to become historical and belong to the immortals' it must be otherwise.

'Every circumstance which can be ascertained about them is eventually dragged into light. If blank spaces are left, they are filled by rumour or conjecture. When the generation which knew them is gone, there is no more tenderness in dealing with them; and if their friends have been indiscreetly reserved, idle tales which survive in tradition become stereotyped into facts. Thus the characters of many of our greatest men, as they stand in history, are left blackened by groundless calumnies, or credited with imaginary excellences, a prey to be torn in pieces by rival critics, with clear evidence wanting, and prepossessions fixed on one side or the other by dislike or sympathy.'

From such a fate Carlyle has at least been saved. It would be as hard now for dislike as for sympathy to find a blank space for the indulgence of its prepossessions. Southey boasted that he had fixed Byron on a gibbet from which no man could take him down. Mr. Froude has not only set Carlyle on such a pinnacle and in such a light that not the smallest particle of him can be henceforth hid, but he has also provided for the curious or the weak-sighted a spy-glass of most surprising power.

And he has done more than this. Fearful at every step lest his own reverence and affection for one to whom he owes so much might lure him into weakness, he has even sternly forbidden himself the pleasure of recording the bright and attractive qualities of his hero. He tells us, for example, that Carlyle was 'tender-hearted and affectionate beyond all men I have ever known;' but of this tender heart at work we get no glimpse, unless we are to take as such the pas-
sionate

sionate self-reproaches poured over the dead wife's grave. Now and again in his misery he cries out against himself in bitter self-consciousness how much that misery was of his own making, in bitter regrets for his rebellious and ungrateful nature. 'I am a very unthankful, ill-conditioned, bilious, wayward, and heart-worn son of Adam, I do suspect;' and there are many other confessions of a like kind. Of his too liberal share in these unlovely qualities in truth small exercise is left for the imagination, but it is in imagination only that we can picture him delighting his friends with the more engaging gifts of nature. Generous, indeed, he was to the wants of others, even in the days when his own pressed closely on him, and sternly just in all monetary dealings with mankind; but of his share in tenderness and affection, those gentler sisters of generosity and justice, the record is unwritten.

The effect of this rigid insistence on the 'Veracities' is tremendous. Carlyle himself, for all his 'devouring eyes and portraying hand,' has never surpassed it. More than once did he declare, that no biography of him was possible. 'The world has no business with my life; the world will never know my life, if it should write and read a hundred biographies of me. The main facts of it even are known, and are likely to be known, to myself alone of created men.' And again:

'The chief elements of my little destiny have all along lain deep below view or surmise, and never will or can be known to any son of Adam. . . . Let no life of me be written; let me and my bewildered wrestlings lie buried here and be forgotten swiftly of all the world. . . . The confused world never understood, nor will understand, me and my poor affairs. Not even the persons nearest to me could guess at them.'

Even to the last, after he had placed in his chosen biographer's hands the mass of papers out of which these four volumes, the two of *Reminiscences*, and the three of *Mrs. Carlyle's letters*, have been made, he seems to have doubted, while leaving all to his friend's discretion. Of the part relating to his wife, 'he could himself form no opinion whether it ought to be published or not;' of those relating to himself and to others, he said: 'Take them and do what you can with them. All I can say to you is, burn freely. If you have any affection for me, the more you burn the better.' Were it permitted to his grim shade to see what has been done with them, he would, we suspect, be strangely surprised. May we picture him pointing with ghostly forefinger to this plea for one of his own favourite heroes:

'Wilder

'Wilder Son of Nature seldom came into the artificial world; into a royal throne there probably never. A wild man wholly in earnest, veritable as the old rocks,—and with a terrible volcanic fire in him too. He would have been strange anywhere; but among the dapper Royal gentlemen of the Eighteenth Century, what was to be done with such an Orson of a King? . . . The modern generation, too, still takes its impression of him from these rumours,—still more now from *Wilhelmina's Book*; which paints the outside savagery of the royal man, in a most striking manner; and leaves the inside vacant, undiscovered by *Wilhelmina* or the rumours.'*

Or, in his rugged honesty, would he confess in the living and unlovely personality thus created out of a mass of inanimate papers a skill little, if at all, inferior to his own? It seems hard to doubt the truth of the portrait. The man that many, perhaps, who never set eyes on him in the flesh have fashioned out of his works, it may not be; but that this is the true and theirs the counterfeit likeness, is surely writ large on every page, and with the man's own hand. The survivors of a generation who felt the first freshness of an influence unlike, for good or ill, all that went before or have followed since; a younger generation anxious to learn the secret of that influence of which they still hear their fathers speak; both may, for different reasons, regret the truth now sternly forced upon them. The old may regret to see their idol cast down and sprawling on the threshold, a Dagon of the coarsest clay; the young, in their unreasoning enthusiasm, most precious of the gifts of youth, may mourn to see this king of the old time discrowned, this fiery preacher of 'heroic toil and silence and endurance, such as leads to the high-places of this universe, and the golden mountain-tops where dwell the Spirits of the Dawn,' himself the weakest, most wayward, and querulous of men. But old and young must alike bow to the inevitable. Mr. Froude, steadfast in his own convictions and in his first faith, may look serenely on the ruin he has made, standing like Codrus, 'unshook amidst a bursting world;' but for us the awakening is rude indeed.

'But thou, O thou that killest, hadst thou known,
O thou that stonest, hadst thou understood
The things belonging to thy peace and ours!

* * * * *

Is there no stoning save with flint and rock?'

There is none—'I, for myself,' writes Mr. Froude, 'concluded, though not till after long hesitation, that there should be no

* 'Frederick the Great,' bk. iv., ch. 3.

reserve, and therefore I have practised none.' The advice Carlyle himself gave long ago to all intending biographers * has been followed to the very letter; the most dynamic of all modern engineers has verily been hoist with his own petard. *No reserve*; indeed, not one jot nor tittle; there has been nothing like it since Brutus gave his sons to death that Rome might live.

The first two volumes of this biography, published in 1882, covered the first forty years of Carlyle's life, years of doubt and unrest, in which many things were tried, more dreamed of, and all but one abandoned. It may be useful briefly to recal the cardinal points of that time. These are his birth in 1795; his introduction to Irving in 1815, and to German literature in 1820; in 1821 his 'conversion' or 'new birth,' as he has called it in 'Sartor Resartus,' when he fondly conceived himself to have been purged for ever of his spiritual ills; in the same year his first introduction to Jane Welsh: the appearance of his biography of Schiller in the 'London Magazine' in 1823, followed in the next year by his translation of 'Wilhelm Meister:' in 1824, his first visit to London, and his first letter from Goethe: his marriage in 1825, and his settlement at Comely Bank, in Edinburgh: in 1827, his introduction to Jeffrey, and the beginning of his work for the 'Edinburgh Review:' in the same year, the receipt of a second letter from Goethe, full of cordial praise for his 'Life of Schiller,' which had been translated into German under the great man's own supervision, and generally for his 'calm clear sympathy with poetical literary activity in Germany:' his migration to Craigenputtock, 'the dreariest spot in all the British dominions,' in 1828: his second visit to London, in 1831, to negotiate for the publication of 'Sartor Resartus,' which, after many disappointments and bickerings, was two years later to begin its printed existence in 'Fraser's Magazine:' in 1833, another attempt to make a home and life in Edinburgh: and then, in 1834, the 'burning of the ships,' the final migration to London, and settlement at Cheyne Row.

'Henceforward,' writes Mr. Froude, 'his life was in his works.' This is so precisely our feeling, that to those works we intend to confine our view, merely touching from time to time on his other life where it is impossible to sever it from his writings, or where it may serve to illustrate or explain them. How much is it to be wished that others had thought with Mr. Froude! How many painful and unnecessary details might

* 'Miscellaneous Essays,' "Sir Walter Scott," quoted by Mr. Froude in the preface to his first volume.

we then have been spared! We might have been spared all that Scandalous Chronicle of misunderstandings, jealousies, and quarrels, between two people least fitted for each other of all who ever came together in the world, all those ungenerous and unwise outbursts against more fortunate men, all the ignoble parts of a nature gifted with great powers and generous impulses, but weak, passionate, morbid, and vain. As matters have gone, it is unfortunately as an actor in these miserable scenes that Carlyle now figures in the general mind, nor is it at all certain that his memory will ever wholly shake itself free from these sordid trappings. No doubt there is a sort of mind which finds its pleasure in these

‘Fears of the great and follies of the wise,’

but it is surely a pity that such minds should be gratified at the expense of others who wish to think more nobly of humanity. While Johnson's words must still and always hold good, that ‘if we owe regard to the memory of the dead, there is yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth,’ we should remember too that not every form of knowledge serves either virtue or truth. We should remember that the subject of this biography has himself owned that it is the duty of every biographer ‘to abstain from, and leave in oblivion, much that is true.’

In his forty-first year, then, Carlyle set himself doggedly down to literature. For there is little doubt that by this time he had put away all those dreams of employment, either from the Government or elsewhere, with which he and his friends had often deluded themselves. There are, indeed, occasional glimpses of them during the next few years, and there is some random talk of the backwoods of America while the fate of the ‘French Revolution’ was trembling in the scale; but we are not disposed to take either very seriously. The brutal scorn with which he could write of Basil Montagu's kindly offer of help; his more courteous, but not less emphatic, refusal of Captain Sterling's offer of work on the ‘Times’ newspaper; these show clearly enough how impossible it was to help Carlyle. He continued for some time alternately to wail and thunder over his cruel fate, but we suspect he had long ago made up his mind to fight the battle of life single-handed, and with no weapon but his pen. Partly from temperament, partly from an inordinate idea of his own powers and importance, Carlyle would, and could, have served under no human being; while, for the American plan, it is clear that a man who could set all nature by the ears over the untimely crowing of a cock or

the small discomforts of a Highland shooting-box, was not the stuff out of which backwoodsmen are made.

How, then, was he furnished for the fight, this 'fearful man,'—or 'Polar bear' rather, as he has most happily labelled himself? No one can tell us better than Mr. Froude:—

'Thus the six years' imprisonment on the Dumfriesshire moors came to an end. To Carlyle himself they had been years of inestimable value. If we compare the essay on Jean Paul, which he wrote at Comely Bank, with the "Diamond Necklace," his last work at Craigenputtock, we see the leap from promise to fulfilment, from the immature energy of youth to the full intellectual strength of completed manhood. The solitude had compelled him to digest his thoughts. In "Sartor" he had relieved his soul of its perilous secretions by throwing out of himself his personal sufferings and physical and spiritual experience. He had read omnivorously far and wide. His memory was a magazine of facts gathered over the whole surface of European literature and history. The multiplied allusions in every page of his later essays, so easy, so unlaboured, reveal the wealth which he had accumulated, and the fulness of his command over his possessions. His religious faith had gained solidity. His confidence in the soundness of his own convictions was no longer clouded with the shadow of a doubt. The "History of the French Revolution," the most powerful of all his works, and the only one which has the character of a work of art, was the production of the mind which he had brought with him from Craigenputtock, undisturbed by the contradictions and excitements of London Society and London triumphs. He had been tried in the furnace. Poverty, mortification, and disappointment had done their work upon him, and he had risen above them elevated, purified, and strengthened. Even the arrogance and self-assertion which Lord Jeffrey supposed to have been developed in him by living away from conflict with other minds, had been rather tamed than encouraged by his lonely meditations. It was rather collision with those who differed with him which fostered his imperiousness; for Carlyle rarely met with an antagonist whom he could not overbear with the torrents of his metaphors, whilst to himself his notebooks show that he read many a lecture on humility.'

Jeffrey was nearer the mark than Mr. Froude supposes, in his estimate of the effect of the Scotch solitudes on this strange character. 'I suffer also terribly,' wrote Carlyle to Emerson in the first year of his London life, 'from the solitary existence I have all along had.' Certainly there is little trace of purification or humility to be found in this other picture:—

'He was fierce and uncompromising. To those who saw but the outside of him he appeared scornful, imperious, and arrogant. He was stern in his judgment of others. The sins of passion he could pardon, but the sins of insincerity, or half-sincerity, he could never pardon.'

pardon. He would not condescend to the conventional politenesses which remove the friction between man and man. He called things by their right name, and in a dialect edged with sarcasm. Thus he was often harsh when he ought to have been merciful; he was contemptuous where he had no right to despise; and in his estimate of motives and actions was often unjust and mistaken. He, too, who was so severe with others, had weaknesses of his own of which he was unconscious in the excess of his self-confidence. He was proud—one may say savagely proud. It was a noble determination in him that he would depend upon himself alone; but he would not only accept no obligation, but he resented the offer of help to himself or to any one belonging to him as if it had been an insult. . . . His temper had been ungovernable from childhood; he had the irritability of a dyspeptic man of genius; and when the Devil, as he called it, had possession of him, those whose comfort he ought most to have studied were the most exposed to the storm: he who preached so wisely on "doing the duty which lay nearest to us," forgot his own instructions and made no adequate effort to cast the devil out.'

Hardly the stuff this for a teacher of men. It is, indeed, true that the journal abounds in lectures on humility, but the best possible theories of moral conduct are of little use or credit to a man who persistently and wantonly violates them in practice. A critic is reported to have said of Carlyle's conversation, that it would be curious 'to see how it would go down if he spoke English and attended to conventional rules of manners.' Curious it would certainly have been to see how it had fared with him, had he been ever made to understand that when he went abroad among his fellow-creatures the mask and manners of the Polar bear must be laid aside; if the eternal truth of Johnson's characteristic metaphor had been ever clearly brought home to him, that if every man has a right to say what he thinks, then every other man has a right to knock him down for saying it. The *mentiris impudentissime* of Walpole, dear as it was to Carlyle's heart, is seen now to be not really a good argument, well as it may have then served the cause of Walpole and his master. So much, for better or worse, have the times changed since those days, and so much has society changed with them, that the man who calls his neighbour to his face a 'poor miserable creature,' or tells him that he does not know what he is talking of, gains no praise now, unless it be from young fools or old flatterers. To us he is not the implacable lover of truth, the fiery denouncer of formulas; he is simply an insolent boor unfit for decent society. For such a man as Carlyle, so born and bred, so warped by nature and circumstances, every allowance must of course be made; nor, indeed, would it have been worth while

to press on this side of his character, were there not a disposition among many, especially of his younger admirers, to take these offences as the cardinal virtues of the man, the genuine and important notes which marked him off from the herd of his fellow-creatures. It is much the fashion in these days to praise a man for despising conventionality, for refusing to be bound by the usages of society, for his noble independence, his hatred of routine, and so forth. Nothing can be more foolish or more deplorable than this random sort of talking. Those qualities, admirable when exercised in their proper sphere, when they become, as they mostly do to-day, but so many bids for popular notoriety, are the very mark and sign-manual of the beast. The independent man, who gratifies his independence at the expense of humanity, is to be extirpated before all the sons of Gath. To clear his mind of cant is the best work a man can set himself, and he cannot do better than begin by putting away that latter-day cant, more fatal than any of the older forms, which loves to assume that to be different from others is necessarily to be superior to them; that eccentricity is the incarnate shape of genius; and that to respect the manners and customs of one's fellows is the certain sign of a low order of intellect. Temperance, modesty, forbearance, regard for the feelings of others, these virtues do not make a slave to routine; insolence is not sincerity, nor is brutality independence. The burning desire for originality that leads its unhappy victim into the unlovely eccentricities which disfigure so many talents to-day, is but another and the worst form of vanity; originality must come unlooked for, if it come at all. Could Carlyle have learned this lesson, it had been well for him, and for us. A few of his friends tried to teach it him. Margaret Gordon, the heroine of his first, if not his only, romance, and Edward Irving, both with exquisite tact flattering his vanity while administering the dose, had warned him against his arrogant and contemptuous attitude towards mankind: Jeffrey, with the bluntness of an editor and the familiarity of a relation, had directly told him that the extravagances which made his writings 'intolerable to many and ridiculous to not a few' sprang not from 'any real peculiarity of opinions' so much as from an 'unlucky ambition to appear more original than you are.' But then came other friends and less wise, casting themselves down in mute adoration before the wheels of Juggernaut, pleading for him as he pleaded for the father of his Frederick, 'that he ought to have the privileges of genius.' That fatal plea! which has been the mainstay of so many a charlatan, has done so much to drag real genius

genius down to the level of the charlatan. Every young hero-worshipper should be made to get by heart that admirable essay of Lamb's on the 'Sanity of True Genius.'

Yet these social offences would not by themselves have darkened the faces of editors and publishers against Carlyle, who, indeed, at that time had not found the ample room for their exercise furnished by his later fame. Even Brougham and Macaulay, for all their orthodoxy in Whiggism and literature, gave their editor many a weary hour. But it was worth Napier's while to suffer and be still: to make himself a target for the arrows of Carlyle's scorn was then worth no editor's while. His first works had flourished fairly well: for the translation of 'Wilhelm Meister' he had been paid 180*l.*, for the biography of Schiller, 100*l.*, and he had found no difficulty in securing a publisher for the volumes of German Romance. They did not take the world by storm, nor run like wildfire through a wilderness of editions; but, considering the obscurity of the writer* and the narrow temper of the reading public at that time, especially towards German literature, their success was not indifferent. No one, it is true, had praised them so highly as Goethe; but Goethe was always liberal of his praise to young writers who showed the attitude of disciples, and was, moreover, naturally interested in praising an Englishman who appeared in a character so unique among his countrymen. It was, perhaps, this sense of gratitude which led him to class Bulwer with Carlyle as the most interesting, to him, of the young generation of Englishmen: a curious partnership, which, when we remember the hard words often flung by the author of 'Sartor Resartus' at the author of 'Pelham,' must have cost one of the two many a secret growl. The work done for the reviews had also been fairly well received; it had at least stirred much curiosity, and for a young writer curiosity is no bad introduction. Indeed, after a dispassionate review of all the circumstances, instead of echoing his complaints, one is rather inclined to question whether any young and unknown writer, especially starting with such limitations and hindrances as Carlyle, was ever so well treated, or had so little real cause to complain. Looking back now on those dim years by the lurid light of his later fame, it is easy, of course, to cry out on the blindness and prejudice of man. And, no doubt, it were a more comfortable, if not a more salutary thing for genius, that it should everywhere and at all times be sure of instant and universal

* The 'French Revolution' was the first work to which Carlyle put his name, though of course the initiated and the curious knew well enough what he had done.

recognition. But such never was the way of the world, and never will be: 'Slowly those who conquer rise': it is the toughness of the struggle that proves the true temper of the steel. If the path to Fame were the path of prim-roses, what glory would there be in the prize for those who win it, what profit to the world? As Carlyle himself has said, were defeat unknown, neither would victory be celebrated by songs of triumph. '*Work and wages*,' he wrote to Emerson, in his darkest hour, 'the two prime necessities of man! It is a pity they should ever be disjoined; yet of the two, if one *must*, in this mad earth, be dispensed with, it is really wise to say at all hazards, be it the wages then.' It is hard to reconcile these fine utterances, and so many others like them scattered everywhere through his works, with his querulous and intemperate cries against those who made the fight so hard and the victory so late; still harder to reconcile them with his ill-concealed jealousy of those who had fared more softly and won the prize sooner. All men of genius have at one time or other of the struggle felt these bitter pains, but the wisest have been dumb, or sent their cry out only to the silent stars. How wise were friends sometimes to be silent as they!

When we think how doubtful the world still is over this particular and unique genius, we can hardly wonder that, at the time of its birth—a time, let it be remembered, when the Philistine was still mighty in the land—while to a few it seemed a new revelation, to the many it was but a stumbling-block and a stone of offence. It is perhaps a little difficult for us to realize exactly what it was the chosen few heard in this new voice, most new and strange, indeed, whatever else it may have been. Probably they could not themselves have told very clearly. Those qualities, newness and strangeness, will always attract a certain sort of young minds, ardent, romantic, impatient of rules, and scornful of their fathers who bore them: no doubt they played their part then for Carlyle, as they played it till the end of his days, as they play it still. But some of the minds he drew to him, young as they were, would not have been content with such tinsel baits only; indeed the best set their faces against them from the first: minds such as Emerson's and Sterling's, to whom a thing was not inevitably true because it was new; nor because it was strange, inevitably magnificent. Mr. Matthew Arnold has told us in his own eloquent language* how, 'forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still:'

* 'Emerson,' an address delivered in Boston, U.S.A., in the winter of 1883, and published in '*Macmillan's Magazine*,' May, 1884.

and among them was 'the puissant voice of Carlyle; so sorely strained, over-used, and mis-used since, but then fresh, comparatively sound, and reaching our hearts with true pathetic eloquence.' But though Mr. Arnold pays due compliment to the 'thirsty eyes, those portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes,' to those 'surpassingly powerful qualities of expression, reminding one of the gifts of expression of the great poets—of even Shakespeare himself,' those qualities in their fulness belong rather to a later time; and most of the instances Mr. Arnold gives of them were certainly not made generally known till a much later time.* To this mind at least Carlyle's attraction seems in those years to have mainly been, that he was the mouth-piece of a greater voice than his: 'the greatest voice of the century,' the voice of Goethe. 'To this day,' Mr. Arnold told the Americans,—'such is the force of youthful associations—I read the "*Wilhelm Meister*" with more pleasure in Carlyle's translation than in the original.' And it was not only the 'large liberal view of human life' first through those pages thrown open by Carlyle to English eyes, that charmed the young enthusiastic reader; it was also the poetry, the eloquence; 'never surely was Carlyle's prose so beautiful and pure as in his rendering of the Youth's dirge for Mignon,' rendering the voice 'of the great Goethe and the true one.' Incidentally one may observe here, that Carlyle's prose always was at its best where the subject was found for him; when he wrote 'with his eye on the object,' not rolling it hither and thither 'along the illimitable inane.'

In the moonlight of memory the shadows of one's youth are apt to take fantastic shapes, and truth, as Goethe in his old age proved, to get confused in it with poetry. Nevertheless it is clear that it was as the apostle of German literature Carlyle mostly won such meed of general recognition as he got in those days. This praise has been denied him. Madame de Staël, it is said, foreran him, and Coleridge, and Scott. But Madame de Staël's '*Allemagne*,' so highly praised by Richter, and acknowledged by Carlyle as the precursor of his own endeavours, cannot take from the English writer the honour of spreading and strengthening that acquaintance. Neither Coleridge's magnificent version of '*Wallenstein*,' nor Scott's version of '*Götz von Berlichingen*,' made any way with the English public. Mr. Hayward's translation of '*Faust*,'—the best, Mr. Arnold has called it, in our language, 'because the most straightforward,'—and Mrs. Austin's '*Goethe and his Contemporaries*,'

* In 1883, on the publication of the correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson.

were not published till the most of Carlyle's German work had been done. He had taken the field for three years before Taylor brought out his 'Historic Survey of German Poetry.' Before he sounded his first note, the general English mind had mostly drawn its ideas on German literature from the witty parody in the 'Anti-Jacobin,' a desperately bad translation of 'Werther,' and the fustian of such writers as Mrs. Radcliffe and 'Monk' Lewis, who were accepted as true disciples of this new school of 'Sturm und Drang.' Nor had it been much corrected in its ideas by the 'old established British critics,' as Carlyle, with more than usual justice in his scorn, called the reviewers of the day. To read that Germany was 'a vast tract of country, overrun with hussars and classical editors,' where the adventurous traveller might see 'a great tun at Heidelberg,' and 'be regaled with excellent old hock and Westphalia hams,' did not suggest a likely nursing-ground for the finer arts. These mists of ignorance and prejudice Carlyle unquestionably did much to clear away, though the manner of his cloud-compelling was not always the wisest. Not all whom the apostle drew to him approved of the preaching. To some even of his first and staunchest followers it seemed that he praised these 'nobles of German literature,' even Goethe and Schiller, too highly; to Irving it seemed so, to Sterling, and to Emerson, though the latter changed his tone after a while. And in truth he did not always praise them wisely. Goethe's prose, for instance, is 'to be reckoned the most excellent that our modern world in any language can exhibit;' the second part of 'Faust' is as good as the first; in 'Helena' we are bid to find a 'Grecian spirit,' a 'classic dignity,' in 'the Tale' (*Das Märchen*) a performance 'in such a style of grandeur and celestial brilliancy and life, as the Western imagination has not elsewhere reached'—a judgment which, for sheer wrongheadedness, perhaps only Mr. Swinburne of modern critics has matched by praising M. Victor Hugo's 'L'Homme Qui Rit' for the fulness of its 'divine and passionate love.' But, in truth, the critical faculty was not among Carlyle's gifts. He liked and disliked, fiercely always, often finely; but he never judged, and could not. For art, as art, he had the supremest scorn, as he had for all things he did not understand, for the poetry of Keats, the wit of Heine, the intellect of Cardinal Newman. When he read a book, its literary qualities mattered nothing to him; it was the man, not the work, he looked at, and if he could not find him, he fashioned himself a likeness, fair or foul, according as his own humour jumped with what he found, or fancied he had found, in the book. And when the image he had

■ ■ fashioned

fashioned pleased him, he accepted the reality without reservation; he 'swallowed him whole,' as the saying goes. In nearly all his critical essays, he is really judging the man, and not his works, and often from a purely arbitrary point of view. The result is often striking and suggestive, but it is not always, nor even often, convincing. With exquisite perception did Emerson lay his finger on this weak spot when he wrote to Carlyle of the 'French Revolution,' 'we have men in your story and not names merely; always men, though I may doubt sometimes whether I have the historic men.'* For all his 'portrait-eating eyes,' Carlyle really got but very seldom beyond the outer shell of the portrait. In the sketches of his contemporaries he was used to throw off for his correspondent's benefit, this is particularly so. It is always Sydney Smith's fat, the cold white head of Rogers, the 'galloping' eyes of Southey, he carries away with him and reproduces for others. And in his serious work it is too much the same. The Czarina Anne is always to be known by her big cheek, the younger Mirabeau by his big stomach; the fish-eyes of George II., the red and yellow wig of Maupertuis, the dusky face of Algarotti, are paraded again and again before us as if the possessors really had no other semblances of humanity at all. 'What good is it to me,' Carlyle himself has written, 'that he who sat in Chancery, and rayed-out speculation from the woolsack, was now a man that squinted, now a man that did not squint? To the hungry and thirsty mind all this avails next to nothing.' Yet how little of his famous portrait-painting really goes beyond this, fastening only on 'the outer territorial and often sordid mass, without eye for the inner divine secret!' No doubt it is very effective in its proper place and proportion. In the letters and journals where one meets it, one cannot fail to be struck by it and to admire, bitter, even brutal, as it often is. But when this sign-painting—for really that is what it comes to—is thrust in on every page through volume after volume, and the same sign over and over again, we cease to be stimulated or amused, and become only wearied. Not all his portraits, of course, are done in this random manner, but he was content to employ it far too often, and even at his best one never or hardly ever seems to get the whole man. As he himself has said of Landor, *sides* of an object are all that he sees. Emerson, declining to accept his portrait of the author of 'Imaginary Conversations' for the whole truth, accuses Carlyle of 'very short and dashing readings' in Landor's books.† With still more justice might he have accused

* 'Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson,' i. 130.

† Ibid. pp. 277, 278.
him

him of the same perfunctory studies in the larger book of human nature.

It is impossible to look at Carlyle's portrait of Landor without being struck by its extraordinary resemblance to the painter himself. Consciously or unconsciously (in this case we may suppose unconsciously) he seems for ever sitting to himself. Not like Byron creating imaginary Laras, and Manfreds, and Harolds, in whose presentments he wished the foolish world to trace his own features, but finding in his chosen heroes, his Johnsons, and Richters, his Cromwells, and Fredericks, and Mirabeaus, traits of his own personality on which he loved to dwell, and sometimes dwelt with such insistence as to push out of sight what other traits he found less native to himself. What attraction such spirits as Goethe and Schiller could have had for Carlyle has often puzzled us. To the first he was drawn, we are told, by a sense of sympathy; in the young poet, poor, unknown, tormented by ill-health, uncertain on which road to travel, desponding often, yet never despairing, ever struggling onwards and upwards, he saw an image of himself; and as Schiller had conquered, so would he. But Schiller's nature was too direct and simple to really satisfy or solace him, and he turned to Goethe, to the 'physician of that iron age,' to the man who had broken loose from all formulas, had cleared his mind of all cant, the cant of religion, of politics, of art, and sat, a veritable Jove, enthroned above the din and hurry of the world, saying, or seeming to the young enthusiast to say,

'I take possession of man's mind and deed,

I care not what the sects may brawl.

I sit as God holding no form of creed,

But contemplating all.'

And yet how little he can really have got from Goethe! how little there is in common between the two men; between the wide luminous serenity of the one, seeing all things, noting all things, extracting the good from all things and putting the rest by, still to the end pursuing his stately march through Time to Eternity, 'like the star unobscured, unresting;' and the other, dark, morose, wilful, blinded in a cloud of his own raising, dissatisfied with all things, yet knowing not what he wants, ever pulling down, yet never building up, ever hasting, never resting.

Yet if between Carlyle and Goethe the tie seem sorely strained, if not broken, between Carlyle and another German mind it is strong indeed. In Richter he found the very form and pressure of his own mind, though all that Jean Paul could give him he could not make his own; 'that spirit of Humanity, of Love and
mild

mild Wisdom, over which the vicissitudes of mode have no sway,'—he could praise this spirit in Richter, but he could not make it his! Yet who can doubt with what pleasure, what sense of self-satisfaction, he must have written the following passage:—

'Paul had looked Desperation full in the face, and found that for him she was not desperate. Sorely pressed on from without, his inward energy, his strength both of thought and resolve, did but increase, and establish itself on a surer and surer foundation; he stood like a rock amid the beating of continual tempests; nay, a rock crowned with foliage; and in its clefts nourishing flowers of sweetest perfume. For there was a passionate fire in him, as well as a stoical calmness; tenderest Love was there, and Devout Reverence; and a deep genial Humour lay, like warm sunshine, softening the whole, blending the whole into light sportful harmony. In these its hard trials, whatever was noblest in his nature came out in still purer clearness. It was here that he learned to distinguish what is perennial and imperishable in man, from what is transient and earthly; and to prize the latter, were it kings' crowns and conquerors' triumphal chariots, but as the wrappage of the jewel; we might say but as the finer or coarser Paper on which the Heroic Poem of Life is to be written. A lofty indestructible faith in the dignity of man took possession of him, and a disbelief in all other dignities; and the vulgar world, and what it could give him, or withhold from him, was, in his eyes, but a small matter. Nay, had he not found a voice for these things; which, though no man would listen to it, he felt to be a true one, and that if true no tone of it could be altogether lost? Preaching forth the Wisdom, which in the dark deep wells of Adversity he had drawn up, he felt himself strong, courageous, even gay. He had "an internal world wherewith to fence himself against the frosts and heats of the external." Studying, writing, in this mood, though grim Scarcity looked-in on him through the windows, he ever looked out again on that fiend with a quiet half-satirical eye.*

Not all the touches in this picture serve for the painter too. The stoical calmness, the tenderest love, devout reverence, genial humour, sportful harmony, the strength, the gaiety; Richter's these may have been, they assuredly were not Carlyle's. But in the days when this passage was written, the days of the Scotch solitude, he may have believed these qualities were his, or should be. Nay, to the very end, shrewdly as he could take himself to task at times, we seem to get assurance here and there of a fond belief these virtues were his, or, perhaps rather, a strange ignorance that in their stead had come the

* 'Miscellaneous Essays, "Jean Paul Friedrich Richter Again": 'Foreign Review,' 1830.

very opposites. But take again this picture, of more material limning, and take it we surely may without a single reservation; a veritable *Apologia*, if one there ever was!

'There are few writers with whom deliberation and careful distrust of first impressions are more necessary than with Richter. He is a phenomenon from the very surface; he presents himself with a professed and determined singularity: his language itself is a stone of stumbling to the critic; to critics of the grammarian species, an unpardonable, often an insuperable rock of offence. Not that he is ignorant of grammar, or disdains the sciences of spelling and parsing; but he exercises both in a certain latitudinarian spirit; deals with astonishing liberality in parentheses, dashes, and subsidiary clauses; invents hundreds of new words, alters old ones, or by hyphen, chains and pairs and packs them together into most jarring combination; in short, produces sentences of the most heterogeneous, lumbering, interminable, kind. Figures without limit; indeed, the whole is one tissue of metaphors, and similes, and allusions to all the provinces of Earth, Sea, and Air; interlaced with epigrammatic breaks, vehement bursts, or sardonic turns, interjections, quips, puns, and even oaths! A perfect Indian jungle it seems; a boundless, unparalleled imbroglia; nothing on all sides but darkness, dissonance, confusion worse confounded! Then the style of the whole corresponds, in perplexity and extravagance, with that of the parts. Every work, be it fiction or serious treatise, is embaled in some fantastic wrappage, some mad narrative accounting for its appearance, and connecting it with the author, who generally becomes a person in the drama himself, before all is over. He has a whole imaginary geography of Europe in his novels; the cities of *Flachsenfingen*, *Haarhaar*, *Scheerau*, and so forth, with their princes and privy-councillors, and serene highnesses; most of whom, odd fellows enough every way, are Richter's private acquaintances, talk with him of State matters (in the purest Tory dialect), and often incite him to get on with his writing. No story proceeds without the most erratic digressions, and voluminous tagrags rolling after it in many a snaky twine. Ever and anon there occurs some "extra-leaf," with its satirical petition, program, or other wonderful intercalation, no mortal can foresee on what. It is indeed a mighty maze; and often the panting reader toils after him in vain; or baffled and spent, indignantly stops short, and retires, perhaps for ever.'*

And yet Mr. Froude denies that Carlyle's style owed anything to Jean Paul! Every man, said Lessing, has his own style, like his own nose; but we know from '*Hudibras*' that there are men who have borne upon their faces noses not their own, who by ingenious chirurgical contrivance have supplied their needs by foreign substance incorporated and become one

* '*Miscellaneous Essays*, "Jean Paul Friedrich Richter": '*Edinburgh Review*,' 1827.

flesh with themselves. It was so with Carlyle. We do not say that he wilfully and deliberately adopted Richter's style, but, as he unquestionably did adopt much of Richter's matter in 'Sartor Resartus,' so he came to use the manner too, at first no doubt unconsciously, as the dyer's hand becomes subdued to what it works in. Mr. Froude says that Carlyle's style 'was learnt in the Annandale Farmhouse,' that he wrote as he talked, that, in short, *the style was the man*. Was this really so? We, who have never enjoyed the pleasure of hearing Carlyle talk, must not set ourselves against one who has. But there is at least one record of his public speech singularly unlike his written style. In his speech to the Edinburgh students, which we, till we read these volumes, had always cherished as the finest and truest monument of the man's mind; in that speech, no less admirable for its simplicity and straightforwardness, than for its wise, strong, gentle humanity, what echo is there of 'that grotesque language, those stereotyped epithets, nicknames, mannerisms,' of all those 'laboured eccentricities' in which that excellent critic M. Scherer finds nothing 'genuine or native, but only 'a desire to attract attention'?* To Mr. Froude this speech seems of no particular note. Its effect puzzled Carlyle, he says: 'suddenly and thenceforward, till his death set them off again, hostile tongues ceased to speak against him, and hostile pens to write: 'It was received with universal acclamation; 'it was now admitted universally that Carlyle was "a great man." Carlyle could not understand this; 'there was not a word in it which he had not already said, and said far more forcibly a hundred times.' But to his biographer the explanation is simple: 'The Edinburgh address contained his doctrines with the fire which had provoked the animosity taken out of them—reduced to the level of church sermons.' Precisely; there was light instead of heat; instead of the scornful inarticulate shriek there was the still small voice, 'lenis minimeque pertinax; not storming on the stunned ear with the mad violence of a tornado, but stealing through it with soft and easy step direct to the grateful heart. If the disciples hold this speech of no account because it lacked the characteristic 'fire' of the Master, then surely there must be some truth in M. Scherer's charge that Carlyle's influence, with them at least, must be mainly due to his eccentricities.

Nor can we, for our part, find anywhere about that Annandale farm the germ of this strange growth. The letters of the father and mother that Mr. Froude has printed are indeed

* 'Études sur la Littérature Contemporaine;' Paris, 1882.

rugged, to the conventional ear perhaps uncouth, but clear, simple, and sincere. It is surely the same with Carlyle's own letters. They, too, are the letters of no ordinary man, of a man trained in no school, bound by no forms, a man of strong and original emotions; but to the style of his later books they bear, if any resemblance at all, only that which may be traced between the styles of Turner's prime and of his decadence, the decadence of a mind in which originality has passed into mannerism, and finished, as M. Scherer says, by becoming sheer gibberish (*par devenir du galimatias*). It is true that in some of his letters to Emerson we get traces of the 'galimatias;' but they were written after 'Sartor Resartus,' most of them after the 'French Revolution,' or together with it, when Teufelsdröckh had got fairly hold of the writer. Moreover, through all the correspondence with Emerson, interesting as it is, charming as it often is, there runs to our fancy a vein of *posing*; there is the 'attitude prise,' the attitude of the Master who knew that something out of the common, something original, characteristic, was expected by the disciples. He need not have been at these pains with Emerson: that fine, delicate soul, for all his spiritualism, had no fancy for this 'gift of tongues.' 'Evermore,' he wrote in the early days of their friendship,

'Evermore thanks for the brave stand you have made for Spiritualism in these writings. But has literature any parallel to the oddity of the vehicle chosen to convey this treasure? I delight in the contents; the form, which my defective apprehension for a joke makes me not appreciate, I leave to your merry discretion. And yet did ever wise and philanthropic author use so defying a diction? As if Society were not sufficiently shy of truth without providing it beforehand with an objection to the form. Can it be that this humour proceeds from a despair of finding a contemporary audience, and so the Prophet feels at liberty to utter his message in droll sounds. Did not you tell me, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, sitting upon one of your broad hills, that it was Jesus Christ built Dunscore Kirk yonder? If you love such sequences, then admit, as you will, that no poet is sent into the world before his time; that all the departed thinkers and actors have paved your way; that (at least when you surrender yourself) nations and ages do guide your pen, yes, and common goose-quills as well as your diamond graver. . . . Bacon and Plato have something too solid to say than that they can afford to be humourists. You are dispensing that which is rarest, namely, the simplest truths—truths which lie next to consciousness, and which only the Platos and Goethes perceive. I look for the hour with impatience when the vehicle will be worthy of the spirit,—when the word will be as simple, and so as resistless, as the thought,—and, in short, when your words will be one with things. I have no
hope

hope that you will find suddenly a large audience. Says not the sarcasm, "Truth hath the plague in his house"? Yet all men are *potentially* (as Mr. Coleridge would say) your audience, and if you will not in very Mephistophelism repel and defy them, shall be actually; and whatever the great ear or the small may say about the charm of diabolism, a true and majestic genius can afford to despise it.*

But though this vein may, as we say, be traced in some of the letters to Emerson, in many others printed in Mr. Froude's four volumes it is completely and nobly absent; in his letters to his mother, for example, in many of his letters to Mr. Erskine, and to young strangers who had written to him for advice and guidance in the conduct of their lives. In these he 'surrenders himself; he skips the 'excursive involved glees,' and gives 'the simple air, without the volley of variations.'

In his early writings, his 'Life of Schiller,' the introductions to his 'German Romance,' in all the works, with one exception, done before the migration to London, the style is clear enough. It is not, as M. Scherer calls it, 'ordinary English; even at its purest and simplest it is unlike anything that the 'old-established British critic' had knowledge or understanding of, and must, as one can well see, have tried him sorely; but it is, as Mr. Arnold has wiselier said, 'fresh, *comparatively* sound, and reaching our hearts with true pathetic eloquence.' But then came Teufelsdröckh upon the scene, and that familiar spirit, powerful for evil as for good, could never be wholly exorcised. Yet even from that 'wild Seer, shaggy, unkempt, like a Baptist living on locusts and wild honey,' could sometimes come a voice pure and pathetic as this: 'The highest whom I knew on Earth I here saw bowed down, with awe unspeakable, before a Higher in Heaven: such things, especially in infancy, reach inwards to the very core of your being; mysteriously does a Holy of Holies build itself into visibility in the mysterious deeps; and Reverence the divinest in man, springs forth undying from its mean envelopment of Fear.† But at this high pure strain the voice could not stay.

One of Carlyle's English critics has said that he slipped or drifted into his bad manner, imperceptibly led on by the injudicious praises of friends. His French critic says he found in it a twofold attraction; it was easier to write, and it 'piqued the curiosity of the public.' There is some truth in both these views, but not all the truth. To say that Carlyle wrote as he did because he found it easier to do so, in the sense that

* 'Correspondence,' i. 13.

† 'Sartor Resartus,' book ii. chap. 2.

he would not take the trouble to write otherwise, would not be fair. His most unsparing critic cannot deny him the praise given to Raleigh, that he could 'labour terribly.' But that he did find this confused, obscure style (which Mr. Froude, by the way, finds the 'clearest of styles') most convenient to express the confused obscure thoughts within him, we have, for our part, little doubt. For surely the curse he saw at work in Coleridge came early upon him too: he sat in Chelsea, as Coleridge on the brow of Highgate Hill, 'as a kind of Magus, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargons.' What a man was this, who could see so clearly the mote in his neighbour's eye, yet went through life for ever blinded by the beam in his own! Of his 'Ilias Americana in Nuce' he confessed to Mr. Froude, when the war was over, that 'perhaps he had not seen into the bottom of the matter.' Did he ever see into the bottom of any matter? Even in his histories, did he ever really get hold of the subject on all its sides? Did he ever 'penetrate into the very core of its being'? Perplexed by endless disquiet, mental and physical, 'now clad in thunderous tornado and anon in sorrowful fog,' what did he, what could he ever see, but the *sides* of objects, and those but dim and indistinct, heightened or lessened in the distorting mirror of his own mind? A mind

'Which, with its own internal lightning blind,
Flags wearily through darkness and despair,'

wrote Shelley of Coleridge. No mind is ever blinded thus; the hurt comes, as Carlyle himself has said, not from the dark place, but the dim eye. Not like Coleridge 'wrecked in a mist of opium,' but wrecked in a mist of perversity, prejudice, passion, Carlyle saw all things as through a glass darkly.

To a mind thus constituted a style which committed him, as it were, to no definite propositions, but allowed him to roam, or rather rush, at will through the 'illimitable inane,' would naturally have strong attractions. Such a style he found in Jean Paul. At first, while his head was comparatively clear, he was its master; in after years, when the poor head had grown weaker, harassed by many troubles within and without, and touched a little by unwise applause, he became its slave. That he found it in those years expected of him, is no doubt true; but Carlyle was the last of men to do violence to his own feelings merely to gratify the follies of others. We suspect rather that, as the labour of writing grew more terrible, he found it a safe and pleasant refuge to run to from failing ideas, a convenient
gloss

gloss for the noisy commonplaces (*clangorous*, he would have called them) and iterations of his later writings. A friend being taken by him, as usual not delicately, to task, for writing poetry instead of prose, with exquisite tact and good temper pleaded, while allowing his crime, that the former was 'so convenient for veiling commonplace.' We suspect that Carlyle himself must occasionally have felt the same convenience in his prose. A French critic has said of Voltaire, that in him the idea gets its charm from the style, whereas in most other writers the contrary is the case. Those who agree with Mr. Froude that 'Frederick the Great' is the grandest of all Carlyle's work must, we suppose, find its charm in the style.

This matter of Carlyle's style has, of course, been threshed out again and again, almost to weariness. Wherever any people are found discussing his importance as a writer, there will this vexed question be, beginning and ending all. We should not, therefore, have dwelt upon it so long, had not Mr. Froude lent all the weight of his authority to the support of what we cannot but think a false and a misleading idea. That the style was the man is true, but it is one of those half truths from which so often error springs. Carlyle's style reflected not the best part of the man, but the worst. It reflected, not his solid qualities either as a man or as a writer, but that mixture of charlatanism, unconscious, no doubt, but charlatanism still, which, for all his fiery protestations, had in his later years become a part of himself, as it almost inevitably becomes a part of every man who, with strong feelings and keen susceptibilities, yet lacks 'the reason firm, the temperate will,' to guide and control them. Finally, it also seems to us that Mr. Froude has himself supplied the strongest refutation of his own theory. In the extracts he has printed from Carlyle's narrative of his tour in the Netherlands* he shows conclusively how differently the man worked with his eye on the real object, how differently and how incomparably better. In this little history of the 'Shortest Tour on Record' the writer had only to portray with his hands what the bodily eye could devour. Here are no celestial imaginings, no dim confused wanderings between two worlds; all is real, clear, straightforward, informed and brightened with that exquisite sense of the picturesque, those incomparable gifts of expression, which are merely thrown to waste or pushed to exaggeration when spent on the misty visions of his uncertain mind. No more genuine or more charming pictures of travel were ever drawn with the pen; and they have certainly confirmed us in

* 'Life in London,' i. 259-72.

the doubt we have always entertained, that the style by which Carlyle is popularly known is not the real man.

With an impracticable temper, an impracticable style, and a capital of 200*l.*, Carlyle then, at forty years of age, set himself doggedly down in London to face the chances of a literary life. The prospect was in truth sufficiently dark. His journal for the year 1835 opens with this melancholy passage :

'It is now some three-and-twenty months since I have earned one penny by the craft of literature. Be this recorded as a fact and document for the literary history of the time. I have been ready to work, I am abler than ever to work, know no fault I have committed; and yet so it stands. To ask able editors to employ you will not improve but worsen matters. You are like a spinster waiting to be married. I have some thoughts of quitting this "Periodical" craft one good time for all. It is not synonymous with a life of wisdom. When want is approaching, one must have done with whims.'

If only he could have 'done with whims!' But neither then nor at any time was that consummation to be. Whims were as much a part of Carlyle's daily existence as his porridge, his tobacco, and his 'long-striding' walks. Nevertheless he buckled bravely to work. The idea of writing on the French Revolution had come to him often on the Scotch moors: already he had broken ground in his essays on Voltaire and Diderot, and his stories of the quack Cagliostro and the Diamond Necklace; and within the first few months of his life in London he had commenced the great work in earnest. Every one knows the tragical history of the burning of the first volume, but not every one, perhaps, is as much concerned to remember the spirit in which Carlyle bore the crushing blow. The first words he spoke to his wife, after Mill, 'the very picture of desperation,' had told his sad story and left them, were: 'Well, Mill, poor fellow, is terribly cut up; we must endeavour to hide from him how very serious this business is.' How gladly would one have welcomed more such reminiscences! Words such as these, one cannot but feel, could have come only from a nature fine and noble at the core; a feeling which in some minds may perhaps raise the not unwelcome doubt whether after all in these volumes we have really got the 'historic man.'

The 'French Revolution' was published in the summer of 1837, and from that moment Carlyle's position as a man of letters was assured. True, little money came from it, at least, in those days, and little fame, as fame is commonly understood. But Carlyle cared for neither. Fame he honestly despised, and money, beyond what was necessary to keep body and soul together. His tastes were simple, and his wife

a miracle

a miracle of housekeepers. The article on Mirabeau, written in one of the pauses of the great work, had tided the little household over a doubtful time, and in the spring of 1837 came the first series of lectures, on German Literature, which put more money into the modest purse than had been ever dreamed of, and in the three following years the experiment was repeated with increasing success, culminating in the last series, known to readers as the famous discourses on Heroes. His audiences were large, enthusiastic, and, which was much less to his taste, 'fashionable.' Curiosity, a desire to see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears this strange lion whose roarings were startling the polite languor of society, no doubt played its part in the success; but finer feelings, too, were at work, and Carlyle, though he could not get rid of a certain sense of the unreality and theatricalness of the business, had every reason, and felt he had, to be well satisfied.

The indirect result of the 'French Revolution' was to turn people back to the earlier works. 'Sartor' was re-published, and 'Wilhelm Meister,' and a collection of the Essays made. But except in American dollars—let it be remembered to her credit, now when writers of English books and publishers find so many hard things to say of her, that America was ever in his dark days more generous to Carlyle than his own country—except in American dollars no money came to him from the book, and the praise was very far from unanimous. But those who praised, praised highly. Jeffrey owned freely that he had been mistaken in the man; John Sterling wrote of it in the 'Westminster Review' an article which to Mr. Froude seems now 'rather to fall short of the truth than to exceed it,' but which to Carlyle was 'a brave thing;' Thackeray reviewed it with brave enthusiasm in the 'Times;' Dickens not only read it again and again, and gave it to his friends to read, but paid it the highest compliment in his power by writing 'The Tale of Two Cities;' Dr. Arnold found in it 'an understanding of the true nature of history, such as it delighted his heart to meet with.' Mr. Froude's judgment is of course highest of all, and the most particular he anywhere passes on Carlyle's works:—

'It is in many respects,' he writes, 'the most perfect of all his writings. In his other works the sense of form is defective. He throws out brilliant detached pictures, and large masses of thought, each in itself inimitably clear. There is everywhere a unity of purpose, with powerful final effects. But events are not left to tell their own story. He appears continually in his own person, instructing, commenting, informing the reader at every step of his own opinion.'

opinion. His method of composition is so original that it cannot be tried by common rules. The want of art is even useful for the purposes which he has generally in view; but it interferes with the simplicity of a genuine historical narrative. The "French Revolution" is not open to this objection. It stands alone in artistic regularity and completeness. It is a prose poem with a distinct beginning, a middle, and an end. It opens with the crash of a corrupt system, and a dream of liberty which was to bring with it a reign of peace and happiness and universal love. It pursues its way through the failure of visionary hopes into regicide and terror, and the regeneration of mankind by the guillotine. It has been called an *Epic*. It is rather an *Æschylean* drama composed of facts literally true, in which the Furies are seen once more walking on this prosaic earth and shaking their serpent hair.'

It is interesting to turn from this criticism to Emerson's. Emerson was filled with wonder and admiration at the many great qualities of the work, but he could not shut his eyes to its defects, nor then, as never, would he allow that the originality of Carlyle's method could save it from judgment:—

'I think you have written a wonderful book, which will last a very long time. I see that you have created a history, which the world will own to be such. You have recognised the existence of other persons than officers, and of other relations than civism. You have broken away from all books, and written a mind. It is a brave experiment, and the success is great. We have men in your story and not names merely: always men, though I may doubt sometimes whether I have the historic men. We have great facts—and selected facts—truly set down. We have always the co-presence of Humanity along with the imperfect damaged individuals. The soul's right of wonder is still left to us; and we have righteous praise and doom awarded, assuredly without cant. . . . Finally we have not—a dull word. . . . I suppose nothing will astonish more than the audacious wit and cheerfulness which no tragedy and no magnitude of events can overpower or daunt. Henry VIII. loved a Man, and I see with joy my bard always equal to the crisis he represents.'

So much for the praise: then, for the other side of the matter:—

'I will tell you more of the book when I have once got it at focal distance—if that can ever be,—and muster my objections when I am sure of their ground. I insist, of course, that it might be more simple, less gothically efflorescent. You will say no rules for the illumination of windows can apply to the Aurora borealis. However, I find refreshment when every now and then a special fact slips into the narrative couched in sharp and business-like terms. This character-drawing in the book is certainly admirable; the lines are ploughed furrows; but there was cake and ale before, though thou
be

be virtuous. Clarendon surely drew sharp outlines for me in Falkland, Hampden, and the rest, without defiance or sky-vaulting.*

I find refreshment when every now and then a special fact slips into the narrative couched in sharp and business-like terms—how true that is! It is refreshing as the light and quiet of the stars are refreshing after the glare and sputter of a grand display of fireworks. In the 'double gift of accuracy and representative powers' Mr. Froude would place only two writers beside Carlyle, Thucydides and Tacitus; and 'Carlyle's power as an artist is greater than either of theirs.' Comparisons between the ancients and the moderns must always be very doubtful affairs; one of the points on which Mr. Froude challenges this comparison is especially so. It is impossible to speak with any certainty of the accuracy of an historian who wrote so many centuries ago. Indeed there have been critics who, as we all know, would tell you that to claim for Carlyle the accuracy of Tacitus was to claim for him very little indeed. But putting this aside, putting aside also the fact (which, however, is an important point in all comparisons) that all such standards of illustration can really be of value to so small a minority of readers, the world in which and for which the ancients wrote is, spiritually and materially, so completely and essentially different from ours, that no true plane of comparison can be found. At the most, a modern may in certain passing moods remind us of this or that among the ancients. One may fancy that, had that Greek or this Latin writer moved among the scenes or people of our day, he would have looked on them with the eyes of such an one or drawn them with the hand of such another. With still more confidence one can feel, that here and there a modern has caught more or less consciously some of the general characteristics of the old classic spirit. But these plays of fancy, though attractive and interesting, and sometimes even useful in their way, should never be taken too seriously, too confidently; they cannot furnish grounds for a comparison. Let us rather ask what Mr. Froude means by an artist, for it is on that word, and the significance he gives to it, that the value of his comparison really turns. The word *artist* is used in many and vague ways, from its popular significance of a painter, any one and every one who handles a paint-brush, to its mere passing application to a singer or play-actor. But one man, who was not used to talk at random, has defined it clearly enough for our purpose. To Goethe the word had a high *architectonic* significance. To him the artist, as dis-

* 'Correspondence,' i. 129-131.

tinguished from the mere amateur, is truly he who 'creates, forms and constitutes,' who conceives and shapes his work as a whole, complete and rounded in all its parts, of perfect and interdependent proportions. Now, if by an artist in literature Mr. Froude understands merely a writer capable of producing single passages of great force and vivacity, capable of striking illustrations and brilliant imagery, then no doubt Carlyle is an artist and a great one. But if he takes the higher and stricter view, to us it seems impossible even to think of Carlyle in such a sense. He wrote always at a high strain. 'He had first,' we are told, 'to see that the material was pure, with no dross of lies in it, and then to fuse it all into white heat before it would run into the mould.' But to us his work suggests no such process; rather the work of a man who never at any time had command over all his material, or even saw it all before him, or understood it all, whence it came, what it really meant, and whither it was going. Immortal passages there are in this history, passages one can never forget, which stamp themselves on the memory as the realities must have stamped themselves on those who saw them. The death of Lewis the Fifteenth, the wild march of the Menads on Versailles, the death of Marat, and, strangest and strongest of all, that grim midnight scene in the Tribune when Philippe Egalité votes 'in his soul and conscience' for his kinsman's death, whereat 'even Patriotism shakes its head, and there runs a groan and shudder through this Hall of Doom.' Every one will have his memory full of such passages, but a lucid and coherent idea of the order of things he will not, cannot have,—to say nothing of the totally false conception of the real character of the Revolution and its forces which he may get; a conception which the outcry raised in certain quarters against M. Taine's last volume* proves to be as yet by no means so exploded as one might have thought. Mr. Froude,—who, sternest of censors on Carlyle's moral side, to his literary fame has an all-embracing devotion like that of Moore's lovers,—has called the 'Diamond Necklace' 'the most beautiful thing Carlyle ever wrote,' and the 'very finest illustration' of his 'literary power.' Emerson calls it 'the aroma of Babylon.' 'Such as the great metropolis,' he says, 'such is this style: so vast, enormous, related to all the world, and so *endless in details*.'† And Mr. Arnold, in the lecture we have elsewhere quoted, touches on the same point with his usual precision. 'Shakespeare, Molière, Swift'—Mr. Arnold, it will be seen, confines himself to the moderns—'they too had,

* 'La Révolution,' vol. iii. : Paris, 1884.

† 'Correspondence,' i. 119.

like Carlyle, the devouring eye and the portraying hand. But they are great literary masters, they are supreme writers, because they knew how to work into a literary composition their materials, and to subdue them to the purposes of literary effect. Carlyle is too wilful for this, too turbid, too vehement. We have elsewhere spoken of the curious unconsciousness of his own defects, with which Carlyle will hurl himself against the weaknesses of others. In the introduction to his 'Cromwell' there is a signal instance of this mood. Thundering against the 'dreary old records' of Rushworth, Whitlocke, and others, and their drearier editors, he bursts into this wail :

'To Dryasdust, who wishes merely to compile torpedo Histories of the philosophical or other sorts, and gain immortal laurels for himself by writing about it and about it, all this is sport ; but to us who struggle piously, passionately, to behold, if but in glimpses, the faces of our vanished Fathers, it is death.'

Dryasdust, it may be said, though provoking, has his uses ; one cannot but wonder, for instance, how without him would Carlyle have fared. But for the 'torpedo histories'—if this phrase means anything—it surely can only mean such histories as Carlyle wrote, exploding here and there, no man can precisely say where or when. The torpedo is a useful invention, no doubt, but it is too uncertain in its results to be one's sole reliance either for defence or attack. To Carlyle's many brilliant qualities as an historian all must pay their tribute, to his untiring industry, his honesty, his wonderful gifts of imagery and expression ; but a great artist in the true sense of the word, no, a hundred times, no ! Let us repeat once again Emerson's words, 'I find refreshment when every now and then a special fact slips into the narrative couched in sharp and business-like terms ;' and if Mr. Froude will bring the ancients into the witness-box, let us add to these words some from a French critic in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' 'When one is intoxicated with this now celestial, now diabolical music, which flies to the head and attacks the nerves, one feels a singular pleasure in re-reading some chapters of Thucydides : it is a salutary *douche* which calms the senses and acts as a restorative to the mind.' Thus we get quite another view of the matter to Mr. Froude's. Which he will take, let us for the present leave the judicious reader to determine for himself.

Had Carlyle, with one exception, published nothing after the 'French Revolution,' his fame would have stood, we think, no lower than it stands now. The exception is the 'Life of John Sterling,' the most satisfactory of all his works, and the most complete. In this, not only is he throughout in real sympathy

sympathy with his subject, as he so rarely elsewhere is, but he really understood it, as perhaps he nowhere else really does. Intrinsically the subject is, in truth, not of first-rate importance for us: Sterling was too vague, too immature, had done too little, to have much interest for posterity, bright, ingenuous, earnest soul as he was; but the fresh, vivid, and, for all its characteristic condescension, one may truly say the loving manner in which Carlyle has brought him before us, and fixed him for ever on our imaginations, will always keep the book sweet, always assure its place among English biographies. But neither of his 'Cromwell' nor his 'Frederick the Great' can we accept Mr. Froude's estimate, while his political pamphlets, if they had ever any vitality apart from that which in those days belonged to any utterance of his, are surely now dead as poor Dryasdust himself.

The 'Cromwell' is not properly a history at all; it is hardly even a book. Carlyle has ransacked the poor Dryasdusts, and has got from them all they can give. He has collected and arranged in chronological order probably all the existing materials for a life of Oliver Cromwell; but the life he has not written. He knew this well enough himself. He had laboured hard to make 'a consecutive history of the Commonwealth,' but his labour was in vain. 'He could not get the subject rightly taken hold of,' as he owned to Mr. Froude.

'He flung aside at last all that he had done, burnt part of it, as he said, locked away the rest, and began again, as he told his mother "on another side." He gave up the notion of writing a regular history. He would make the person of Oliver Cromwell the centre of his composition, collect and edit, with introduction and connecting fragments of narrative, the extant letters and speeches of Oliver himself—this, at least, as a first operation—a plain and comparatively easy one. When it was finished, he told me that he found to his surprise that he had finished all which he had to say on the subject, and might so leave it.'

Perhaps: but he should have remembered that by so working he was really but doing the work of a superior sort of Dryasdust, and should have shown a little more compassion for the Rushworths, and Whitelockes, and others of that most useful class whom he so despitefully uses. His own contributions do really but very little to connect or elucidate the story. True, in almost everything he wrote there is the indefinable touch of genius which makes it, in Emerson's fine phrase, 'savour always of eternity'; and in 'Cromwell,' as in 'Frederick,' there is many a patch of splendid purple, many a shrewd and noble thought. Let him have all the credit, too, of having corrected
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the popular and false estimate of Cromwell, even though, as usual with him, he has pushed the pendulum too far the other way. At least there is more reason in his idea of Cromwell, than in his attempt to invest with heroic proportions the cold-blooded treacherous tyrant who plunged a world into war to see his name in the gazettes. For in Cromwell, as in Frederick, as in all his heroes, he looked not so much for the man as for that he wished to find in the man. He used him, as he used all his heroes, as an airing-ground for his favourite theories of the divine right of strength. In a word, the book, like all Carlyle's books, is really full of formulas; not the old worn ones of our fathers which he was so busy to clear away, but new ones of his own framing, destined in their turn to forgetfulness, if they have not reached it now. So dangerous is it, this indiscriminate swallowing of formulas; one is almost sure to bring them up again in one shape or another! In 'Cromwell,' too, as in 'Frederick,' there is much that is violent, much that is tiresome. There is, to give one example only,—perhaps the most signal Carlyle has anywhere furnished of the *galimatias* which so shocks M. Scherer—there is that monstrous peroration which it is impossible to read without a sense almost of shame, without feeling that there is, after all, some excuse for the grave Frenchman's terrible verdict, and that Carlyle might, to borrow a bolt from his own quiver, be not unaptly defined as a 'Man of Genius in the shape of a Buffoon.'

'Frederick' is more violent than the 'French Revolution,' more violent than 'Cromwell,' and it is, which the 'French Revolution' is not, and 'Cromwell' much more rarely, very tiresome. True, the Germans do not think so. Besides testifying in the warmest terms to its accuracy, they have translated it into their own language, and made it a text-book in their military schools, though some of our own military critics have less confidence in its value as a history of military events. But the Germans have different notions from ours of what is tiresome and dull in literature; diffuseness, repetition, a round-about way of getting to the end of things, are in their eyes no unpardonable crimes. The truth is that all Carlyle's faults are here in this 'unutterable book' at their worst. It was written against the grain, even more than was 'Cromwell;' the labour of writing was terrible, and, long before the end came, as hateful as it was hard. 'I cannot find how to take up that miserable "Frederick," or what on earth to do with it,' 'those horrid struggles of twelve years,' 'the dreary task,' such expressions occur again and again in his letters and journals of the time. When all allowance is made for Carlyle's unrivalled capacity
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for making mountains out of molehills, it certainly seems as if no more stubborn work in literature was ever voluntarily imposed on himself by man, or more painfully carried to an end. But a work wrought in this spirit can never give much pleasure or satisfaction to the reader. The sense of weariness and depression is everywhere apparent. The method he had 'found so convenient in *'Cromwell'* is here pushed almost to an impertinence. Pages after pages of confused transcripts from note-books are flung pell-mell at the reader's head, as though the writer would not, or could not, be at the pains to arrange and fit them into the current course of the narrative. His terrible freaks in language, his harshness, his obscurity; his wants of selection, condensation, coherence; his wearisome repetitions; his trite common-places thinly veiled as profound reflections; all these wilful offences against his reader's patience and his own fame are in *'Frederick'* exaggerated tenfold.

On the other side, we have not only the German testimony, but, of course, Mr. Froude's, who finds in the work, 'if nothing else, a gallery of historical figures executed with a skill which placed Carlyle at the head of literary portrait-painters.' We have certainly a wonderful gallery of figures, but we shall, with Emerson, reserve to ourselves the doubt whether they are the historical figures. Mr. Froude quotes the judgment of 'a fine critic,' that 'Carlyle's Friedrich Wilhelm was as peculiar and original as Sterne's Walter Shandy.' Possibly there was more in this fine critic's words than Mr. Froude has seen. Walter Shandy is a character of fiction; might not this Frederick William be one also? Mr. Froude says, no; 'it is an exact copy of the original Friedrich Wilhelm—his real self, discerned and reproduced by the insight of a nature which had much in common with him.' Such verdicts on a man who died a century and a half ago must, of course, be sought rather in the court of feeling than of judgment. For our own part, we can only say that no portrait in Carlyle's literary gallery has ever impressed us with the conviction of reality as Clarendon's portrait of Falkland impresses us; or, to turn to a writer of fiction, in Mr. Froude's judgment far inferior to Carlyle in the power of bringing dead people and things back to life, as Walter Scott's portrait of King James impresses us. Those 'fatal perceptions' are too often fatal to the reality; they perceive much, but they too often imagine more; they attract, they interest, they amuse, as do the portraits of Dickens, but they rarely, we say again, they rarely convince. And sometimes these heightened touches of caricature, these strokes of satire, do more than merely not convince; they perplex and confuse, they

they leave us with no sense of a real personage at all. Here is a portrait taken at random from this great German gallery—it has struck us from some whimsical resemblance to the painter himself in some of his moods.

‘Here is Colonel Keyserling, for instance; the witty Courlander, famous enough in the Friedrich circle; who went on embassy to Cirey, and much else: he “whirls in with uproar (*fracas*) like Boreas in the Ballet;” fowling-piece on shoulder, and in his “dressing-gown” withal, which is still stranger; snatches off Biel-field, unknown till that moment, to sit by him while dressing; and there, with much capering, pirouetting, and indeed almost ground-and-lofty tumbling, for accompaniment, “talks of Horses, Mathematics, Painting, Architecture, Literature, and the Art of War,” while he dresses.’*

Very clever this, no doubt, inimitable as a specimen of the writer's skill in the grotesque, but as a portrait of a man, the presentment of a living reality, what substance has it? What a contrast to turn to Clarendon's exquisite picture of his dead friend, or—for there, of course, Clarendon was drawing from the life—to the picture Johnson has composed for us from what he had heard and read of Milton. Then, after Mr. Froude and the Germans, we get Emerson's praise, cordial as usual, but rather less definite. ‘Infinitely the wittiest book that ever was written,’ Emerson calls it; † but wit, always welcome for its own sake, is not the only or even the first necessity for the historian. Finally, we have Carlyle's own verdict, ‘a bad book, poor, misshapen, feeble, *nearly* worthless, thanks to past generations and me.’ ‡ No; not poor nor feeble, but misshapen terribly, and for the mis-shaping the writer is more to blame than all the past generations.

While the breath was still in Carlyle's body, M. Scherer wrote of him that he had ‘lived long enough to see his influence passed, his teaching outdated.’ The immortality Emerson so freely promised him for his histories Mr. Arnold has denied them. Another critic has said, ‘Grace, affection, charity, divine equity, sober charm of life—not for these things or any of them will the name of Carlyle be dear to human history.’ That, alas, is certain, whatever else be not: on that side Mr. Froude himself must see that he has disrowned his king for ever. Of the spiritual permanence of his teaching, the time has hardly yet come to speak with certainty. That he was a power in his

* ‘Frederick the Great,’ book x. chap vii.

† Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, ii. 272, note.

‡ *Ibid.*, ii. 267-8.

day, a great spiritual force to many, we know, and such are too rare in any day to be lightly passed by with pity or excuses by the next generation, which does not feel or does not need their power. But when such men die there comes a period of reaction; they pass almost inevitably into a sort of intellectual purgatory, where their failings are judged before their virtues, and judged with severity in proportion to the praise they won in their life. From this state only the immortals emerge, and they only shorn of much which made their living glory. Such is now Carlyle's state; what rests for him in the future it is yet too soon to say. But what he was to his own age we must not forget. Reading now with clearer eyes, and hearts untouched by the charm of a new voice, the words which then sounded as a trumpet-call to many young ears, we may smile to think what oracle they could have found in those Delphic utterances. Yet, as we turn back even now to the passionate eloquence of such early work as his 'Characteristics,'* it is not hard to understand how the charm must have worked. Even at this distance of time we can fancy how the young Titans of the day, the youth not 'bound into a sluggish thrall' but 'exasperated into a rebel,' thought that in such utterances they heard the voice which was to carry on for them, though in another strain, the passionate revolt of Byron, the 'lovely wail' of Shelley. And as the latter almost with his latest breath sang of the world's renewal and the return of the golden years, so this new prophet could, in his mood of sadness, catch glimpses of a brighter vision:—

Out of all Evil comes Good; and no Good that is possible but shall one day be real. Deep and sad as is our feeling that we stand yet in the bodeful Night; equally deep, indestructible is our assurance that the Morning also will not fail. Nay, already as we look round, streaks of a dayspring are in the east; it is dawning; when the time shall be fulfilled, it will be day.'

But the vision never broadened into day: the light he seems to have found for others he could not find for himself. Nay, the horizon grew darker as he advanced, and the celestial stars ceased to guide. 'To try and approach truth on one side after another,' was not Carlyle's way. He could recommend it to others; he could see its importance for himself. 'Since I saw you I have been trying, am still trying, other methods, and shall surely get nearer the truth, as I honestly strive for it.'†

* 'Miscellaneous Essays, "Characteristics":' *Edinburgh Review*, 1831.
 † *Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson*, i. 23.

But this wiser view of things he could not keep. A creature of his own age as it seemed to him, though he saw not the kinship, he fell into the very errors he lashed, into the very Byronism he affected to despise. In Byronism the languid age found, 'if no cure for its miserable paralysis and languor, at least an indignant statement of the misery:' 'half-regretful lookings into the Past gave place, in many quarters, to Ernulphus' cursings of the Present.'* Strangest of men, we say again, of whom do you say these things but of yourself? It is these 'indignant statements,' these 'Ernulphus' cursings,' that destroy his value for us who have lived to see them end as they began, never purged and lifted into light and substance, but rather sinking deeper and deeper into darkness and confusion. For his contemporaries it was different. He could pull down, and they believed he could rebuild; he could tell them when they ailed, and they believed he could cure them. But the years passed, and the buildings he had destroyed were not rebuilt by him, nor cured by him the diseases he had discovered. Sick and homeless we should be still, for all he has done to cure or shelter us. Nor did he deceive himself in this matter. He confessed to Mill that he could never satisfy himself whether he was a prophet, or only a destroyer. He shrank, Mr. Froude tells us over and over again, from formulating in precise words the message he seems honestly to have believed himself born to deliver. Once, indeed, he made the attempt,† but he did not persevere with it; and though the affectionate eyes of Mr. Froude have pierced beyond that mystic veil, he himself knew well enough how impossible it was for him to explain to others what he had no clear knowledge of himself. He was always, we have been told, careful not to trouble his mother with his doubts, lest he should shake her simple faith; but he seems never to have remembered there were others in the world besides Margaret Carlyle. The poetry of his own time he affected to despise, but the one living man whom he allowed to have shown that the English language was still capable of poetical expression might have taught him better.

'Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.'

Nay, he knew better himself: 'Wreckage is swift; rebuilding

* 'Miscellaneous Essays, "Sir Walter Scott,"': London and Westminster Review, 1838.

† 'History of the First Forty Years,' ii. 2-18.

is slow and distant. Happily another than we has charge of it.*

But it is not only the sound and fury of Carlyle's teaching, its vagueness and, from its own point of view, its incompleteness, that destroys, or at least so fatally weakens its value for us. It is also, and even more, its sadness, its want of hope, of happiness. It is not now profitable to enquire whether this arose from his dark and morbid temper, or whether the temper, never at any time a light and cheerful one, took colour from his teaching. It is enough for us that the latter has that perverse attitude. He was fond of quoting the beautiful lines of Goethe which teach the beauty and the wisdom of hope (*wir heissen euch hoffen*), yet he could never lay the lesson to his own heart. To work and to hope, he told the Edinburgh students, were the cardinal necessities of man's existence, yet he chose wilfully to put the latter away from his own. He was moved almost to remonstrance with Emerson for refusing to see that man must be born to trouble 'as the sparks fly upward,' and to trouble only. 'How you go,' he writes to him, 'on the "Over-Soul," the Ideal, the Perfect or Universal and Eternal in this life of ours; and take so little heed of the frightful quantities of friction and perverse impediment there everywhere are; the reflections upon which, in my own poor life, made me now and then very sad, as I read you.'† Emerson, brightest and serenest of souls, the ideal child of that golden age,

'Which without hardness will be sage,
And gay without frivolity,'

Emerson had no doubt about his creed: 'That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is *cheerfulness* and *courage*, and the endeavour to realize our aspirations. Shall not the heart which has received so much, trust the Power by which it lives?' Mr. Froude has found in Carlyle a likeness to St. Paul. These comparisons between the old world and the new, we say again, do not tempt us. But if St. Paul is to be brought into the case, we would rather find a likeness to his teaching in those words of Emerson's. For what, in effect, are they but an expansion of the three cardinal doctrines of the apostle's creed, Faith, Hope, and Charity? With eyes as keen as Carlyle's and brighter far, Emerson looked upon the 'cloud of mortal destiny,' but while Carlyle saw only the dark and threatening side, to Emerson was ever turned the silver lining. 'What,'

* 'Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson,' i. 78.

† 'Correspondence,' ii. 325.

Mrs. Carlyle is reported to have once asked, with that sense of bitterness which seems to have infected all the friendships of that strange couple, 'what has Emerson, except what he has got from Carlyle, which is not mad?' The madness was not on Emerson's side. It is a striking proof of the inherent singleness and sanity of his nature that he could have walked with Carlyle to the end without taking from him any touch of his ill-temper, his perversity, or his gloom.

And yet for all his imperfections, his literary imperfections which we can find for ourselves, his imperfections of character which his biographer for conscience' sake has laid bare to us, one is loath to part from such a man as Carlyle without some friendly word, some assurance of hope. Not much enduring was this unhappy sage, but much toiling, and even to be that alone, is more than most men are. If he did not bring truth to men, at least he sought for it; he sought for it by an uncertain light, and often on the wrong paths, yet with dauntless energy, with a passionate sincerity. It pleased Goethe most in his old age to think, that there were honest people in the world who had got light from his books. If that highest praise cannot truly be Carlyle's, at least it may be said that in his time he helped to quench many false lights. He struck the fetters off many minds, if he could do no more; 'sinon philosophe,' M. Scherer calls him, 'du moins un accoucheur d'esprits.' Of him who has done even so much the memory, one feels, should never wholly pass away. In Mr. Froude's affectionate belief, Carlyle is surely destined to 'a place among the inspired seers; 'he will shine on, another fixed star in the intellectual sky,' while through all the centuries to come strangers will throng 'from every isle or continent where the English language is spoken' to see the house where he was born and the grave where he was laid. Beautiful vision, fit for the rapt eyes of a disciple! Let us rather, who have not yet faith enough to see visions, turn to another disciple; let us turn once more to those volumes from which we have already so largely drawn, a possession worthy to stand beside the correspondence which enshrines the friendship of Goethe and Schiller, and hear what hope Emerson has for his master. 'Believe, when you are weary, that you who stimulate and rejoice virtuous young men do not write a line in vain. And whatever betide us in the inexorable future, what is better than to have awaked in many men the sweet sense of beauty, and to double the courage of virtue!' The man who bore that aspect even to a single one of his contemporaries cannot entirely die—*stat magni nominis umbra*. And finally,

as we have taken many words from Carlyle's mouth not in praise, let us take one more which all can agree in praising. We will take it from his address to the Edinburgh students; and there is surely something touching in the thought of the old man in the fulness of his fame, there in the place where, fifty years before, he himself had listened to the words of others, thus to that eager crowd of lads pronouncing judgment on himself. 'And that old etymology*—what a lesson it is against certain gloomy, austere, ascetic people, who have gone about as if this world were all a dismal prison-house! It has indeed got all the ugly things in it which I have been alluding to; but there is an eternal sky over it; and the blessed sunshine, the green of prophetic spring, and rich harvests coming, all this is in it too.' Late, too late for his own poor harassed soul came the recognition of this vital truth. But to those who heard him no more precious or cheering words could have been spoken. And in this assurance we may well leave him, not with reproaches for his own weakness, but rather with gratitude for such help as he brought to the strength of others.

* He had been telling them that the words "holy" and "healthy" were both derived from the same old German word *heilig*.

ART. IV.—*Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners for Inquiring into the Condition of the Crofters and Cottars in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. With Appendices. 1884.*

BLUE-BOOKS, as a rule, can hardly be called light reading ; nor, except for their immediate purposes, are they as a rule very instructive. The present volume, however, stands far apart from its fellows. On the one hand, if studied by the thoughtful politician or economist, it teems with illustrations and facts that are of a startling and permanent value ; and on the other, were its externals but a little less official and solemn, it might almost claim a place in a popular circulating library. The latter quality perhaps is the first to strike us. As we turn the pages of the Report of the Crofter Commission, the unexpected way in which we catch our thoughts wandering, makes us feel like a guilty child who is dreaming of its fairy-tales during church-time. Our attention strays from figures and statistical tables, and we seem to become conscious of a wild scene of heather. Images rise before us of loch and moor and mountain. We hear the brook that is the one voice in the solitude ; we see the smoke rising from the roofs of brown hill-side cottages. We think of the names of those places that we move amongst. Each name is either a poem in its meaning, or a chapter of romance in its associations : and fugitive fancies come to us of chieftain and of clansman, and the sound of the distant bagpipe floats to us down the glen.

Nor is all this, entirely idle dreaming, due to a taste for views and recollections of Sir Walter Scott. The Highlands and the Highlanders have a special claim on our interest, in the actual facts of their past and their existing condition, and in the social problems and the social features they present to us. Something of what attracts us in the people and their institutions is, no doubt, the charm that comes of their local character ; but there is another element in them which affects us far more powerfully, and which charms us by being representative, not by being unique. Ever since society in England and the Lowlands began to assume something of its modern aspect and constitution, and to exhibit those signs of change which we rightly or wrongly call progress, society in the Highlands, though not remaining stationary, has visibly moved at a pace far slower and more desultory. It has constantly preserved in vitality the habits and modes of thought, which society in the South had left generations behind it : and even now, though it is fast becoming modernized, and reduced or raised to the level that prevails

elsewhere, this process as yet is very far from completed ; and there is much in it still that is a kind of contemporary past.

This is admitted by men of all shades of opinion—by those who deplore the fact, and by those who rejoice in it. If we except a few towns which we may easily count on our fingers, and a few routes along which tourists flow like a glacier, two features are wholly absent in the Highlands, which are specially typical of our modern civilization and society. We mean the urban and suburban middle-class on the one hand, and the factory chimney and the factory population on the other. A resident middle-class no doubt exists, but it is essentially of the old, not of the new kind ; and it is a constant source of indignation to Mr. Bryce and the editor of the 'Spectator,' that vast tracts of country still remain in our island, which are wholly unhallowed by broken bottles and sandwich papers, and where the stag and the peasant are unstartled by the parasols and the puggarees of Upper Tooting. Even in the very places where, in Mr. Bryce's estimation, the inalienable rights of the excursionists have most fully asserted themselves, the waggonette and the waiter appear for a season only, and the patrons of the table-d'hôte for the greater part of the year leave hardly a mark or hardly a memory behind them. The Crofter, the 'merchant,' the farmer, the minister, and the factor, form the main constituents of the lower and middle classes ; and no inhabitant of terrace, crescent, or villa, fills up the interval between them and the great proprietor. Further, the proprietor, as the Commissioners notice in their Report, is more than a mere proprietor. He is either a chieftain by name and lineage ; or, even when this is not the case, he enjoys something of a chieftain's prestige : and a chieftain, though he is now a lesser person than formerly, though most of the divinity that once hedged him has departed, still retains in the imaginations and the feelings of the people a distinct remnant of his old traditional character. The Highlands, in fact, still offer to the observer considerably more of the feudal feeling than is to be found surviving in any other quarter of the country ; and they preserve, in a manner far completer yet, the simplicity of social structure which prevailed when that feeling was dominant.

It is not unnatural that in an age like ours a society like this should exercise a strong fascination over all minds but such as have been soured by that political puritanism of which Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Morley are the saints, and of which Mr. John Bright is the Hudibras. There are few, we imagine, whose sympathies are not naturally touched by a community where the attachment of class to class was so passionate, that on certain

certain occasions a tenantry has offered more than half its wealth to its landlord sooner than suffer an estate to pass out of that landlord's family. Nor are these incidents things of the distant past. Some could be mentioned that are of a quite recent date; and others, which betray an exactly similar spirit, we have ourselves noticed with interest within the last few years. We recollect the sensation that ran through a whole district of the Western Highlands when the last of an illustrious family, whose fortunes had long been broken, came as a stranger to visit his sole remaining possession, a ruined tower on an island of one acre. When a fire broke out at Inverary Castle, the townsmen called out to each other, 'Our castle is burning;' as though what had happened to their chief's house were a calamity that had befallen their own. Very recently an old man in our hearing, who was declaiming against landlordism in the language of a Radical newspaper, suddenly broke short at an allusion to Prince Charlie, and spoke of him with a fire and a feeling that would have been not unworthy of his most devoted follower at Culloden. Whilst only last spring, during the Rectorial election at St. Andrews, when Lord Reay was the Liberal, and Mr. Gibson the Conservative candidate, the most vigorous canvasser for the former, a young Radical from the Highlands, indignantly exclaimed to his Conservative fellow-students: 'Which of you fellows will vote for an Irishman, and against the chieftain of Clan Mackay?'

Equally interesting, and to some minds far more so, is the character of the people who still feel thus for their superiors, as seen in their modes of life and their relations to one another. This could be illustrated by numberless picturesque incidents which are of daily occurrence amongst them at the present moment; but it will be enough if we select one or two, which are specially mentioned in an Appendix to the Report of the Commissioners, as still to be witnessed in certain considerable districts.

Whenever a Constable for a township is to be elected in the Long Island, Mr. Alexander Carmichael informs the Commissioners that the order of proceedings is this: the people assemble at some accustomed place, which, if the meeting is held by day, is on the hill-side, or if by night, at a farm; and which, in the first case, is called the 'Council Hill,' and in the second, the 'Council Stone.' The mode of election varies somewhat with the circumstances, but as soon as it is completed the following scene ensues:—

'The Crofter,' writes Mr. Carmichael, 'who has been appointed Constable, takes off his shoes and stockings. Uncovering his head,

he bows reverently low, and promises, "in presence of heaven and earth," "in presence of God and of men," that he will be faithful to his trust. In some places the elected Constable takes up a handful of earth, instead of uncovering his feet. The object is the same—to emphasize by bodily contact with the earth that he is conscious of being made of earth, to which he returns.'

Even more striking is the following scene, as described by the same authority. Early in June, Mr. Carmichael tells us, when the tillage has been finished, the people of each townland, or co-operative farming community, go in a body to the hill-grazing with their flocks:—

'This,' he continues, 'is a busy day in the townland. The people are up and in commotion, like bees about to swarm. The different families bring their herds together and drive them away. The sheep lead; the cattle go next, the younger preceding; and the horses follow. The men carry burdens of sticks, heather-ropes, spades, and other things needed to repair their summer huts. The women carry bedding, meal, dairy and cooking utensils. Round their waists is a thick woollen cord or leathern strap, underneath which their skirts are drawn up, to enable them to walk easily over the moors. Barefooted, bareheaded, comely boys and girls, with gaunt sagacious dogs, flit hither and thither, keeping the herds together as best they can, and every now and then having a neck-and-neck race with some perverse animal trying to run away home. There is much noise. Men—several at a time—give directions and scold. Women knit their stockings, sing their songs, and talk and walk as free and erect as if there were no burdens on their backs. . . . All who meet them on the way, bless the "Trial," as this removing is called; and, having invoked the care of "Israel's Shepherd" on man and beast, they pass on. When the grazing-ground has been reached and the burdens are laid down, the huts are repaired outwardly and inwardly, the fires are kindled, and food is prepared. The people drive forward their stock, each man's stock separately, . . . and the Constable sees that only the proper numbers have been brought to graze. This precaution over, the cattle are turned out . . . and now the people repair to their "removing feast." The feast is simple enough, the chief thing being a cheese, which every housewife is careful to provide for the occasion. The cheese is shared amongst their neighbours and friends, as they wish themselves and their cattle health and prosperity.'

This, the writer informs us, is done with a touching solemnity. They all bend their knees, they all uncover their heads, and they dedicate themselves and their flocks to the care of 'Israel's Shepherd—the Shepherd that neither slumbers nor sleeps.' Such, it seems, is the phrase that prevails in Protestant districts: but in certain of the islands which have always kept their Catholicism, there is sung on these occasions a wild
and

and beautiful hymn, in which not only the 'Shepherd' is invoked, but St. Michael, the patron of horses; St. Columba, the friendly, the kind, the guardian over their cattle; and Mary, the beloved, the Virgin Shepherdess, the mother of the Lamb without spot or blemish.

It was this same race of people, who, when after the battle of Culloden Prince Charles Edward sought a temporary refuge amongst them, spoke and sang of him, that they might not betray by naming him, as 'the fair-haired herdsman,' 'the yellow-haired herdsman.' And to return once more to a subject we have already touched upon, this race of people supplied one instance at least of a Highland tenantry giving their all, in the attempt to save their chief from ruin. The chief we allude to was Lieut.-General Roderick Macneill, the last of the Macneills of Barra in the direct male line; who was so graceful in person and so beloved by his people, that it used to be said 'that no eye looked at him without looking at him again:' and about fifteen years ago, when the castle that had been the home of his family was let by the factor as a herring-curing station, a severe shock was caused to the feelings of the natives, who deplored the degradation of a dwelling whose dignity they had never forgotten.

When the imagination has facts like these to work upon, no wonder that the picture which it builds up of the Highlands has so much in it that charms and appeals to us: nor, so far as it goes, can the picture be called a false one. Such being the case, it is surely somewhat remarkable that this very district, where so much of the beauty of the past seems to survive without its barbarity, should have lately become the scene of an outbreak of modern Radicalism, the most virulent in some ways that has been witnessed in all Great Britain. Nevertheless, it has so happened:

'In Tiberim Syrius defluxit Orontes.'

The crude and inconsistent theories of ambitious Birmingham plutocrats, the social ill-feeling of which these theories are the veneer, the more sinister passions of the less prosperous adventurers, the more honest if wilder theories of the social alchemist from America, and the mendacious clap-trap of the American professional agitator, have found their way into the heart of the Highland glens. The hillsides, which were once supposed to echo only to the sound of the pibroch, have echoed, at least metaphorically, to the sound of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches. The shepherd on the mountain, instead of singing of the yellow-haired herdsman, has been conning a chapter from Mr. George's
'Poverty'

'Poverty and Progress;' and instead of pride in the greatness, or of sorrow for the misfortunes of his chieftain, the clansman has been cherishing a variety of views and speculations as to the inutility or the iniquity of landlords and landlordism in general.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes us in this state of affairs is its incongruity; our next feeling, it is equally likely, will be indignation at the presumed authors of it; and our next, wonder as to the means by which its authors brought it about. To these, however, in every candid mind, there must succeed a grave curiosity, as to whether, where there is so much smoke, there may not have been some fire; and whether the lamentable ill-feeling, the petulant and angry complaints, and the feverish dreams as to the future, which by some means or other have been excited, may not point to the existence of some real wrongs or hardships, which a brave and simple race has suffered either from a set of men or from a system. As soon as this question forces itself on the mind, we begin to feel that it is a particularly distressing one. It is not merely a question of whether a pleasing dream shall be shattered, and whether a society, which has fascinated us as a survival of the picturesque past, shall be found in reality to exhibit that past as odious. It is a question which touches our sympathies far more deeply. It is this. Can it be possible that that character of the Highland people which so attracts us, has been taken advantage of, and used against themselves, until from sheer necessity it is undergoing a bitter revolution? Has their simplicity been abused so as to defraud them? Has their loyalty been abused so as to oppress them? Has their respectfulness been abused so as to silence them? Have the chiefs to whom they were so willing to give, despoiled them? And has the class whom they once loved, even if they feared, as fathers, come to be hated, and at the same time despised by them, as tyrants?

We began by looking at the bright side of the picture, but it certainly has its dark side also; and any one who might be inclined to answer these ominous questions in the affirmative, could adduce abundant evidence that would at least seem to justify him. Whether it would really do so or no, we are not at present discussing. To that question we shall address ourselves by-and-by. But we certainly do assert the mass of the evidence we allude to, to be most of it so undoubtedly true, and even more of it so undoubtedly plausible, that many men, who by party and position are opposed to both agitators and agitation, have felt themselves forced by it into agreement with the agitator with regard to the Highland land-system. We

recollect

recollect in especial to have heard a well-known Conservative peer, who is himself one of the wealthiest landowners in Scotland, allude to deer-forests, and to such events as the Sutherland clearings, as though in everything but his decorum of manner he was a disciple of the Highland land-league.

Under these circumstances a very peculiar interest attaches to one result at least, which the agitation in question has produced, and that is the appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire accurately on the spot into the various points at issue, and the publication of the Report of the Commissioners, which is at this moment before us. We have already indicated how much that Report contains which would attract the general reader. We are now in a position to explain the far more important function it may fulfil, in virtue of the lessons conveyed by it to the philanthropist, the economist, and the politician.

The value of these lessons, their appositeness, and we would specially say their suggestiveness, it is hardly possible to over-estimate. We are now living in an age which may, in its political character, be well described as the age of agitation. We say this advisedly, and not as a mere figure of speech. Though we shall not be suspected of what are called democratic tendencies, we realize as fully as the bitterest or most maudlin republican that, as popular knowledge and ease of communication increase, the popular opinion and the popular character necessarily exercise an increasing power in politics. We regard this power in itself with perfect equanimity. We see in it not the triumph of any glorious abstract principle: we see in it merely the natural result of circumstances; and in itself it alarms just as little as it elates us. What does alarm us, or at least give us cause for anxiety, is not the increase of this power, but the means by which this power is at the present moment being manipulated. The party which claims to be in a special sense the popular party, and whose appearance in the fore-front of the political arena is the distinguishing mark of contemporary political life, is the party most interested, and it consequently has been thus far most active, in the attempt to secure for itself the guidance of this growing power of the people. The reason is plain to all. The leaders of the party in question, with one or two chance exceptions, are essentially outside those sections of society which till very lately were called the governing classes; and, unlike those classes, their own social position gives them no recognized platform on which to pose as statesmen and politicians. Whatever power they win, they have to win for themselves; and whilst others, in virtue of their position,

tion, still start in life with an imputed claim to be heard, and have at once, so to speak, a recognized introduction to the public, these men start without any such advantage at all. They have to make their several appearances singly and unsupported. They are politically strangers, who have to introduce themselves; and they are obliged to compel an attention which is naturally pre-engaged by others. How is this to be done? That is the great problem for them. How are they to divert the attention of the people from those whom they have so long listened to, and fix it on themselves? One way is obvious to them, and only one. They must startle the people into acute discontent with the present; they must discover and denounce as many crying abuses as possible; they must sedulously associate all these abuses with the position and conduct of the classes they wish to supplant in power; and they will then present themselves as deserving the popular confidence in virtue of the very absence of those solid distinctions, the possession of which has formed the chief advantage of their rivals.

This is the game which the new party has to play. Under existing circumstances there is none other open to it; and once let us grant that it is called on to play at all, it may seem idle to blame its members individually because they are doing the only thing they can do. Personal praise or blame, however, is beside our point here. We are looking not to the morality of a line of conduct, but solely to the public results of it, and these results have been already more than considerable, and if not counteracted they may be even greater to-morrow. The true analysis of the democratic situation at present is, we conceive, this. We do not think that the people, considered as a whole, are spontaneously desirous of changing their traditional leaders; but we believe them to have arrived at such a special stage of civilization, that a certain minority is perpetually rising out of them, whose whole ambitions depend upon a change of that kind being made. In other words, the people as a whole wish neither to agitate nor to be agitated, but by a natural and involuntary process they are, as it were, secreting agitators. And we mean by agitators a set of men who are constitutionally ambitious, whose ambition impels them to politics, and who can secure for themselves a political hearing by one means only—by fomenting a chronic discontent, and an expectant irritation of some kind.

The influence which this class is likely to have on the country is one of the greatest problems which now force themselves on our attention; and we have not only to consider what influence, if unchecked, it is likely to have; we should consider
also

also what influence it ought to have. We say this in no spirit of irony. It is true that we think, and we have no wish to dissemble our opinions, that the main motives by which our popular reformers are actuated are motives of a natural, but by no means elevated selfishness; though we are far from denying that mixed up with these there may often be feelings of a much more generous character. But even were this not the case, were most of the agitators yet more self-seeking than we ourselves conceive them to be, we should not think that for that reason they were by any means necessarily undeserving a hearing. Their business, as we have said, is to find out and expose the evils incident to our traditional political system; and it often happens that the meaner the motive, the greater the security that a business will be done thoroughly. Few characters are more odious than that of the bribed informer; but, though we hate and despise him, we listen to and use his information; and we see no reason in the nature of things why the followers and the rivals of the demagogue should be less worthy of attention than the rivals of James Carey.

In every society, so long as human nature is human nature, there will always be evils, and there will always be abuses of some sort: and whatever body of men be at any time entrusted with power, we may be sure that from time to time mistakes will be made in its exercise. When we hear, then, the Radicals declaiming on all sides about the wrongs and the grievances which the people at large are suffering, and attributing these to the influence of certain classes and institutions, we may safely feel certain, that some of the suffering they dwell upon is a reality; and we cannot feel certain, still less can we demonstrate off-hand, that they may not be right in the causes to which they attribute it. The Radical gospel, in fact, in spite of its offensive form and the violent ill-temper with which it is preached by its missionaries, is not only calculated to affect the masses by reiteration, but the most thoughtful even of its natural opponents, by its plausibility. Many of us, during late years, have been often tempted to ask whether after all we may not be fighting against the light; and whether what we call our social and our political Conservatism may not really be a veiled obstruction to the growth of popular happiness. Anything, therefore, that enables us to bring to any accurate test the Radical version of a typical social problem, is to a candid Conservative of no common interest and value: and for this reason we welcome the recent agitation in the Highlands as one of the most instructive episodes in modern political history.

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We know of 'no case that is so completely typical. It is not obscured, as in the case of Ireland, by adventitious passions and difficulties. The issues it presents to us are perfectly plain and simple. It is further a case, as we have remarked already, in which, more perhaps than in any other, the Radical version has commended itself to moderate men. Lastly, it is a case in which, with unrivalled ease and completeness, we can see how the Radical version stands really related to the facts. For this we are indebted to the labours of the late Commission, and the Report, with its varied supplementary matter, that is before us. We may further observe, that this Report has everything about it that can give value and weight to it as an authority. It is based on the evidence of an immense number of witnesses, examined with great minuteness, and in a large number of places. It is drawn up with great skill and clearness. The Commission was so composed that, if it could be said to have any bias at all, it was biassed as a whole rather in favour of the plaintiffs than the defendants; and in especial it was presided over by a peer whose scrupulous candour and benevolence has rendered him, as others in a similar position have been rendered, peculiarly sensitive to the possible truth of the Radical position generally.

Before, however, we proceed further, we are anxious to make our meaning perfectly clear as to one point. In connecting, as we have done, the agitation in the Highlands with Radicalism, we do not mean for a moment to say, that it was assisted, or even countenanced personally, by the recognized leaders of the Radical party in England. For anything we are concerned to prove to the contrary, they may have been totally ignorant that such a place as the Highlands existed. But what we do say is this. We say, that the spirit in which this agitation has been conducted, the passions and the principles that have been appealed to by its promoters, the methods its promoters have followed, and the aims they have had in view, all mark it out as part of that same movement which the Ministerial and Parliamentary Radicals represent and endeavour to stimulate; and not only as part of that movement, but as the most complete and coherent exhibition of it, which has yet been witnessed in Great Britain.

If thus much is not clear already to any one of our readers, we are about to quote what will, we think, soon make it so. We are about to quote certain typical passages, in which the grounds and the scope of the agitation are described by the agitators themselves. We begin with an extract from a lecture by the Rev. David Macrae, delivered at Dundee in September

1881,

1881, which is a fair specimen of the language of the less violent kind of agitator :—

‘He said’ [we are quoting from the report that appeared in the Scotch papers] ‘that the people’s right to the land was not only a moral right, it was confirmed by history. The chiefs, nobles, and kings only held their land in trust for the people. But . . . Mr. Macrae went on to describe how, by a long-continued policy of aggression and appropriation, the landlords deepened their hold on the soil, at the same time coolly shouldering off upon the people the duties and the burdens on account of which they had any right to hold the land at all.* . . . He spoke of the enormous loss the present system entailed upon the tenantry. It was enriching a small and privileged class, and impoverishing the people. It was producing side by side enormous wealth with its attendant vices, and widespread poverty with the manifold evils that flow from it; . . . and while multitudes of the hardier sons of the soil were being driven into overcrowded towns, or compelled to seek in other lands the home denied them here, thousands of acres of good land were being desolated, and turned into deer forests for private gain and sport, by landlords and millionaires, who have less right to that soil than the poor fellows they have driven away.’

We next come to statements that were actually made to the Commissioners :—

‘The question at issue,’ said the Rev. Frederick Morison, ‘is simply whether the Highlands of Scotland are to be permitted to advance in civilization and prosperity, like the rest of the world, or are to be forced back into a condition little better than barbarism, in order to satisfy the craving of what is called the sport of one class and the craving for money of another. Nothing is more difficult than to arrive at accurate statistics as to the extent of the land that has been turned into forests. However, . . . it seems safe to say, that an area equal to the two largest counties in Scotland has been laid waste. This would mean a good deal more than *four millions and a half imperial acres* [the italics are in the original], or about eight hundred thousand acres more than the whole of Yorkshire. [The writer, however, gives it as his own opinion, that the area in question is probably nearer six million acres than four and a half.] . . . The consequence is, that the

* The copy of the report before us is that which appeared in the ‘Oban Telegraph.’ By a curious irony of circumstances, side by side with Mr. Macrae’s lecture, there is printed an account of the doings of one of the largest Highland landlords, Sir James Matheson of the Lews. We see there an illustration of the practice amongst landowners, which Mr. Macrae speaks of as universal, ‘of coolly shouldering off upon the people the burdens and duties’ which a landholder ought to bear. We learn for instance how Sir James, since his purchase of the estate, had spent nearly 12,000*l.* in providing emigrants with clothing, furniture, and passage money; how he at one time lost 15,000*l.* in attempting to improve the communication with the mainland, and at another time 19,000*l.*; and how, since the year 1844, he had spent on the estate altogether 574,000*l.*, which is exactly three times the value of that estate when he bought it.

people must repair to the towns or emigrate, and their numbers are being steadily diminished. It is also matter for serious consideration how far the food-supply of the country in general is likely to be affected by the desolation of all the best grazing lands. Myriads of sheep and thousands of cattle were sent to market in former years from lands which now produce nothing whatever . . . The day is probably not far distant, if indeed it has not already arrived, when our hard-working population throughout Great Britain will pay heavily in the form of increased prices for meat for the sport of the wealthy few, and the increased rents of our landlords.'

"The landlords [of modern times]," said Dean of Guild Mackenzie, "have been appropriating everything on or under the earth, in the sea, or in the air worth having, or which could be turned into money . . . No compensation whatever was given to the public for this transfer of national property and large incomes to the possession or pockets of the owners of the land."

The Rev. Ewan Campbell, of Lochs, Stornoway, said that the crofters, during the late agitation, had been taught to assume 'that, the earth being the Lord's, He had given to them an absolute right to the Highlands.' He mentions also that, 'conjoined with this, was the strange assumption that the Highlands are the heritage of the sword,' and that the rights of the present generation of crofters are based on the fact of their ancestors having expelled by violence those who occupied the country previously. 'Under the shadow of this peculiar allegation,' Dr. Campbell continues, 'the crofters, or rather their nefarious instigators, ground a right of re-possession, and mutter insane threats of reprisal by this *Charter of Rights—the Sword*.'

'As a rule,' said the Rev. John S. M'Phail, Free Church Minister of Kilmuir, in the island of Skye, 'the people here are moral, quiet, respectful to superiors, and law-abiding. Yet I have been led of late to think, that there may not be many steps between such a desirable condition, and one of disorder and lawlessness. . . . There have been combinations among the people not to pay rent, and there have been threats posted up at the roadside to deter men from settling with the factor on rent-day. . . . In the present circumstances and mood of our island population, I feel sure that a little more strain and a little more agitation would soon force them into a state of wild confusion.'

To these extracts we may add two others of a slightly different character; but the last passage perhaps will have prepared the reader's mind for them.

One of the most notorious of the crofters' delegates, John M'Pherson of Glendale, in the island of Skye, stated at a meeting at Fraserburgh, as an instance of landlord tyranny, that 'he had seen houses burned down, and their inhabitants turned out ;
and

and that in one case, when a sick old woman was being carried out before her house was set on fire, the factor had the inhumanity to say, "Let her alone; she has lived long enough already. Let her burn!"

Finally, as a fitting sequel to the above anecdote, we present our readers with what certainly is a curiosity of literature. One of the landlords of a district visited by the Commission, considering himself libelled by the delegates from his property in an exceptionally unprovoked and ungrateful manner, declined point-blank to give any guarantee whatever that he would not get rid of these tenants at the earliest day possible. As a result of this conduct—which may have been right or wrong—he received shortly afterwards the following unsigned letter, posted in his immediate neighbourhood:—

'Sir, I havee Noticed in the Papers that you are determined to Remove these Men that give Evidence to the Comission, well if you do, as sure as there is a God in Heaven, if you remove one of them there shall be Blood Shed for if I meet you night or day or anywhere that I get a Ball to Bare on you Curs your Bloody head if it does not Stand its chance. Thire is More than we intended to nail you. you are only a divel and it is him you will go to and the sooner the Bitter. and if you should leave the Island if it should be years to the time, you shall have it. O Curs your Bloody head. if you dont you divel, the curse of the poor & the amighty be on you and if he does not take you away you shall go. So you can persist or not if you chuse but be sure of this you shall go. I state No time but the first Convenience after there removal.'

These extracts, which we have selected almost at haphazard, will be enough to show the reader the character of the movement. He will see in the three last, the results of the agitation amongst the people; as he will in the two first, the methods of the agitators, and the tone and the principles assumed by them. The state of feeling developed amongst the people, it is needless to say, will remind him of the similar state which the Radical party, with so much sympathy, have seen developed in Ireland; whilst the language and the temper of the agitation he will at once recognize as identical with the language and the temper of Professor Thorold Rogers, and with the cynical imitation of it produced by Mr. Labouchere. He will see, in short, that the land agitation in the Highlands, no matter who were its immediate instigators, is, as was said by one of the delegates themselves, 'a local manifestation of a much wider question:' and that, in every essential characteristic and circumstance, it is simply an embodiment of the same Radicalism with which we are already so familiar both at Birmingham and at Westminster.

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In other words it is virtually a test case, selected by the Birmingham party, in their attack upon landlords and landlordism, and on the traditional governing classes. As such we are perfectly willing to accept it. The case has been heard at great length, and with the utmost care. We shall now point out to the reader the main results of the trial. They will be found full of instruction, not only about the immediate question, but about social and political problems of a yet wider and more permanent kind.

In the first place, then, we shall begin by observing once more, that whether the case of the Radicals be a good case or a bad case, they have, beyond all question, a case of some kind. In familiar language, they have a distinct something to go upon. They maintain, that the Highland people under the rule of the landlords have suffered in many places and many things, and have often suffered cruelly. There is no need to discuss details; one broad fact is sufficient. A considerable portion of the Highland population have, by one means or another, been forced to leave their homes; and a keen sense has been spreading itself amongst those who remain, that their hold on their native soil is more or less at the mercy of other causes than their own will to remain upon it. To a people passionately attached to their own valleys and mountains, to a people whose love of home is singularly strong and tender, such a sense of insecurity must naturally be a source of alarm; whilst those who have actually been forced into unwilling exile have, no doubt, experienced one of the most poignant sorrows which can fall to the lot of man. We neither question, nor do we care to conceal, that since the fall of the clan-system the history of the Highlands is full of records of suffering, and that of such suffering the proximate cause has been the landlords. This fact, so far as it goes, we admit as fully as do the Radicals; and our sense of compassion is touched by it quite as keenly as theirs.

Here, however, our ground of agreement ends. From the foregoing premisses we arrive at totally different conclusions, and to the complete correctness of these the Report before us affords the most singular and the most triumphant witness. The contention of the Radicals, with regard to the suffering we have spoken of, is that because the landlords have been the proximate cause of it, they are also the first cause; and that, with the disappearance of their power, the suffering would disappear also. We maintain, on the contrary, and the Report of the Commission proves, that the landlords have been the proximate cause only; that the first cause lies far behind and beyond them, in the permanent laws
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of Nature and the general progress of society; that, had the landlords never existed, their rôle would have been necessarily played by individuals in some other position, and probably played with far greater harshness; or, finally, supposing this rôle to have been played by nobody, that the suffering which would in that case have resulted would have been greater, out of all proportion, than the suffering saved.

The proof of this is as easy as it is important and significant. It divides itself naturally into two parts. The first is the examination and exposure of the means by which the Radical party have sought to fix the responsibility for the suffering in question on the landlords, as a special class of individuals. The second is the indication—in this case exceptionally simple—of the causes to which it is really due, in nature, in society, and in the average human character.

We shall begin with examining the principal statements on which the Radical case against the landlords rests. These will be found to resolve themselves into four. They are as follows.

In the first place, the Highland landlords have actually committed an historical robbery. They took advantage, at one period, of their position to acquire a property in the land to which they had no right whatever.

In the second place, the landlords, having acquired such a property in the land, have pushed the maxim, that it is lawful to do what one wills with one's own, to so cruel and so absurd an extremity, that they are actually engaged, and for a long time have been engaged, in turning the Highlands into one vast sporting-domain. Much, if not most, of the distress complained of, is due to the extension, past and present, of deer-forests.

In the third place, if we turn to the tenantry that are still allowed to remain, the landlords, for the sake of their own personal gain, endeavour to let their farm-land in as large holdings as possible, considering large tenants to be the most profitable. They confessedly regard with little favour the small tenants, who form necessarily the bulk of the population; indeed, could these small tenants be induced to quit the country altogether, the landlords would conceive themselves to be gainers. Such a wholesale eviction, however, is under present circumstances impracticable, the landlords therefore adopt the course that comes nearest to it. They are perpetually contracting the holdings of the smaller tenants, to make room for larger tenants, and are thus reducing the former to a state that is becoming intolerable.

Lastly,

Lastly, for a proof that the foregoing statements are true, they maintain that, we have only to compare the condition of the people before and after the introduction of the present land-system. In former times the Highlands had comparatively a dense population. With all the necessities of life this population was abundantly provided. They had animal food, bread, meal, fuel, and clothing in plenty; they had a secure hold on the soil; they were loyal, prosperous, and happy. Now their whole condition is changed. They suffer chronically from scanty food, sometimes from actual famine; and, little as they have, their wretchedness is augmented by a constant sense that they may be deprived of even that little. Further, they feel at the same time, that their wretchedness is not only a misfortune, but a wrong. They are poor, miserable, and disaffected.

We shall now take the above four statements in order, and show the reader, by the aid of the ample evidence at our disposal, what amount of truth there is in each of them.

As to the alleged robbery of the land committed by the Highland landlords, we may deal with that briefly; partly because the view of the agitator is very easily disposed of; and partly because, as the Commissioners observe, on the present occasion but little stress has been laid on it. As, however, it has been revived by Mr. Henry George, and is actually embodied in the title of an existing society of land-reformers, who declare that their aim is the '*restoration*' of the Highlands to their inhabitants, it is perhaps as well to say a few words in passing, about it. The theory then, of which we have recently heard so much, that the land of the Highlands was the property of the bulk of the population, until it was recently stolen from them by their rapacious and unprincipled chiefs,—this is a theory which has about as much relation to fact as the story of Romulus and his wolf, or of the Trojans landing at Totness, and will as little bear the test of historical criticism. The period to which we are referred, as the period when the Highland soil was owned by the Highland people, is a period which, beginning in the Middle Ages, is supposed by them to have lasted till the downfall of the clan system. Historical critics have examined that period carefully; and the results of their enquiries have been well summarized as follows in a paper lately read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. The writer, having touched upon the position of the chiefs and nobles, proceeded to deal with that of the bulk of the people generally. First, he says, came a limited class, 'holding their lands in absolute fee, but bound as the condition of their tenure to give personal service, and to pay certain

certain definite and elaborately regulated duties.' These, however, in the modern sense of the word, were not the 'people' proper.

'The highest class amongst the people,' says the writer, 'was a class of free or kindly tenants, *liberi et generosi*, who held portions of land for ten or twenty years, or for life, with remainder to one or two heirs . . . In many cases the landlord provided the stock and implements, and the rent was higher in proportion to the value of these steelbow goods, the rent of the land itself being probably a fixed quantity. With these ended the grades of free tenure, but below these came two grades very important to us as interesting historical types; first, the *agricolæ* or *rustici*, who held land from year to year on payment of a fixed rent, but were from the tenure of those servile lands themselves serfs; and second, another class of serfs by whose forced labour the chief cultivated his demesne, and who were in the strictest sense slaves.'

These were the ancestors of the crofters and cottars of recent times; and it is easy to see how little the popular agitator will strengthen his cause by really appealing to history; and how wildly by his fictitious appeals to it he distorts the real facts of the case. The passage just quoted refers to the Middle Ages; but, as will be seen presently, we shall have to change little more than names to make it applicable to any period up to the present century.

The Commissioners tell us, that the delegates who gave evidence before them placed their golden age for the most part after the fall of the clan system, about the middle of the last century, making it end with the beginning of the great clearance for sheep, which was completed some sixty years ago. As to both of these periods we have ample evidence before us; and the arguments of the delegates are equally blown to the winds by the evidence as to both. Let us take first the period just before the fall of the clan system. In an interesting communication, to which we shall again have occasion to refer, the Duke of Argyll has been enabled to lay before the Commissioners one of the most singular and significant documents that have yet been published, with regard to the history of the tenure of land in the Highlands. This is a detailed report, written in 1737 by Duncan Forbes of Culloden, on the island estates belonging to the Duke of Argyll, which he visited, in the capacity of agent, to effect a renewal of leases, and a readjustment of conditions and rents. This report, as the Duke justly observes, proves conclusively and beyond possibility of doubt, that that class,

'which has since been called crofters, had never possessed, by custom or otherwise, any right of possession, or any continuity of tenure,

tenure, but had been on the contrary simply sub-tenants, holding absolutely at the will of the various tacksmen, or leaseholders. . . . It is,' he adds, 'a signal illustration of the complete ignorance of facts upon which certain current popular imaginations are founded, in respect to the traditions of society in the Highlands before the old Celtic customs melted into the modern relations of landlord and tenant. Instead of clansmen being deprived, by that process, of any rights, or of any status which they had ever enjoyed, we see men who *had been absolutely dependent on petty chiefs*, raised to the condition of farmers, having a profession and business.'

The absolute truth of this will appear presently, when we quote, in another connection, certain portions of the report of Forbes of Culloden. Meanwhile we may observe how, up to the eve of the fall of the clan system, the social structure was virtually the same as that which prevailed during the Middle Ages. The class directly below the chief had come to be known by the name of tacksmen, a class still existing, equivalent to the *liberi et generosi*, who held land from the chief directly; but the bulk of the population was still, as they had been formerly, either serfs or slaves, some under the dominion of the chief, but most of them under that of the tacksmen. So much for the times previous to the fall of the clan system. Let us now turn to the times that immediately succeeded to it—to the golden age of the contemporary agitator. So far as the tenure of land is concerned, we see nothing but the self-same picture. It is to this period that the Commissioners gave their special attention; and their description of it is little more than a repetition of what, as to the period preceding it, was said by the Duke of Argyll.

'In some districts,' say the Commissioners, 'there have been from ancient date small tenants . . . paying rent direct to the proprietor. Such undoubtedly existed in considerable numbers in the latter half of the last century. . . . The larger proportion of the land in the Highlands and Islands was, however, held by tacksmen or leaseholders from the proprietor or chief, and the mass of the cultivators lived under their sway, as sub-tenants at will, paying rent in money, kind, and service. . . . Below the sub-tenants were the cottars, and below these the "scallag," or farm-labourer.'

Such evidence points its own moral; and as to the question of the historical ownership of the soil, enough has now been said to expose the true nature of the malignant or puerile theories which have been put forward on the subject by the agitator or the enthusiast.

Having satisfied ourselves, then, that the landlords have not stolen their land, but have very equitable and very legal right
to

to it, let us pass on to the further and the principal counts against them—not that the land is not their own, but, that being their own, they have made an intolerable or oppressive use of it.

This brings us immediately to the question of deer-forests—a question to which we give prominence, not because it is really the most important, but because it is most familiar to the general public, and also because the way in which it has been handled by the Radicals is a most luminous illustration of their normal method of procedure. That method is not the actual inversion of any order of grievances, or of any order of untoward incidents, but the caricaturing of the one and the multiplication of the other. The fabric is a fabric of falsehood, but it is always dyed in some weak infusion of truth. We can easily see how this holds good in the present case. The Radicals complain, that there is an immense area under deer in the Highlands. Its immensity is a scandal to them. They complain also, that this area is largely composed of land which is fit for agricultural purposes, and which once supported a prosperous population of crofters; and they say that it has been depopulated, not only with cruelty to the inhabitants, but to the loss of the community at large. Now every one of these statements, if duly qualified, is without doubt true. The area under deer in the Highlands, we fully admit, is immense. Certain parts of it are fit for cultivation; certain parts once supported a peasantry; peasants have been removed from such parts much against their will; and on the land now under deer, sheep might be pastured, which would find their way into the general market. It will be found, however, that as we qualify these statements into truth, in precisely the same proportion do we qualify them into insignificance; and that, before the Radicals can qualify them into political significance, they have first to qualify them into gigantic and preposterous falsehood.

Let us take, in the first place, the question of the area of land under deer. We have already quoted a statement made to the Commissioners on this subject, by a witness of the more respectable and least violent kind. He estimates this area as certainly more than 'four and a half million of imperial acres,' and he considers it himself probable that it approaches six millions. This, as we say, is the estimate of a moderate man; and, in taking it as typical, we are understating, not overstating, the idea on the question which the Radicals have diffused amongst the people. Confronted as they were with assertions of this kind, the Commissioners resolved to submit them to a rigorous and final test. They had a full catalogue made of all the forests in Scotland, together with a statement of the exact acreage of

each : * and the entire area, instead of being between four and a half and six million acres, was found to be by some thousand acres short of two million. Here we have a signal and excellent specimen of the kind of procedure we are characterizing. For every two acres under deer, the Radical takes his bill quickly and writes down four and a half, with a strong hint that it ought most probably to be six.

Let us next take the statement, so often and so indignantly repeated, that villages have been desolated, and the inhabitants driven into exile, in order that the area in question might be increased. As we have before said, cases of such a kind have occurred ; and if any moral blame on this account attaches to individuals, it is equally great, be the cases few or many, of old date or recent. But it is quite otherwise if we regard them in their political aspect, and ask if they justify agitation, or call for legislation. The whole question here depends on their date and on their frequency. Have they happened often, and are they likely to happen again ? These are the tests by which we must judge whether they are important or insignificant, and whether the stress laid on them is justifiable or factious. On this point the Commissioners report as follows. In the whole course of their enquiry, they say, they have found only one case clearly established, in which crofters had been removed for the purpose of adding to a forest,† and that case occurred some thirty years ago.

‘The existing deer-forests,’ they add, ‘which have been created for the most part within the last thirty years, have been, so far as made known to us, formed out of large farms by simply removing the sheep, and allowing the deer, of which there was generally a greater or less number among them, to fill up the ground so vacated.’

We shall now proceed to another quotation from the Report, which deals clearly and succinctly with another of the Radical common-places, namely that most of the land now cleared for deer might support a happy population of crofters, who must else seek refuge in exile :—

‘Those,’ say the Commissioners, ‘who pressed this theory most closely, brought forward in its support cases where land now under forest had been formerly occupied by crofters, and where crofters might again be located. It may, however, be fairly stated, that by far

* Appended to the Report is an excellent map, with all the deer-forests distinctly marked.

† The Commissioners add, that ‘other cases might be cited of the diminution of the crofting area for the same purpose ; and on further examination cases of the transfer of families might possibly be discovered.’ Such incidents, however, they consider to be not numerous enough to have had any appreciable effect in depopulating the country.

the larger portion of land devoted to deer is to be found at such altitudes, and consists so much of rock, heather, and moor, as to be unsuitable for crofters, except as sheilings or summer grazings for cattle and sheep. It is of course true, that there are few deer-forests where an occasional spot of hard green land might not be found which would be available for a crofter's residence and cultivation. But,' add the Commissioners, 'looking to the small proportion of arable to pasture land in such places, it may fairly be assumed that almost insuperable difficulties would be offered to the settlement of crofters in these deer-forests.'

We may add further, though the remark is sufficiently obvious, that even were the difficulties alluded to overcome, the number of crofters accommodated would, on the showing of the Commissioners, be insignificant.

Here then surely we have distortion enough, and distortion which has been checked and detected by the most impartial and circumstantial evidence. We have facts as to deer-forests, which are altogether exceptional, represented as typical, numerous, and of common occurrence; we have the area of these forests represented as more than double, or perhaps even treble, of what it really is. But the crowning instance is still to come.

'The objection to deer-forests,' say the Commissioners, 'which is most commonly urged, is one which affects not only the inhabitants of the Highlands, but the whole community. It is alleged that the deer-forests might be occupied by sheep-farmers, and that a great loss of mutton and wool to the nation might be avoided.'

The vehemence with which this objection is urged, may be gathered from the language of a witness from whom we have already quoted. That authority stated, as the reader will recollect, that the land desolated for deer comprised '*all the best grazing lands*' in the Highlands.

'Myriads of sheep,' he went on, 'and thousands of cattle, were sent to market in former years from lands which now produce nothing whatever: and the day is not probably far distant, if indeed it has not already arrived, when our hard-working population throughout Great Britain will pay heavily in the form of increased prices for meat, for the sport of the wealthy few, and the increased rents of landlords.'

This is the language, as we have remarked before, of a moderate friend to the agitation. By others the situation is painted in far more violent colours. Let us now see how such statements stand in relation to fact. Amongst all the witnesses adverse to deer forests who were examined, only one, say the Commissioners, could be found who would venture to reduce his rhetoric

rhetoric to figures, or give any definite estimate of the number of the sheep which he maintained were dispossessed by the deer. And the figures of this witness turned out to be of a singular character.

'In his examination,' say the Commissioners, 'it came out that he was calculating at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ sheep to the acre. Now it is beyond dispute,' they continue, 'that no hill land in the Highlands will graze sheep at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to the acre. We believe that on the best forest-land it takes about 4 acres to graze a sheep, and on the worst perhaps 8 acres; but both these are extremes, and over the greater portion of the land devoted to deer, we believe that the average number of acres required to graze a sheep cannot be less than 5 acres.'

Here, we see, is the same story repeated. Just as one witness more than doubles the area under dispute, another actually multiplies the number of sheep by six. The full extent of the exaggeration as to this last point is, however, not yet apparent. The number of sheep displaced by deer is represented as not only being great in itself, but as bearing so large a proportion to the aggregate meat-supply of the kingdom, as literally to threaten a disastrous diminution in the quantity of the meat, and a disastrous rise in the price of it—a rise pressing heavily on 'the hard-working population throughout Great Britain.' Let us now turn to the facts of the case, as stated in their entirety by the Commissioners. 'Exclusive,' they say, 'of all the beef grown at home, and all the beef and mutton imported, both dead and alive, from abroad, . . . the sheep in the United Kingdom amount to $27\frac{1}{2}$ millions.' If, however, they go on to remark, we examine carefully all the evidence on the subject, we shall find that 'the number of sheep which could be grazed on land now occupied by deer-forests, if these forests were fully stocked,' is not more than 395,000. They then remind us further that, 'sheep in the Highlands do not come into the market until they are three years old, and, making no allowance for losses, there would be an additional supply of about 132,000 if all the forests were fully stocked with sheep.' That is to say, every hundred families now dining off a leg of home-grown mutton, might in that event rejoice in the glorious largess of one-half leg extra, to be divided amongst the whole of them. Whilst if we turn from the quantity of meat to the price of it, and imagine for argument's sake that we have no meat but mutton, and that there is no mutton whatever imported into this country from abroad, the rise in price per pound occasioned by the existence of deer-forests would be so infinitesimal, that it would hardly be expressed by the fifth part of the smallest coin in existence.

Such

Such then is the analysis of the notorious charge against landlords as the owners of deer-forests ; such are the statements by which the Radical party support it. Clearly thus far the case of the agitator is virtually a tissue of falsehoods of the most grotesque and the most profligate kind, and will be found to deserve neither the least sympathy nor concession. We now, however, pass on to a point, as to which our language will be somewhat different. We pass on to the charges which, though less widely known to the general public, formed the bulk of the complaints made before the Commissioners, that the landlords have been systematically treating their smaller tenants—that is to say, the great bulk of the population—in such a way as to make their position intolerable. This policy, it is alleged, has had its origin in the belief that large tenants are more lucrative than small ones ; and the former have therefore been sacrificed to make room for the latter. Now here, no doubt, we have statements that are very like truth. ‘The crofter of the present time,’ say the Commissioners, ‘has through past evictions been confined within narrow limits, sometimes on inferior and exhausted soil.’ His arable area, they say, was in former times sufficiently large to permit of ‘cultivation being suspended, and the productive properties of the soil being, in consequence, to some extent preserved.’ This is his case no longer. He has, moreover, ‘smaller freedom in regard to the natural produce of the river and the moor ;’ and he is able to pasture fewer cattle on ‘the vast unappropriated waste.’ All this we are fully prepared to admit. We have here the undoubted results of past clearances and evictions—of the systematic policy pursued by the Highland landlords ; and in addition to these results, we admit, with equal readiness, that the clearances and evictions at the time must have occasioned much poignant misery, and have darkened many lives. Thus far we are entirely at one with the Radical ; and so far as the above points are concerned, even if he exaggerates them, he does not materially distort them. What he does distort, and that in the wildest and most unscrupulous way, is, not the events, but the practical inference to be drawn from them. His inference, as we have observed already, is neither more nor less than this—that the landlords, who have been the immediate agents in the above proceedings, have shown themselves as a class at once so odious and incapable, that it is necessary for the law to cripple their present legal powers, and for public opinion to degrade them from their present social position. He may not perhaps desire to rob them as individuals : but all his efforts are bent on overthrowing them as an aristocracy.

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Now on the general question, as to whether such an overthrow would be desirable, we need not enter here. All we are at present concerned to show is, that no grounds whatever for concluding that it would be so, are to be found in the conduct of the landed aristocracy in the Highlands. And the demonstration of this is simple. The Radical case here depends entirely, not on the inversion of one order of facts, but on the total suppression of others. The suppressed facts are exceptionally easy to indicate. Some are notorious as matters of history; the rest are evident as matters of common-sense: and, broadly stated, they are as follows. In the first place, though much suffering may have been inflicted on the Highland population by the policy of the landlords during the past hundred years, yet, had it not been for that policy, of which the suffering was a necessary accident, it is absolutely certain that the Highlands would be desolated now by sufferings of a different but of a far intenser kind. The remedy may have been painful and imperfect, but the disease was more painful still; and if the remedy crippled the patient, the disease certainly would have killed him.

In the second place, to continue the last metaphor for a moment, the remedy, such as it was, was the best that the surgical knowledge of the time could supply; and the landlords as a body are as little to blame for its painfulness, as Galen is to be blamed for not having used chloroform. We mean, in other words, that the past action of the Highland landlords, whatever faults we may now detect in its ultimate economic tendency, yet reflected the best economic knowledge available at the period; and whatever incidents of harshness or barbarity may have marked it, these incidents reflected, not the exceptional cruelty of a class, but the general temper of a time that was harder and less squeamish than ours. Or, to put the whole matter more simply still, had no economic change taken place in the Highlands equivalent to that effected by the landlords, the present condition of the Highlands would be far worse than it is. Any change of the kind required must inevitably have involved a large amount of personal suffering. If from faulty moral or faulty economic management suffering was caused in excess of what was inevitable, the fault is to be attributed, not to the landlords, but to the character of the period; and had the change in question been committed to the State, the State would have been equally faulty in its policy, and probably far harsher in the conduct of it. We purpose briefly to substantiate these points, and then to indicate the true moral to be drawn from the existing situation.

To estimate the condition in which the Highlands would be at present, had it not been for the free exercise of the landlords of their proprietary rights, it is only necessary, as we have said before, to refer to notorious facts of history. We will deal first with the great clearings for sheep. The hardships they inflicted on the population we have already admitted; let us suppose, however, that they had never taken place, and ask ourselves what would, in that case, have been the result. The answer is self-evident. It is known to everybody that, previous to the period of the clearings, the number of sheep in the Highlands was comparatively infinitesimal; and that the live-stock of all kinds did little more than suffice, directly or indirectly, to supply the population with the rudest necessities of existence. Such part of it as was sold, was sold mainly for the purpose of defraying the cost of imported grain; for 'at no time we know of,' as the Commissioners say, 'was the cereal production of the Highlands, as a whole, equivalent to the consumption of the inhabitants.' Vast tracts of pasturage, which are now stocked with all the sheep they can carry, were formerly not only waste land, but wasted; and the period of the clearings exactly synchronized with a period at which such a waste would have been felt throughout the kingdom. The population of Great Britain was increasing with unheard-of rapidity; the foreign meat-supplies, on which we now depend so largely, were unknown; and the utilization of the Highland pastures became a matter of material importance. In fact, in meeting the Radicals on this question, we have nothing to do but to answer them out of their own mouths. They maintain that at the present moment, with the meat-markets of the world open to us, the loss of the sheep that might be pastured in the Highland deer-forests is a serious national calamity, and a burning national wrong. And yet of the Highland pastures the deer-forests are not only a small part, but the worst part. What then would such men have not been compelled to say, had the best part and the largest part been closed to the sheep-farmers equally, and that at a time when the nation was dependent on its home produce? Let us suppose, for a moment, the policy of the landlords to have been inverted. Let us suppose that a sense of quasi-feudal aggrandizement had prompted them to retain their tenantry on their old holdings, and to resist every offer which the large sheep-farmers made. The Radicals would have denounced them for doing the very thing which they now denounce them for not doing. They would have denounced them with equal bitterness, and with far more plausibility. For it is a mistake to suppose that the landlords were morally
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the initiators of the clearings. It was admitted the other day by an enthusiastic advocate of the crofters, that the real initiators were the large farmers, who virtually put their case to the landlords in this way: 'You clear the farms for us, and we will treble your rents.'* The large sheep-farmers, however, were mere caterers for the public, and interpreters of a public want; and what the clearings really represent, is not the capricious cupidity or the capricious cruelty of a class, but the natural pressure of a national economic necessity.

We may add further that, viewed in this light, the development of the deer-forests appears as an equally natural incident. As foreign markets became open to us for meat and wool, and as the price of the home-produce and the necessity for home-production diminished, the worst pastures in the Highlands began to appear as deer-forests, like rocks emerging into islands as the tide sinks away from them.

With regard to the attempt made to embitter public feeling against the landlords by exaggerating, or even describing, the suffering incidental to the clearances, we shall have a word to say presently. We must first point to the sufferings from which the people were emancipated in the course of those clearances, and by the very landlords who were the authors of them. The picture drawn by the contemporary agitators of the condition of the people before the period of the oppression, represents a state of society in which there was no suffering at all. The conception instilled into the present generation of the peasantry of how their forefathers fared a hundred years ago, appears, say the Commissioners, to be composed of the following elements:—

'A large extent of arable and pasture land held by prosperous tenants in townships, paying a moderate rent to the proprietor; a sufficiency of grain, grown, ground, and consumed in the country, in some places with an overplus available for exportation; cattle in numbers adequate to afford milk in abundance and young stock for sale; horses for various purposes of rural labour; sheep which yielded wool for home-spun and home-woven clothing of a substantial quality, and an occasional supply of animal food; fish of all kinds freely taken from the river and the sea. The population thus happily provided with the simple necessities of rustic life are represented as contented with their lot, deeply attached to their homes, but ready to devote their lives to the service of the Crown and the defence of their

* 'In the year 1786 triple rent was offered for that district [Glenskiel] by sheep-farmers (it being then out of lease), which the proprietor refused, declaring that he would never prefer sheep to men. At the same time he let the lands to old inhabitants (who were not over fond of sheep) on their paying a pretty moderate augmentation.'—*Old Stat. Account*, vol. vii. p. 128.

country. Of the terms under which the smaller tenants held their possessions no definite account is presented; but it is assumed that they were entitled to security of tenure, subject to rent and services.'

This picture drawn by the modern agitator is here reproduced by the Commissioners in somewhat subdued colours; but even if we take it in all its original garishness, abundant evidence might be advanced in support of its truth. But this evidence, though abundant, is partial; and there is evidence in still greater abundance of a precisely opposite kind. In studying the accounts of the Highlands given by former travellers and observers, we come across many descriptions of plenty, prosperity, and content, amongst the peasantry; but we come across many more, of penury, of hard living, of oppression, and of virtual slavery. Here, for instance, is a short specimen of each. 'The people,' we read in an account of the period referred to, 'are sufficiently economical, yet extremely hospitable and well-disposed. They enjoy the comforts and advantages of society, as much as an inland country and a severe climate will admit of.' Let us now compare the foregoing with this. 'The situation . . . in 1782 and 1783 was truly distressing. Had it not been for Government bounty, and Sir James Grant's large supplies from distant countries, the poorer class of people would have perished.' It may perhaps be thought that between evidence of such an opposite kind there must be some discrepancy. There is none whatever. The two sentences we have just quoted are taken from the very same paragraph of 'An Old Statistical Account; ' they refer to the same parish; and they follow each other in the exact order in which we have quoted them.

We have here the obvious key to the whole situation. In the reputed golden age of the Highland peasantry, as in every other age whether reputed golden or otherwise, there were very bright spots, and there were very dark spots; and the question is not whether the bright spots existed, but how far they were representative, and how far they were exceptional. To this question there can be only one answer, and that the Commissioners have not been afraid to give. They bluntly declare that the descriptions of idyllic plenty and contentment were 'a faithful likeness of no phase of popular life that ever existed in the northern parts of Scotland, except in fortunate localities and in favourable seasons. That they contain some of the lineaments of truth must,' they add, 'be admitted; but it is a view drawn without a shadow, and offers in many respects a striking deviation from the dark realities portrayed in the narratives of contemporary observers.' The point, however, that

that is most important to be noted, is not that the unprosperous localities outnumbered the prosperous, but that the evils, which appear in so marked a way in the former, were equally present, if not equally active, in the latter. Here, for instance, is a description of Edrachyllis, in Sutherland, as it was towards the close of the agitators' golden age:—

'Notwithstanding the ruggedness of the ground and the wild appearance of the country, scarce any place affords a more commodious habitation to poor people, if any such there be in it. For upon a farm of 20s., and sometimes only 10s., many families want none of the necessaries of life, having fish and some flesh, wool and clothing, milk, butter, and cheese, all the fruits of their own industry and the produce of their farms. Their fuel they have also good and on easy terms.'

The above is taken from the 'Old Statistical Account,' and nothing certainly would harmonize more completely with the picture drawn by the agitator. Let us, however, proceed with the 'Account' but a few pages further, and we shall come across this:

'Lord Reay exacts no services for his own particular behoof from the people of the parish of Edrachyllis, which lies at a great distance from his own seat at Tongue; yet that is not the case with respect to the tacksmen. They parcel out amongst poor people or under-tenants such farms and outskirts of their possessions as they do not labour for their own immediate behoof, upon condition of their paying the full rent of their different small holdings, and some other small items. Besides these, the sub-tenant engages to perform such and such services by sea and land as the master's affairs may require; especially in harvest and spring, they must be ready at a call to do what work may be assigned to them; and as they have no lease for their possession, the master's orders cannot be disputed, but at the risk of being turned out at the term, when, with the character of being refractory, no other tackman will be ready to receive them, and they must be set adrift, which is a dreadful situation to a poor man with a wife and family.'

It is hard to conceive a more instructive comparison than that which we submit to the reader between the two foregoing paragraphs; and any one, who examines the order of facts recorded in them, will find that, whilst the plenty described in the former is exceptional, the evils described in the latter were all but universal. A small minority of the population held direct from the great proprietors; but by far the larger part of them were in a state of bondage to the tacksmen,* 'almost equal,'

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* The people of Harris are amongst those who, according to the 'Old Statistical Account,' were most prosperous; and the tacksmen are noted as being at that time benevolent men. But it is observed at the same time that their tenants paid heavier

as the 'Old Statistical Account' says, 'to that of the negroes in the West Indies;' or, as the Duke of Argyll puts it, 'instead of being "clansmen," with rights and a status,' of which their descendants have been deprived, they 'were men absolutely dependent on petty chiefs.' Evidence of this fact, as the Commissioners say, 'might be indefinitely multiplied, but without material advantage.' We shall however quote from one further authority, to which we have already alluded—the Report submitted by Duncan Forbes of Culloden to John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, in the year 1737, on the condition of the Duke's estates in Mull, Coll, and Tyree. Our space allows us to make brief extracts only from this most interesting and instructive document, but for our immediate purpose these extracts will be enough.

'After my arrival in Mull,' writes Culloden, 'I called the tenants of that island and of Morvern before me, and acquainted them with your Grace's favourable intentions of delivering them from the tyranny of the taxmen . . . by giving them a sort of property in their grounds for nineteen years by leases, if they showed themselves worthy of the intended favour by offering frankly for their farms such rent as honestly and fairly they could bear.*. . . The rents of the small tenants were already stretched by the taxmen as high as they could well bear . . . [in addition to] the oppression of services. . . .

'From Arros in Mull we set sail in the morning, and arrived in Tirry before sunset. The people we found more wretchedly poor

heavier rents than did those who held direct from the proprietor, and that they were removable at pleasure. It is further stated that 'the cattle of these tenants, miserably fed throughout the year, and often dying through mere want in the spring season, are neither marketable, nor yield much milk; besides, their crops are commonly insufficient to support their families for half the year.' 'It will,' says the 'Account,' 'perhaps excite the wonder of posterity to know, that the whole landed possession of the three extensive regions herein described as Harris, was, down to the year 1792, excepting four small tenant farmers holding immediately under the proprietor, in the hands of eight gentlemen farmers, on whom all the other inhabitants depend.'

* Culloden's Report contains a most curious account, which we cannot reproduce here, of a kind of land-league formed by the tacksmen, and headed by a minister, for the purpose of preventing the small tenants accepting the Duke's leases. 'The late taxmen and their friends the gentlemen who possess at easy rents, were with reason apprehensive that if the little tenants bid the value of their possessions, their own must be considerably increased. They therefore found means to persuade these poor people, who to tell truth are in miserable circumstances, that if they stood out unanimously they might have their farms for what they would. . . . and that if any of them did presume to offer the full rent, he would be overbid by some of the gentlemen, who would be preferred to him, and be consequently driven from his possession into misery and starvation. [Accordingly] every creature, from the highest to the lowest, seemed to undervalue the leases proposed, and severall declared themselves more willing to pay a high rent without than with a lease.' This land-league was ultimately completely broken down by Culloden, and that by the mildest means.

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there than in Mull, as they had been more unmercifully ground by their exactors. . . .

'Directions were given for receiving offers for the remaining sixth [of Coll], which for the greater part is at present waste. The unmerciful exaction of the late taxman is the cause of those lands being waste, which had it continued but for a very few years longer would have entirely unpeopled the island. They speak of above one hundred familys that have been reduced to beggary and driven out of the island within these last seven years.'

Comment on this evidence is almost needless. He that runs may read the moral it points to. It shows us, as the Duke of Argyll truly says, that any minute study of the history of Highland land-tenure is sufficient to discredit completely the conception of it which is at present popular. It shows us that, whatever may be the state of the people now, it is as a whole incomparably better than it was formerly; and that this amelioration has been due, and due only, to that very power of the landlords which, according to the modern agitator, has been the ruin of the district in former times, and which even calls for retribution on those who at present inherit it.

In taking this view of the Highland landlords, we are not claiming for them, as a body, any special praise. Some of them may have been good men, some bad men, some benevolent, some hard or careless; and we believe most of them to have followed what they conceived to be their own interests. We believe in fact that, taking them as a body, they acted, in their positions, with the same integrity, and with the same mixture of motives, that any other body of responsible and educated men would have done in theirs. But we certainly do claim that, in acting thus, they were performing on the whole a necessary and beneficent work; that they were the actual interpreters, and the only possible interpreters, of the economic wants and the public demands of the time; and that, if their policy abounds in errors, it does so only because it reflects too faithfully the public errors and the natural shortsightedness of the time.

We have already alluded to the alleged acts of barbarity on the part of the landlords, by constant dwelling on which the leaders of the present movement have been attempting to inflame the passions of the people. We have a few words to say upon this subject. The alleged acts in question have all of them one character. They are incidents of the great policy of estate-clearing—of the moving or the removing of the population; and that many such may have occurred in times past we think more than likely. But just as the policy of the landlords

landlords reflected the needs and the knowledge of those times, so did their methods reflect the temper of those times; and that temper, as the Commissioners bid us observe, 'was rough and stern;' and if we turn to the State—the only other power by which an economic change could have been effected—the memorable clearing which the State made in Glencoe does not lead us to think that in point of humanity its conduct would have compared favourably with that of the private landlords. What, however, is more to the present point is this. Let us think of the landlords' cruelties in what way we will, they are, at the worst, blots on a past epoch. They are certainly not things of the present, nor can any landlord now living be taxed with them. It is, however, one of the worst features of the present agitation, that it has been sought to fasten on men now living the stigma of a charge which, if true against any one, is true only against men long dead. As an instance of this, we may refer the reader to an assertion we have already quoted, made by one of the crofters' delegates to a large meeting at Fraserburgh. 'He had seen houses burnt down,' he said, 'and their inhabitants turned out;' and in one case, when an old sick woman was being carried out of doors before her house was set on fire, the factor, he declared, had exclaimed, 'Let her alone—she has lived long enough already. Let her burn.' The factor of the estate on which this delegate had lived all his life at once wrote to him, asking him for the dates of the occurrences he alluded to, and the name of the factor mentioned. The delegate, thus cross-questioned, was fairly caught in a trap, and was obliged to admit that, as a narration of his own experience, what he had said was a pure invention; that no such occurrences had ever been witnessed by himself; that he knew of none such having ever occurred during his lifetime; and that his only authority for them was a book by a certain agitator, in which they were recorded as having happened more than sixty years ago.

We dwell upon this incident, not so much because of its own importance, as because it illustrates in a remarkable manner one of the main lessons which the land agitation in the Highlands must teach every candid observer with regard to modern agitation generally. The broad facts of the case, as they are really, and as they are represented by the agitator, we have now submitted to the reader; and we would first of all note how they show us in strong relief the main artifice of contemporary Radicalism. That artifice is to fix on one class of individuals faults which were not their faults either as individuals or as members of a class, but which were either the harsh necessities of nature,

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or which belonged to their period, and to the whole mass of their contemporaries; and, having done this, to represent the descendants of that class as wilfully repeating these long obsolete faults, or at least inheriting the odium falsely supposed to be deserved by them, when in reality such descendants are as fully alive as any one to whatever errors may have defaced the policy of their predecessors, and are very certainly as little likely to repeat them. The more we study this method of procedure, the more deeply do we become impressed with its malignant and profligate falsehood; and the more clearly do we see how hollow are the claims of those who practise it, to be regarded as either in fact or in feeling the true friends of the people. This lesson, however, is merely a negative one; and it is not our intention to dismiss our present subject, having extracted nothing more from it than a piece of polemical criticism. If it conveys to us one lesson with regard to the agitators, it may convey two of a very important kind to ourselves, and we propose to conclude our article with a brief indication of these.

In the first place, then, it brings home to us very forcibly a truth which we are sometimes too apt to forget—that even in the questions which are most misrepresented by the agitators, there are certain points in which they are right. This is specially true of their readings of past history, and the catalogue of the sufferings which in former periods have been undergone by one class at the hands of the other. But an examination of the Highland land-question further teaches us this—that though the sufferings which the Radicals delight to *exploiter* may have been true, the way in which they would have us regard them is mischievous, and is utterly false. The age is answerable for them, not the class who were their immediate and apparent authors; personal blame or indignation is wholly beside the mark; and as the diorama passes before us of the roofless cottage, the little croft absorbed, and the crofter's family exiled, we must regard the sorrow and the suffering thus presented to us with as little passion as would be raised in us by the devastations of a flood, of an earthquake, or of a fire.

This may seem to some a cynical conclusion to arrive at, and not only cynical but completely barren. Those who think thus are very much mistaken, for the above conclusion points to another, pregnant with suggestion and encouragement. If no one is foolish enough to be indignant with a fire, no one is inhuman enough not to compassionate its victims, and not to be anxious, should such a thing be possible, to repair its ravages, and to prevent its recurrence; and if, as in the case of the Fire
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of London, it proves eventually to have done more good than harm, we shall be none the less anxious, whilst endeavouring to secure the good, to secure it if possible by different and less disastrous means. Applying these reflections to the past history of the Highlands, the view that we arrive at is as follows. That district and its inhabitants have passed through an economic revolution, demanded by the nation at large, and necessary for the Highlands in particular; but that revolution, though necessary and in the main beneficial, is marked not only by the suffering inevitable in nearly all transitions, but also by suffering which was the result partly of ignorance which exists no longer, and partly of circumstances which exist no longer: and just as suffering of the former kind is past and irremediable, so the suffering of the latter kind is present and is remediable.

The main grievance in the Highlands of to-day, indeed the only grievance that is genuine and of any importance, is the undue restriction of the areas allotted to the crofter population. In some cases rents are complained of as excessive, occasionally perhaps with justice: but the great complaint, as the Commissioners bear witness, is that the holdings are more and more restricted; and there seems to be a feeling widely prevalent amongst the people that they would willingly pay somewhat more for their land per acre, if only they were granted more acres of land to pay for. We ourselves consider that this demand of the Highland population, when stripped of the myths and the passions which have been employed to disguise and to degrade it, embodies a need of the time, as genuine, and not so painful, as was embodied in the demands of the large sheep-farmers towards the close of the last century. We have defended, on the whole, the clearing of the Highland estates. On precisely the same principle we now advocate a moderate re-peopling of them:—not, be it understood, that we desire to see a pauper population multiplied; we desire rather to see the present population restored to a larger area. We desire this change, and we consider the demand for it to be justified, on the following grounds. Of two chief sources from which it was thought formerly that the crofting population might derive a subsistence—we mean fishing and the kelp-trade, the former has by no means fully answered expectations, and the latter has collapsed altogether; ‘whilst,’ to quote the words of one of the Commissioners, ‘as regards the larger class of sheep-farms, natural economic laws are already lowering their value, and the old wool-rents are gone, probably never to return.’ We are pleased to know that we are supported in this view, not only by the Toryism of such landlords as Lochiel, but by the sober

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Liberalism of the Duke of Argyll also. As to the steps by which the desired consummation is to be reached, there are many and various opinions. One scheme is suggested by the Commissioners, but even they themselves are not unanimous in their approval of it; and it seems to ourselves to be open to the gravest objections. We have however purposely avoided touching on this aspect of the question. Our aim has been not to discuss means, but ends, and to indicate the temper in which the consideration of these ends should be approached. Our general conclusion is, that without delay or apathy, though without haste or foolish enthusiasm, the policy that prevailed during the last century ought to be in great measure reversed; and we have hope that if this reversal is wisely accomplished, the population of the Highlands, whose condition as a whole has greatly improved during that period, may not only be confirmed in the possession of that improvement, but may be also repaid part at least of the price which at first they had necessarily to pay for it.

Having said thus much, we cannot do better than conclude by citing the following words of one of the best-known Conservative landlords in the Highlands: we mean Lochiel. He, in a Memorandum appended to the Report of the Commissioners, emphatically declares that if such a course as that above indicated were to be adopted, the landlords would profit no less than their tenantry, and that, though their rents for the moment might be slightly lowered, they would be rendered far more secure.

‘By establishing in the land,’ he continues, ‘a set of small tenants passionately attached to the land of their birth, the landlord will be, so far as human foresight can predict, for ever relieved from the incubus of farms unlet and the nightmare of unjust valuations, which threaten, and never more so than at the present time, to involve him and his estate in a common ruin. Nor could it fail to afford him the luxury of a well-justified satisfaction, when he sees the poverty and lethargy of the present race of crofters transformed into a condition of hopefulness and comparative comfort. . . . He would see rising up around him a new class of tenantry, whose industry and patient labour gave promise not only of improving their own condition and adding strength and stability to the country, but of rousing their neighbours from the torpor into which the absence of all encouragement to improvement, fostered by the inherent peculiarities of the Celtic race, has for many generations plunged them.’

- ART. V.—1. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Edited by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, LL.D., F.R.S. New Edition. London, 1876.
2. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. A Reprint of the First Edition. Edited, with New Notes, by Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. London, 1874.
3. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. With Notes and Appendices. By Alexander Napier, M.A. London, 1884.
4. *Samuel Johnson*. By Leslie Stephen. 'English Men of Letters.' London, 1882.
5. *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*. By Samuel Johnson. Being a Facsimile Reproduction of the First Edition, published in 1759. With an Introduction by Dr. James Macaulay. London, 1884.

THE centenary of Samuel Johnson's death is no unimportant landmark in the history of English literature. No man of his generation stood out with such conspicuous eminence during his lifetime in the world of letters. He was undisputed dictator far beyond his own circle: within that circle his powerful personality gave him the force of a giant amongst a group of singularly gifted men. But any fairly intelligent and well-informed man, had he attempted in December 1784 to anticipate the verdict of posterity, might have felt himself justified in predicting but a small future for Johnson's fame. Force of character had, indeed, made him great amongst those who knew him personally. But Johnson, from constitutional indolence, had, for many years, too much confined himself to this sort of influence, deliberately acting, as he says himself, like a physician who retires from a large city practice to the narrow sphere of a country town. No record, it might well be supposed, could convey to future generations the impressions which actual contact produced. To all outward appearance his life had been singularly uneventful. He had taken no conspicuous part in public affairs. His literary work was not voluminous, and part of it at least might seem to have died a natural death before the close of his own life. His work as a lexicographer was certain to be soon overlaid by the results of more accurate scholarship. His essays belonged to a species of literature whose popularity was already a thing of the past. 'The Lives of the Poets,' indeed, contained much that was certain not to die; but it might have been doubted whether their brilliancy and penetration would keep alive a series of biographies of which the subjects were, in some cases, already obscure, and which were marred at times by prejudice, or

by an almost ostentatious indifference to minute or careful investigation. The didactic poems were, indeed, read and admired; but a few hundred lines were not, it might reasonably be judged, a very broad foundation for future fame. Johnson's early dramatic attempt, in 'Irene,'* was already dead and buried. A few years, then, our prophetic critic might well have believed, will see the entire oblivion of a personality which we, his contemporaries, have naturally been disposed to exaggerate.

Signs are not wanting that this was the verdict of not a few at the time of Johnson's death. Those who had known him hastened to put on record their reminiscences, as though they feared that the impression of his force would soon pass away. Other literary tastes were rising than those with which Johnson is identified. New lines of interest were being opened up. Social and political questions were obtrusively invading the domain of literature. To all appearance the day was past when Johnson would be regarded as a force of the first magnitude in the world of letters or of thought.

This, we say, might have been the judgment of no dull or ignorant man, but of one who based his opinion upon fairly solid grounds. It teaches us how little such judgments are to be trusted, if we look at the actual fact. Whatever may be the reason, it is unquestionably true that Johnson's influence is not only an enduring one, but is probably stronger now than it has ever been since his death. We have drifted far past the point in the stream where he had fixed his moorings. Opinions which he defended stoutly seem to have become almost impossible. Those landmarks of society to which he attached supreme importance are uprooted. New standards of criticism have been established, many of which would have provoked his contemptuous indignation. All this is true; and yet the authority of Johnson, his manner of viewing certain social and literary questions which must always retain their interest, the trenchant judgments which he made impressive by his manner of delivering and enforcing them, his mental attitude even when defending theories which would nowadays command little assent,—all these remain with us as fresh and vigorous as ever. It would almost seem as if, in an age like our own, which can boast of

* Johnson retained a certain interest in his early dramatic attempt, but he had none of an author's proverbial partiality for it. By a sort of whimsical paradox he once maintained that a passage in Congreve's 'Mourning Bride' was better than anything in Shakspeare. But he was under no such misapprehension as to 'Irene.' A gentleman named Pot was reported to Johnson as having said that it 'was the finest tragedy of modern times.' 'If Pot says so, Pot lies,' said Johnson, and 'relapsed into his reverie.' (Letter from Sir Walter Scott in Croker's Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 32.)

little independent judgment, and is so easily swayed by the caprices of superficial fashion in thought as well as in literature, we were attracted by the very sense of our own weakness to the manly and vigorous independence which, even in his prejudices, never deserted Johnson.

We have no wish to attempt another of the many pictures of Johnson and his circle, copied in miniature from the pages of Boswell. The most captious critic cannot complain of the manner in which Mr. Leslie Stephen has done this for the reader too engrossed to afford himself time for the longer study, while he has also added an estimate of Johnson's character which will be prized by readers of a very different class. His essay on Johnson's literary position is a piece of the most delicate workmanship; and he has contrived, as only a true literary instinct would enable him to do, to enter into and appreciate even those points in Johnson's character and opinion with which he would naturally find himself most out of sympathy. But each new page in our history affords some new illustration of the manner in which Johnson has affected posterity: and the hundredth anniversary of his death seems to offer a fitting occasion for estimating once more what it is he represents in the spirit of the eighteenth century, and of what he is typical to our own age.

The biographical interest which centres round Johnson is so great, that it seems in danger of overshadowing unduly the literary reputation which belongs to him. Those chance utterances in conversation, for which he anticipated nothing but oblivion, have been preserved for us as a literary legacy, greater perhaps in value than any of Johnson's own written books. But the sweeping verdict of condemnation and oblivion often passed upon the latter, is as much due to the carelessness which finds its intellectual food in the freshest productions of the circulating library, as to a deliberate distaste for Johnson's work. That Johnson's immortality is due only to Boswell, is one of those often-repeated maxims which those who utter them seldom take the trouble to test. We believe that, in spite of all his defects, Johnson will find readers and admirers amongst the best of each generation, as long as the English language lasts. We may dismiss 'London' and the 'Vanity of Human Wishes' as turgid in expression, laboured in imagery, and too artificial to be ranked as poetry: it is well, however, to remember that Johnson's poetry found earnest admirers in Pope and in Byron, and that Scott 'found more pleasure in reading "London," and "The Vanity of Human Wishes," than any other poetical composition he could mention.' Before we consign the 'Rambler' and the

the 'Idler' to oblivion, it might not be amiss to trace the effect of some of these essays on minds whose whole cast was different from that of Johnson, and to ascertain how much of the shrewd wisdom and humour of more modern imitators has had its origin in their suggestions. The veriest tyro in criticism will point out the defects of 'Rasselas' in construction, the absurdities of some of its descriptions, and the absence of all natural character and incident. But such strictures leave untouched all that for which the book is really valuable,—the calmness of its wisdom, its language always dignified and often simple in its strength, and, above all, the skill with which the aim of the book is pursued, never deviating from one vein of thought throughout. We have learned to sneer at the criticisms in the 'Lives of the Poets,' and a few modern schools are content to regard some of the 'Lives' as too outrageous to require to be met by deliberate argument. But it would be well at the same time to remember that not one of Johnson's criticisms in those 'Lives' has failed to exercise a distinct and appreciable effect on the reputation of its subject. We may dispute his conclusions; we may detect him in inaccuracy; we may see the influence of prejudice in his judgments. But no man, attempting a fair estimate of the genius of Cowley, of Milton, of Dryden, or of Swift, can afford to ignore the verdict given on each by Johnson in the 'Lives of the Poets.' Of how many contemporary works of criticism will the same thing be said a hundred years hence?

Those who are most decided in the condemnation of Johnson's literary work, generally rest their judgment chiefly upon the faults of a style which is not so much that of Johnson, as the popular conception of the manner in which he wrote. Let us make all the concessions that truth demands. Let us admit that Johnson's words are often sesquipedalian; that he inverts the order of words usual in English, and substitutes for it an order which is more commonly identified with Latin; that, indeed, to use Goldsmith's words, 'he makes his little fishes talk like whales.' All this, we are quite ready to grant, may be found in certain phases of Johnson's style. But let us not commit the mistake of thinking that Johnson erred, if he did err, from the dulness of pedantry that uses an inflated style because it deems it more dignified, and is unconscious of the strength of a concise, simple, and what is called a Saxon, style. Johnson deliberately chose what we call the inverted order, because he deemed it more logical. He used Latin words because he held that the genius of our language was classical, and because he felt that for all to whom literary expression did not come by nature and
genius,

genius, the Latin style was the safest and the least liable to the abuse of affectation. For ourselves we think that the adoption of that style, which marks all the middle period of Johnson's life, is to be regretted—not because the example was a bad one, but because Johnson was one of those very few men by whom the gift of literary expression was possessed in its highest form. Let us go to his last, and perhaps his greatest work, the 'Lives of the Poets,' where he wrote with the careless ease of a man whose word was law, and whose reputation had nothing either to gain or lose. Let us take at random a few of the sentences there to be found on every page, which might serve as models of terseness and perspicuity. 'Wit is that which he that has never found it wonders how he missed.' 'Hope is always liberal: they that trust her promises make little scruple of revelling to-day on the profits of the morrow.' 'Pointed axioms and acute replies fly loose about the world, and are assigned successively to those whom it may be the fashion to celebrate.' 'Waller praised some whom he would have been afraid to marry, and married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise.' Or take one only of those passages which linger in our memory, and to which he who has once learned to prize them turns back again and again, when the ear is jaded with the tiresome slipshod affectations into which our morbid dread of pedantry is apt now to lead us. It is the totally irrelevant passage with which he fills up, in a manner which few will regret, a Life of Edmund Smith on which he did not care to bestow much labour of investigation :

'Of Gilbert Walmale, thus presented to my mind, let me indulge myself in the remembrance. I knew him very early; he was one of the first friends that literature procured me, and I hope that at least my gratitude made me worthy of his notice.

'He was of an advanced age, and I was only yet a boy; yet he never received my notions with contempt. He was a Whig, with all the virulence and malevolence of his party; yet difference of opinion did not keep us apart. I honoured him, and he endured me.

'He had mingled with the gay world without exemption from its vices or its follies, but had never neglected the cultivation of his mind; his belief of revelation was unshaken; his learning preserved his principles; he grew first regular, and then pious.

'His studies had been so various, that I am not able to name a man of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with books was great; and what he did not immediately know he could at least tell where to find. Such was his amplitude of learning and such his copiousness of communication, that it may be doubted whether a day now passes in which I have not some advantage from his friendship.

'At this man's table I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours,

hours, with companions such as are not often found; with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened life; with Dr. James, whose skill in physic will be long remembered; and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend; but what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.

We are not then inclined to agree with the verdict which traces the vitality and force of Johnson's influence merely to the accident of his *Life* having been written by Boswell; we believe that the question of his place even as a poet is one on which a succeeding age may very well reverse the verdict of an age devoted to different ideals. We believe that even amongst those who are most apt to decry his claims, not a few would be astonished to find how many of his verses have become household words for their tersely expressed and searching truth. Neglected as '*Rasselas*' is, we believe there are few men who, having once caught the spirit of the story, will readily lay it down without having read it to the end. We are wayward enough to find very many touches of genuine humour in the essays, and to deem that their satire might not be wasted even on the society of our own day. Of his critical works we make bold to say that the authority does not grow less by time, and that they represent a stage in English criticism from which we have, perhaps, advanced in subtlety and ingenuity, but visibly declined in vigour, in boldness, and in truth. But we are still ready to admit to the full, that the real interest which is aroused by Johnson's name arises from the strong personality of the man even more than the permanent value of his works. His strength and his weakness; the hardships of his early life and his late-earned ease; his intense power of work and his human propensity to idleness; his stern rectitude and his often wayward prejudice; his load of melancholy and suffering, so quietly borne, and his genial sociability; his consuming indignation, and his infinite tenderness—all these have made our regard for Johnson something so real and abiding, that it has no parallel in all the annals of our English literature. Strangely enough there is associated with Johnson's name in the popular conception something of harsh, inhuman, and unsympathetic dogmatism, of grim and pedantic logic, unrelieved by any lighter fancy. Nothing can be more absolutely the reverse of the truth. There is recorded of Johnson, during a long and public life, not a single abiding act of deliberate unkindness or even harshness, not a single rankling bitterness of *personal* judgment. For those who doubt his humour, without asking them

them to take it from Boswell's 'Life,' we would only recommend a few pages taken at random from the 'Idler,' the 'Journey to the Western Islands,' or still more the 'Lives of the Poets,' whose outspoken freedom has fluttered the dovescots of more modern criticism.

We would not be thought, however, to take from the surpassing merits of that biography, which has earned a place so unique as to be absolutely without a rival in all literature. It is a just attestation to its merits, that the centenary of Johnson's death has been the signal for numerous re-issues, with more or less of original commentary, of that famous book. Those who have learned to prize it at its true worth have probably made it their companion in various shapes. The original edition of Boswell has its own interest: but each successive edition during the forty years which followed its appearance added something of commentary and elucidation which helped the book to attain to its place in literature. From its very nature, from its marvellous union of literary skill with fantastic absurdity, from its endless allusions ever requiring more and more explanation, there probably never was a book which stood more in need of judicious commentary and wise editing. We do not wish in these pages to claim too high a place for the work which was done to meet this need by John Wilson Croker. Few, at least, were more fitted for the task than he, by wide knowledge of men, endless industry, and a well-trained judgment. We are not concerned to defend the whole of that plan which he adopted after careful deliberation; but the literary world has recognized, that the just verdict on his book was not that passed under the stimulus of political antagonism and rancorous personal jealousy.* This at least may safely and beyond cavil be claimed for Croker, that his labours have resulted in giving us Boswell in such form and with such amount of explanation and commentary as has been found most convenient by at least one generation of the reading public; and that more recent editions bear small evidence that Croker's work is not to continue, with more or less of recognition to its author, to be that in chief request.† Much light has been thrown on the spirit in which Mr. Croker under-

* Between forty and fifty thousand copies of the book, which Macaulay boasted that he had ruined, have been sold.

† All the circumstances connected with Macaulay's review are now before the public, who can thus judge what is the worth of that affectation of impartiality doomed to disappointment which Macaulay assumed in his review, while in truth he had determined, months before the book appeared, to do all he could to ruin it. ('Croker Correspondence,' vol. ii. p. 47.)

took the task of editing the *Life* in a letter of his published in the 'Croker Correspondence' (vol. ii. p. 25). After stating the manner in which previous editors have fulfilled their task, he writes:—

'Dr. Johnson himself said of the "Spectator," "A thousand things, which everybody knows at the time, have in the lapse of forty years become so obscure as to require annotation." It is to be regretted that Mr. Malone did not apply himself to this line of explanation—he could have done with little trouble what will cost a great deal to any man now living. I know not whether there is any man who could now hope to do it well; but I am satisfied that I should at this day do it better than any man, however clever or well-informed, will be able to do it twenty years hence.'

That the method which he followed in his first edition, of inserting extracts from the various Johnsoniana into Boswell's narrative, was a mistaken one, Croker himself admitted when he changed it in subsequent editions. The notes may sometimes be redundant; though the variety of knowledge and taste in each reader renders it hazardous to pronounce too confidently as to this. But of the latest edition of the '*Life*' by Mr. Napier, we can hardly accord to it the merit which it claims for itself. We have taken the trouble to classify with some care the notes in the first volume of Mr. Napier's edition: and the result is the more curious, inasmuch as Mr. Napier has, in his preface, been strong in his condemnation of Croker, without acknowledging that he is so largely indebted to Croker's help. The notes to the text in that volume are, roughly speaking, about 700 in number. Of these, about 40 are Mr. Napier's original notes, taken in large part from '*Notes and Queries*,' and other works, such as Boswell's '*Correspondence with Temple*,' published since Croker's day: 40 more are merely references, or remarks as to alterations in early editions; 254 are Croker's notes, acknowledged as such; while 40 more are in large part Croker's either in substance or in words, without being acknowledged;* 310 are notes by Boswell himself, or by early editors, and all given in Croker's edition. So much for any originality in Mr. Napier's commentary. Mr. Napier has done good service in reprinting the

* Thus the letter cited as to Michael Johnson's Latinity, on p. 11, is from a note of Croker's on the previous page: the note on Johnson's hereditary taint is in substance Croker's: the note on Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury (p. 104), is expanded from a note by Croker on a previous passage: the note on the Ivy Club is a condensation from Croker: the note on Rasselas (p. 278) with the citation from Grimm's *Correspondence*, is in substance taken from Croker: both the notes on Paoli (p. 472), and not one only, are from Croker.

various 'Johnsoniana' in a separate volume. The matter thus brought together, however, was for the most part easily accessible; and some of it which is new is not very important. But if Mr. Napier's power of unaided commentary is to be taken as indicated by his success in regard to these 'Johnsoniana,' where he was passing over comparatively unbroken ground, we can say little in its commendation. The reader has to trust to his own knowledge, or to pass over unexplained the most obscure allusions.

To what we are to ascribe the peculiar value of Boswell's work, is a vexed question of literary controversy to which the simplest answer is probably the best. Its charm is exerted upon minds the most diverse, and by common consent it is one of those few books without which life would be appreciably the poorer. 'Which of us but remembers,' says Carlyle, 'as one of the sunny spots in his existence, the day when he opened these airy volumes, fascinating him by a true natural magic.' The verdict of Macaulay, delivered in some of those antithetical sentences that perhaps mar to some degree the sincerity of the tribute, is yet equally ungrudging: and now that three generations have passed since the book appeared, new editions are still called for, and the scenes it portrays so faithfully are still read with the same intensity of interest. But when we ask, why it is that the book has commanded admiration so universal, we are met by some curious answers. Boswell, says Macaulay, has written a great book, not in spite of his folly, but *because* he was a fool. The lower he sinks in self-abasement, the more grovelling his nature, the more portentous his vanity, the greater, says Macaulay, is his hold upon our attention, the more perfect is the finish of his work. From Carlyle we have a verdict, pronounced apparently in contradiction of that of Macaulay, which seeks equally a strained explanation of a simple fact. Boswell, says Carlyle, was the author of a great work, not because of any skill which he possessed, but because he anticipated that creed of Hero-worship which it was Carlyle's mission to preach. Boswell was, according to this theory, attracted to Johnson by a sort of religious fervour of admiration; he bowed down before him, and was content to worship: and by the very humility of his reverence he drew inspiration from its object.

We can subscribe to neither verdict: but we confess to feeling least sympathy with that of Macaulay. According to it, the work of Boswell is little but a freak or a monstrosity in nature: we must regard it with the same amused contempt with which

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we watch the contortions of a mountebank," and even if we admired, it would be with the shame that is connected with a result achieved by self-abasement. It needs little more than the statement of such a paradox, to make us revolt against it. But its motive in Macaulay is not difficult to assign. Deep as was his interest in the pictures of last-century life which stand out upon Boswell's canvas, that interest was critical or scenic only, not sympathetic. No one was more incapable than Macaulay of entering into the feelings of one whose mind, whose beliefs, whose character, were different from his own: and it is impossible to conceive a contrast greater than that between the wayward humour and the gigantic but ill-regulated force of Johnson on the one hand, and the ready and well-trained agility of Macaulay's intellect on the other. We shall presently speak more fully of the misconceptions and flagrant misrepresentations of Johnson, into which his want of sympathy has betrayed Macaulay: but now we refer to the contrast between the men only as explaining the fact, that Macaulay seeks so odd a reason to account for the irresistible fascination of Boswell's portrait of Johnson. Even with his motive, however, it is strange that prejudice should have led Macaulay into such a perversity of judgment on a literary question. Macaulay was jealous of the dignity of the literary profession. He avowed adherence to certain rules of literary criticism. He strove above all things to base his opinions upon well-ascertained grounds, and not to be tempted into the devious paths of paradox. With all this, however, such is the power of natural antipathy, aided, as we believe it was, by the bitterness of a narrow political creed, that it has led Macaulay to affirm what in any other circumstances and from any other mouth he would have received as nothing but the capricious frivolity of an unfriendly critic, pleased against his will.

To the opinion of Carlyle, which was part of a creed to which his teaching owed at once its chief force and its most astonishing errors, we are ready to accord that amount of acquiescence which most men will give to his ideal doctrine of hero-worship. That reverence, docility, and a respect for the great which may allow fervour at times to overcome sanity of judgment, are valuable as balancing a shallow and vulgar self-sufficiency, no thinking man will deny. We are not so likely, in the present day, to find the supremacy of genius, moral worth, or ripe experience, submissively acknowledged, that we need refuse either to thank Carlyle for his iteration of the value of such acknowledgment, or to forget the moral training which it brings with it.

it. But reverence may make a vulgar or shallow man more docile and more just; it can never make a dull man bright. Had Boswell simply opened his mind to a reverence for Johnson, it might have made him more conscious of his own littleness, more tolerable, it may be, to his friends: but it could not have made him capable of laying us under an obligation as deep as that we owe to any writer of books during the whole of the eighteenth century, or of making his name familiar wherever English literature is read.

His success, indeed, is so complete and yet so strange, as to provoke us to paradox in accounting for it. It is true that the oddities, the weaknesses, the surprising want of personal dignity in the man, form part of the charm of his book. It is also true that the attraction which drew such a man as Boswell to Johnson seems strangely out of keeping with his character and surroundings, and that it did so raise him as to give his powers full play. But it is nevertheless true that the book is great, in spite of his weaknesses, and independently of his reverence for Johnson. His biography is great for two simple reasons: the strength and variety and breadth of the character he had to draw, and his own consummate literary art. Boswell, vain, ostentatious, and frivolous as he was, had keenness of view to discern, in part, at least, the real greatness of Johnson. In part, we say, because even in spite of his reiterated expressions of somewhat conventional praise, it is apparent that to Boswell some of the finest points in Johnson's character were as a sealed book. But his instinctive literary genius is so great as to give us the picture faithfully, even when he failed to appreciate, just as it compels his own follies and weaknesses to serve the purposes of his art. The facts of Boswell's life are unfortunately too well known, and the strange childishness of his character is too well portrayed in his correspondence with his friend Temple, to allow us for one moment to suppose that he assumed the character of a vain and affected coxcomb in order to bring out the strength of Johnson more vividly by contrast. But it is no extravagant supposition to hold, that he purposely brought his own weaknesses into a stronger light to point the contrast; or, at least, that his literary art took possession of him so completely as to make him forget self-respect, and subordinate his own dignity to the excellence of his own work. Boswell's vanity was sensitive: he had seen too much of the world to be absolutely ignorant of the judgment of others: his observation was far too acute to allow him to be blind to the impression which he was likely to produce. Nothing but the overpowering motive of a high

high artistic aim could have suffered him to suppress all these, and to draw a picture which would impress by its rigid fidelity to truth, as well as by the consummate skill with which its various details are selected and arranged. Boswell is not the first, and will not be the last author, in whom great literary power is united with vanity, weakness, and affectation: but he is at least unequalled for the skill with which he has made all these defects subserve the excellence of the book on which his abiding fame depends.

We are not prepared to agree with all that Carlyle has said of Johnson, nor, above all, do we subscribe to that obtrusively apologetic tone which runs through his estimate of Johnson's genius and character, and which Carlyle seems to have thought it necessary to adopt in the face of a tendency of opinion entirely out of sympathy with Johnson. But there is at least generosity in the feeling which prompts Carlyle to reverence profoundly one from whom in mental attitude as in opinion he was so widely separate. Macaulay's estimate, on the other hand, had much to do with the formation of the popular judgment of last generation, but it is now, we trust, discredited and abandoned, and, in a generation which has passed away from Macaulay's point of view, moves nothing but unmixed indignation. The personal and political rancour which Macaulay imported into his criticism of Croker, and the shallow paradox by which he supports his contempt for Boswell, seem to taint his judgment on Johnson as well, and to impart to it a bitterness which even the absence of all real sympathy for his mental attitude or his opinions could scarcely have produced. It would be useless to seek to penetrate the brazen armour of self-complacency in which that narrow and well-adjusted creed, of which Macaulay made himself the exponent, is encased. Its rectitude and its finality are too self-assured to admit of doubt: but for a broad estimate of Johnson's character we must appeal to other sympathies, and take a considerably larger view than was possible to a violent partizan Whig of half-a-century ago. Yet it seems not amiss to examine with some care a few facts adduced by Macaulay, which admit of easy verification or disproof; and to test the fairness of one or two of his special judgments. For sympathy we need not seek.

'The characteristic peculiarity of Johnson's intellect,' says Macaulay, 'was the union of great powers with low prejudices.' The epithet we may disregard. It means either that the prejudices were not those of a Whig, or that they were strong. Johnson's best admirers would probably admit both. But the peculiarity is about as striking as is the union in Shakspeare
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of great poetical and dramatic powers with a meagre appreciation of mathematical demonstrations. The poetical faculty in Shakspeare did not more certainly exclude the mathematical faculty, than did the fervour, the force, and the tenacity, of Johnson exclude the possibility of an apathetic judgment. All his powers—his marvellously ready insight, his pitiless detection of cant, his unswerving rectitude of aim, and his intolerance of what he believed to be false—made it impossible for Johnson to judge without keen feeling. Prejudice was a part and parcel of his whole character, inseparable from it: and we must ask only whether the prejudice was or was not based on honest motives. To quarrel with it because it is prejudice, is at the best the veriest ineptitude of criticism.

Take, again, Macaulay's judgment on Johnson's political opinions. He disputes the opinion which Johnson frequently enunciates, that forms of government are of little importance: and he thinks he has completely disposed of it, when he points to the inconsistency between this and Johnson's hatred of the Whigs and his reverence for the Crown. The inconsistency exists only in Macaulay's imagination. We may admit that Johnson was out of sympathy—apparently, perhaps, more than really—with many of the inevitable tendencies of modern society. But that want of sympathy did not cause his hatred of the Whigs: it was rather itself due to the fact that he found these tendencies upheld from dishonest motives by those whom he hated for their dishonesty. It was, indeed, the long supremacy of the Whigs in the earlier part of Johnson's life which made him stand aloof in disgust from politics altogether. Johnson despised the affectation of public spirit, which professed an interest in political questions, only because such interest was the road to preferment, and it was this semblance of principle without its reality which made him speak of them as the 'bottomless Whigs.' He dreaded, rightly or wrongly, the prevalence of mere numbers, and he thought that the possession of political privileges brought no such advantage even to the individual members of the multitude as would counterbalance the dangers which that prevalence would bring. If the machine of Government could be better carried on by any other means, he would not have changed it for the sake of conferring what he thought a 'elusive good.' In a Monarchy, he believed that such an alternative could be found: and therefore he preferred it. No orthodox Whig could agree with him: but it does not follow that he was not perfectly consistent in saying that monarchy was good, and that the ordinary citizen might be just

just as well occupied with other matters, as in settling what form of Government was, in the abstract, the best.

Take, again, Macaulay's representation of Johnson's estimate of books. 'He preferred,' says Macaulay, 'Pope's "*Iliad*" to Homer's.' A statement so extraordinary must surely be based on the most conclusive evidence. But where is that evidence? 'I mentioned,' says Boswell, 'the vulgar saying that Pope's "*Homer*" was not so good as the original. *Johnson*. Sir, it is the greatest work of the kind that has ever been produced.' Can anything but the most wilful misunderstanding place on this the construction from which Macaulay has drawn his assertion? Surely it means nothing more than what would be agreed to by half the critics of every age from that of Pope to our own, that his translation of the '*Iliad*' is, as a poetical translation, the greatest that the world has yet seen.

'He despised Ossian's "*Fingal*,"' says Macaulay, 'not because it was essentially commonplace, but because it had a superficial air of originality.' And yet, only a few pages before, Macaulay has himself referred to Johnson's saying of '*Fingal*,' that it might have been written by 'many men, many women, and many children.'

The remarks on Johnson's knowledge of human nature are most flagrantly unfair. 'He was no master of the great science of human nature,' says Macaulay. 'He had studied not the genus man, but the species Londoner. Nobody was ever so thoroughly conversant with all the forms of life, and all the shades of moral and intellectual character which were to be seen from Islington to the Thames, and from Hyde Park Corner to Mile End Green. But his philosophy stopped at the first turnpike gate.' It is true that Johnson's life lay in London, and that it was on that scene that he studied human nature. If knowledge can be gained only by wide roaming, it did not come to Johnson. But the value of his judgment on man would not have been altered one whit, whether he had known only Fleet Street or all Europe, with Africa and Asia to boot. He possessed that alembic which supplied the place of discursive and various information—the force of sympathy. It was not the variety of his knowledge but the incisive force of his observation, which gave their interest to his judgments on human nature. Given certain circumstances, he could infer with marvellous rapidity how they would affect a man. His is not that knowledge of human nature which the diplomatist or the man of the world gains by experience: it is what comes from his quick reasoning, his ready sympathy, and his power of combining

combining circumstances in imagination. And it is this, as we shall presently show, that constitutes the most peculiar feature of that age, the best side of which Johnson so strikingly typifies; the power, we mean, of achieving by readiness of sympathy and sheer energy of intellect, what is usually considered to be attainable only by a slow and tedious process of induction. But we have pursued long enough the unprofitable task of showing on how slight a foundation a series of attractive paradoxes can be strung together, if their author is content to prefer point and piquancy to truth.

However unjust and however captious Macaulay's estimate may be, we fear that it and the lurid but more generous picture drawn by Carlyle, have formed the opinions of an immense number of English readers as to Johnson during the last half century. Macaulay has exaggerated defects, has sought for odd contrasts, has judged without appreciation and without sympathy, and seems to think that Johnson was chiefly interesting because he formed a dramatic subject for a sprightly and antithetical review. Carlyle speaks as a man with a wide sympathy, striving to reach after the real meaning of Johnson's life, and to appreciate his mental and moral attitude. But he seems to us to involve himself in the mists of that cloudy system which wrecked his own genius and his character, and to conceive of Johnson as some strange but gigantic figure, great chiefly because it is amorphous and uncouth. He, too, misses that faculty of Johnson's genius which, strange to say, has been so little appreciated, although it lies on the surface not only of Boswell's picture, but of his own literary work—his masterly grasp of a wide and far-reaching humour. We shall hope presently to justify our assertion to those of our readers who are incredulous on the point; for those who have made Boswell their familiar companion it will scarcely require proof.

The eighteenth century, whatever its merits or defects, has met with but scant justice from our own. We have worked ourselves into a white-heat of virtuous indignation against shams. No more convenient nickname was ever invented: behind it we can aim our shafts of sarcasm with perfect security, forgetful of the definition of the word which was given by Lord Beaconsfield, as a name which foolish men are apt to apply to things they do not understand. We fear our self-complacency is beginning to find that there are weak places in its armour, that there may be questions which we have not solved, difficulties which are not to be met by our newest solutions, and a truth in opinions which we have thought ourselves justified in

treating as dead and buried. But these doubts have as yet attained no great strength: and what is called the spirit of the age still considers force to consist chiefly in licentiousness and anarchy, political progress chiefly in restless change, breadth of view chiefly in toleration pushed to the length of abjuring all fixity of belief, and literary genius chiefly in ostentatious eccentricity and scorn of all the rules of literary art. We would not be understood as preaching any universal pessimism, and we have the less doubt about a reaction against such a state of public opinion, inasmuch as the signs of it are already not far to seek. But so long as it flourished, there was no field on which contempt could be so freely exercised as that presented by the history of the eighteenth century. It was the age of authority, of moderation, of class privilege—in a word, of all that might conveniently be classed under the comprehensive nickname of shams. There is one word, the use of which has strangely varied in the course of a century, and which in its change illustrates the relative attitude of our own age and that of Johnson. It is the word 'Enthusiast.' The eighteenth century had learned to distrust enthusiasts: it identified them too completely with the fanatics, whose iron grasp was not yet forgotten, to indulge in any whimsical love for the name. But in our terror lest we should be moderate, we have elevated the enthusiast to a pedestal so high that he commands our admiration even for his excesses. Last century the Enthusiast was condemned as a Fanatic: in our own day the Fanatic is admired as an Enthusiast. As we looked back upon the eighteenth century, we found it lay midway between the age when religious bigotry had burst into flame, and withered up a generation in the scorching fire of its implacable tyranny, and another age when the dire forces of anarchy were let loose upon the world and left a legacy of intensified hatred between class and class. We elevated each movement into one of apostolic zeal, and condoned the vices and hypocrisies of their leaders because of their fanatical enthusiasm. The eighteenth century lay, to all appearance, like a level plain between these two peaks, with no great idea and no imposing figure over which our attention had to linger.

It is needless to say, that such a view is nothing but a fantastic travesty of history. Fortunately for human nature no age has a monopoly of earnestness and zeal. Outbreaks of fanaticism may provoke the greatest minds of a generation to look with calm contempt on those who could flatter the passions of the mob, but they do not extinguish in these minds the zeal for truth, the admiration of what is noble, the determination to maintain

maintain what they believe to be the right. Nor is their influence, it may be, less in the end, because for a time they find themselves out of sympathy with what are called the movements of the time: because they find that their duty imposes on them the thankless labour of warning and resistance, rather than to play the more inspiring part of leader and guide. The eighteenth century had its contending forces, its popular movements, and its fanaticisms, just as the age that preceded and the age that followed it. But, besides its moral characteristics, it had its own intellectual peculiarities; which are to be studied not in the many, but in the few: and we have to see how both of these affected Johnson, in order to determine what part he played in the struggles of his own time, and what legacy he has left to ours.

There is, above all, one peculiarity in the intellectual temperament of that age—that its leading men wanted at once the good and the bad qualities of specialists. The most considerable men of the eighteenth century refused to confine themselves to the minute and exact study of any one subject, still less to any one phase of that subject. It is easy to multiply examples of this truth: and Johnson was one of the most notable. 'Have some general view of every science,' was his advice to a disciple. He was in no sense an exact verbal scholar. He possessed no intricate knowledge of philosophy. He gives no sign of familiarity with the writings even of Plato and Aristotle. He never could converse easily in French, and wrote it in the English idiom: yet one of his first literary attempts was a translation from the French. His Latin verses and his Latin inscriptions and epitaphs are those of a man accustomed to read Latin discursively, not those of a nice or critical scholar. When he wrote his 'Lives of the Poets,' he did so with the rapidity of one to whom minute investigation was irksome. So it was with almost all his contemporaries. Hume brought to the work of History only a luminous style, clear arrangement, and a thorough grasp of his own view. To his philosophical works Hume brought just the same qualities of clear and luminous arrangement, and absolute confidence in his own powers: and by these alone he has established a place in philosophy, to which he could not have aspired on the ground of any methodical study or delicately adjusted system. His essays are graceful discourses: they are only tortured out of their proper sense when interpreted by the scientific terms which formal metaphysical enquirers have adopted. Take, again, a far greater historian than Hume. Gibbon's work would have been utterly impossible to one encumbered by the

specialism of our own day. He would have had to satisfy the microscopic accuracy of crowds of smaller men who had acquired a minute knowledge of each branch of his subject. Could he, under these conditions, have written the history of a thousand years of the greatest empire the world has ever seen, in a few years snatched out of a life busy with society and politics? Would he have ventured to do so in days when five stout volumes are necessary to contain the history of a hundred years, of which all the contemporary accounts might be printed in a hundred moderately-sized pages, during which literature was for all practical purposes dead, and during which social life was limited to the simplest requirements of a half-civilized people? So it was also with Adam Smith. Great as was the work he accomplished, the genius of Adam Smith consisted chiefly in his grouping in orderly arrangement a very few facts, and his applying to these the force of clear logical deduction. Twelve months in Toulouse gave him all his knowledge of French commerce. We have his own authority for saying that in the chance conversation of Glasgow merchants, during the few years of his residence there, he gathered much of the material he employed. But slight as was that material, he brought his mind to bear on it slowly and deliberately. It took him ten years of complete retirement to write his 'Wealth of Nations': ten years spent in the petty town of Kirkcaldy, where assuredly the political economist found but a limited field for investigation into the conditions of the distribution of wealth.

It is easy to see how this intellectual tendency affected the leading men of the age. What they chiefly aimed at was lucidity of arrangement, perfection of method, the sustained pursuit of deductive reasoning. This bore fruit in the style of the age, in its apparent elaboration, in its real simplicity, in its perspicuity. There is scarcely a page written by one of these authors which has to be read twice for its meaning to be caught. So far they were all intellectually akin. The friendship between Hume and Adam Smith, says Dugald Stewart, was founded 'in their love of simplicity and their admiration for genius.' By genius they understood the free play of the mind in its natural powers, apart from all the accidents of training or of research. In such an atmosphere it is clear that little was left to adventitious or artificial help: none but the most consummate natural capacity could shine. If the eighteenth century was socially the age of aristocracy, much more was it so intellectually. The faculties that brought a man to the front in literature were born with him: he could scarcely achieve a position by laborious plodding or minute research. To their humbler brethren the giants of the

the age lent now and then a kindly and patronizing hand: but their own reputation, like their own work, was based on the native force of their genius. An age of lesser men would have been more disposed to trust to adventitious aid.

We do not wish here to attempt any comparison between such an intellectual arena, and that by which it has been replaced in our own day. But it is worth noticing the rich harvest of mechanical invention which came with the opening of the present century, and for which it would be unjust not to give credit to the intellectual training which this eighteenth century supplied. We owe these not so much to any laborious investigation as to the force of pure intellect, the trained habits of reasoning, which had been then so marvellously developed.

We accept Johnson, then, as one in whom, in common with many others, this intellectual habit of the age was illustrated. Perhaps the best means of showing its special influence on Johnson, is to compare and contrast with him two of his most typical contemporaries already named, David Hume and Adam Smith. In each there is the same massiveness and simplicity of work. Each is equally removed from the narrowness of the specialist. Each has left an influence and a fame which extend far beyond the domain of literature, and which are affecting at the present day the lives, the social conditions, the general opinions of mankind. No one of the three took any prominent part in any public affair, and yet none of them stood aloof from society, or affected the life of a recluse. Of the literary monument left by each, that of Smith has probably most affected the outward conditions under which society exists: that of Hume has formed a landmark in the history of speculation: but that of Johnson has penetrated far more deeply than either into our everyday thoughts and lives. We are considering Johnson at present only on his intellectual side, which has far less meaning to us than the complex problem presented by the moral nature of the man: but even on this side we ascribe to him most confidently the supremacy. There is, we are well aware, a vulgar and dull view of Johnson, which regards him as a typical pedant, whose intellect was immersed in bigotry and intolerance, dead to all the lights and shades of life, inert and inflexible in all matters not familiar to the scholar or the bookworm. It would be hard to conceive an estimate more directly at variance with the truth. Johnson shared with Hume and Smith the discursive intellectual habit of his age: but his mind was infinitely more alert, his faculties infinitely more various than theirs. No man could have repeated with more truth the words of the Roman comedian: '*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.*'

puto.' His thirst for human intercourse was insatiable: and even his charity, large-hearted as it was, did not exceed the quick and ready interest which he showed in the plans and interests of others. It was typical of his attitude that he sought the company of the young, and urged his friends to keep their acquaintance fresh. No question could be started into which Johnson did not plunge: and no one was less inclined to apply to a new question the formulæ of mere book-learning. He was intolerant of a slipshod or conventional opinion: and his wit always enabled him to detect the fallacy which showed its utterance to be a piece of parrot-like routine. It was this very quality that made him appear to be inconsistent, and led his friends to complain that he combatted an opinion one day which he supported the next. No man ever applied the Socratic method with more skill and readiness in everyday life. Strain an opinion to which he was attached only a little too far, and Johnson at once rose against it. His intellectual vigour knew no half-measures: if he accepted the defence of a position, he defended it with any weapon that came readiest in his armoury. He became for the moment a special pleader, and was ready even to employ a fallacy on its behalf. No man unfolded with more skill the "plies" under which error wraps itself. Authority, popular opinion, customary ideas, the inertness of intellectual habits, all these he threw aside whenever they stood in his own way. But let any one deride these without knowing *why* they were worthy of derision, or without having something to substitute for them, and he stood a fair chance of meeting such a 'toss' from Johnson as poor Boswell was fain to beg might be inflicted only before friends, and not for the amusement of enemies and strangers.

The charm which Johnson's intellectual qualities, then, wear for us, lies chiefly in the fact, that to the broad and free discursiveness of his age, which he shared with others, he added a peculiar keenness and intensity of intellectual vision, and an activity of intellectual movement in which he was equalled by none. But a more complex problem awaits us when we ask the secret of Johnson's moral force.

We have already referred to the common estimate of the eighteenth century as an age of cold calculation, of selfish aims, of contracted interests. It indulged, we are often told, in no enthusiasms; its religion was without ardour, its politics without aspiration, and even its poetry never sought to express deep feeling. There is, no doubt, some truth in this common estimate of the age. But it does not comprise the whole of it. The spirit which Walpole typifies in politics, the spirit which Warburton typifies in religion, the spirit which Shenstone—
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and, may we say, even Gray—typify in poetry, could never satisfy the needs of human nature in any age. A reaction against it on another side was absolutely certain, because it was absolutely necessary. Passion was beginning to assert its sway in poetry, however the prevailing fashion might run in favour of stateliness and formality. The first stirrings of Romance were making themselves felt, and breaking through the reserve of convention and common-sense. The Patriots, however selfish and personal their aims, were appealing to a sound instinct in the nation against the deadening cynicism of Walpole. The forlorn hope of Jacobitism was attracting men who loved it, not because it embodied a positive political aim, but because it expressed an undercurrent of opposition to a small clique that had shaped the Revolution for the advantage of their class. The very limited aims and ideas of the Common-sense School of moral philosophers were being displaced by a bolder and more critical school of metaphysics. The cold and rationalistic attitude of the religious apologists was exchanged for the wider and more comprehensive efforts of a religious revival, which in its higher forms was scholarly, imaginative, and poetical. In short, the outer coating of formalism was a mere husk, useful, indeed, as representing a protest against uncurbed and irrational fanaticism, but in no way crushing out the warmth and impulse of the national genius.

The moral side of Johnson's character is chiefly interesting as he so completely typified both aspects of his age, and certainly not least its underlying force of impulse. Johnson's poetry was imbued, to a very great extent, with the formalism of his age. But no man saw more clearly to what height poetical genius might soar, and how little it was bounded by the narrow conventions of the didactic school. We doubt whether any lines of more true poetry, as the expression of strong feeling, were penned during his generation, than the concluding lines of his 'Vanity of Human Wishes:' and in 'Rasselas' he has given us his estimate of what poetry might and ought to be, in a passage which scarcely any other author of that age could have written. However much he ridiculed the Romantic revival that was beginning before his death, no one can read of his *Tour in the Hebrides* without seeing how naturally his imagination was fired by ideas altogether removed from those of his common life, and how readily he pictured to himself the romantic side of human action upon a ruder and a simpler scene. His Jacobitism, however little it served as a motive for deliberate action, was yet the expression of his desire for a poetical environment of life, of a piece with his hatred of the iconoclasm
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of the Reformers and Puritans. The revival of religion, however he may have ridiculed its follies, stirred in him a deep sympathy, extorted from the depths of his own passionate religious devotion. There is no more striking incident in the moral history of the age than the regard which existed between Johnson and John Wesley, and the sympathy which bound them together. They were alike in their early Jacobitism. They felt alike on the question of the American colonies. They were equally repelled by the destructive fury of religious fanaticism. They had both a certain leaning to the life of religious contemplation inculcated by the Roman Catholic Church, suggested by the latent melancholy which was common to them, but corrected by their more human and social side, and by their profound sense of duty. 'Wesley,' said Johnson, 'can talk well of anything.' And it is thus he writes to him on their agreement as to American taxation. 'To have gained such a mind as yours, may justly confirm me in my opinion. What effect my paper has on the public I know not: but I have no reason to be discouraged. The lecturer was surely in the right, who, though he saw his audience slinking away, refused to quit the chair while Plato stayed.' Curious parallels might be found between the very utterances of both men. 'Have we not evidence enough of the soul's immortality?' asked some one of Johnson. 'Sir, I wish for more,' was Johnson's answer, certainly as little conventionally orthodox, as it was intended to be sceptical. Just so writes Wesley—

'What if it be true—

Οἷπερ φύλλων γενεὴ τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

'What if the generation of men be exactly parallel with the generation of leaves? What if it be true, death is nothing, and there is nothing after death? How am I sure that this is not the case? That I have not followed cunningly devised fables? And I have pursued the thought till there was no spirit in me, and I was ready to choose strangling rather than life.'

The enervating spirit of doubt was checked in both alike by their rigid self-discipline. Parallels between the two might easily be multiplied, and help not a little to throw light upon the lives and aims of both.

The truth is, that Johnson is interesting chiefly because he unites in himself so much that was great, but yet diverse, in his own age. Just as, on his purely intellectual and rational side, in the wide range of his mind, in its orderly method, in its fearless logic, he was akin to Hume and Adam Smith, so on the moral and religious side he had a deep and underlying sympathy with

with such a man as Wesley. It is this union of unwavering and unresting pursuit of truth and intolerance of falsehood or insincerity, with profound emotion and sympathy, which makes Johnson at once so unique and so intensely human. It is this, too, which has given him a place so commanding in the formation of opinions and in the history of our nation. That a man so keenly alive to the deepest feelings of his time, essentially so much in sympathy with aspirations that were slowly shaping themselves, should have thrown the whole weight of his logic and his intellectual strength on the side of loyalty, authority, and religion, may be to some a matter of regret, but, we confess, is to us a matter of the profoundest thankfulness. Here was one, born amongst the people, acquainted with the sternest school of adversity, heir only to the ills of humanity; unfriended, often baffled, ready to sink beneath the load of poverty, and disease, and melancholy: who yet forced his fellow-men to submit to his authority and bow to his strength. No apostle of humanity could deny his sympathy with men. No faction could allege against him the selfishness of privilege or obligations to the patronage of the great. Not the boldest sceptic could deny to him the possession of a clear and incisive logical faculty. That one with such a history, with such sympathies, with such faculties, should acknowledge the graded orders of society to be for the general good, should loathe the sickly insincerities of Rousseau, should accept with reverence the faith of his fathers, and, with all his indomitable pride and a courage that, in the words of one of his contemporaries, 'never feared the face of man,' should yet bow his head with all humility before the representatives of constituted authority—who shall say how much that fact was worth when England came to face the general confusion that broke out in the years that followed Johnson's death? Facile critics may deem him retrogressive and reactionary. Are we quite sure that he was not rather prophetic?

But, quite independently of the part he played in his own age, or the influence which he has had on posterity, Johnson has for us the abiding interest of a familiar and a well-loved friend, of a dramatic figure in the great tragedy of human life. He wears this aspect to us, partly, it is true, owing to the marvellous skill of Boswell's portrait, but not less to the pathos of his own life, the tenderness of his nature, and the infinite play of his humour. It would be easy to multiply instances from his works and sayings of this last, and least noticed, trait of Johnson's character. When pompous sentences are quoted as specimens of Johnson's style, it is strange how often their
humorous

humorous point is missed. 'I would not for my amusement,' he says in his 'Journey' (which, from beginning to end, has clearly a humorous intent in its elaborate formality) 'wish for a storm: but as storms, whether wished or not, will sometimes happen, I may say, without violation of humanity, that I should willingly look upon them from Slane's Castle.' 'A Scotchman,' he says in the same book, 'must be a very sturdy moralist, who does not love Scotland better than truth; he will always love it better than inquiry; and if falsehood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it.' He defends himself for not having investigated a Highland cave because 'we had with us neither spades nor pickaxes, and if love of ease surmounted our desire of knowledge, the offence has not the invidiousness of singularity.' Instances might equally be multiplied from the 'Lives of the Poets.' A pompous inscription is called in the 'Life of Cowley' 'an epitaph to let, occupied indeed, but scarcely appropriated.' 'Like most men,' he says of Denham, 'he aspired on proper occasions to the reputation of a merry fellow; and, also like most men, was by nature or early training debarred from it.' He summarizes a not unfamiliar class as 'those whom courtesy and ignorance are content to term the learned.' 'He that discovers not his error,' he says in the 'Life of Dryden,' 'until the discovery coincides with his advantage, will not be thought to be very earnest in the pursuit of truth.' These are instances selected only at random as we turn over a few pages, and which cannot be compared to the outbursts of ready humour that sparkle in his conversation. But we repeat them only to ask if their mock solemnity can be quoted seriously as a proof of Johnson's inflexibility of style, with no suspicion of his evident wish to make the humour tell the better for the affected dignity?

But not for his humour only does Johnson's character come home to those who have learned to know him in far other guise than that of the fierce controversialist, or the cumbrous moralist. Some of the familiar features are easily caught, and just as easily ridiculed. The odd gait, the uneasy gestures, the uncouth and untidy person, the slovenly attire, the strange freaks of eccentric habit, and the appetite that might be curbed, indeed, into absolute asceticism, but never could be coaxed into moderation—these stand out before all the world for any crow to peck at. Even the 'vile melancholy' that he inherited from his father, and that 'made him mad,' is familiar enough if signs of weakness are sought for, and if it is on these that we wish chiefly to rest, in order to ridicule his character, or dispute his authority.

authority. For ourselves we see in the tragic side of Johnson's life and character their deepest interest. The same powers that gave him the force, gave him also the pains and struggles, and the loneliness, of a giant. He sought for company to escape from his own melancholy. He refused to discuss metaphysical questions, knowing how little his spirit would brook control when once it had entered on them. He attached himself to prejudice and authority, much as he bound himself to the toilsome labour of his 'Dictionary,' because he knew the danger of ranging too far afield. Much of his life is ceaseless struggle with himself, which seems to be reflected in the fierce invective with which he sometimes turns upon what he deems verbal quibbling, or a rash tampering with the deepest problems of life. It is in his tenderness, in his charity, in the gentle acts so often inconsistent with his rigid dogmas, that he is at once most simple and most loveable. He was fierce in his indignation against Wilkes: but he was quickly touched by Wilkes's kindly and sprightly humour. He preached severity in the upbringing of children: but he pampered them himself by indulgence. He turned often, in anger, on a false argument: but he ever relented to the disputant. He was indignant on principle with such grieving over the ills and bereavements of life as unfitted men for its duties and its enjoyments: yet no one sympathized more deeply with the sorrows of his friends, or felt their loss more keenly. He was impatient with dulness and folly: yet there never was a more tender or faithful benefactor to the dull, the foolish, or the helpless, than he. He was often arrogant in speech and manner to others: but no one was ever more conscious of his own weaknesses, more severe in self-condemnation, or more thoroughly modest in his inmost heart. The same pen that crushed the folly and impudence of such a charlatan as Macpherson, and proclaimed for all time the dignity and independence of literature in the famous letter to Chesterfield, wrote also such verses as those on his poor dependant Levett, and such lines as the following, which, often quoted, yet never pall. The first is his last letter to his mother, when she was on the point of death, and he bound to the drudgery by which he gained his bread:—

'DEAR HONOURED MOTHER,—

'Neither your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you His Holy Spirit, and receive you
to

to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Lord Jesus, receive your spirit. Amen.

'I am, dear, dear mother,

'Your dutiful son,

'SAM. JOHNSON.'

The next is the account of the death of the old friend of his family :—

'*Sunday, Oct. 18, 1767.*—Yesterday, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave for ever of my dear old friend, Catherine Chambers, who came to live with my mother in 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old.

'I desired all to withdraw: then told her that we were to part for ever: that, as Christians, we should part with prayer: and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands as she lay in bed, with great fervour, while I prayed, kneeling by her.

'I then kissed her. She told me that to part was the greatest pain she had ever felt, and that she hoped we would meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed and parted; I humbly hope, to meet again, and to part no more.'

We have not yet named one, even greater in the annals of last century, whose genius and whose life we involuntarily associate with those of Johnson, however unwelcome to Johnson the association would have been. One of the most curious, among the many curious problems of human nature of which literary history is so full, is the reason for Johnson's insuperable dislike to Swift. Various explanations are suggested: that Swift had repulsed, with some severity, Dr. Madden, who rewarded Johnson with timely liberality for some slight literary help: that Swift refused to push the matter of a degree for Johnson from Trinity College, when asked to do so by Lord Gower: or the like. We absolutely refuse to accept any such explanation as sufficient. Johnson's literary conscience was far too strict to allow him to retain a prejudice against Swift's genius, even for a much more decided personal slight. The real reason for the antipathy we believe to lie in that which throws a light on the character of each—we mean their curious similarity in certain points. The same congenital and brooding melancholy, the same bitter struggle with hardship and poverty and ill-health, the same uncertainty of recognition, had attended both.

both. Both alike resented the attacks of flippancy and scepticism, and were resolved to rest upon the basis of authority in matters of belief. Both had the same scorn for popular delusions, the same suspicion of popular opinion, and yet the same burning indignation against injustice and wrong. Both had the same indomitable pride, and yet found it not inconsistent with a respect for those far inferior to them in powers, if placed in a position of authority or rank. Both had the same keen love for society. Both had the same arrogance of speech, and both joined with that arrogance the same tenderness and sympathy with sorrow. Both, finally, had something of the same cynical humour. But we believe that between such natures, conscious of their own weakness as of their own strength, burdened by the weight of contending passions which makes them envy lesser men, the likeness will produce, not sympathy, but its reverse. Johnson saw in Swift a picture of what he himself might become. He saw his own melancholy tortured into madness, his own passion driven to fury, his own cynicism soured into misanthropy. He saw a genius, greater indeed, more various, and more imperious than his own, but which refused to submit to that discipline which he had learned to impose upon himself. Johnson saw, and saw truly, that Swift, with all his marvellous power, had been vanquished in the struggle, from which he himself had come out victorious. The very similarity of nature, which Johnson would fain have concealed from himself, made him the more ready to condemn the defeat, and to find its cause rather in the intellectual weakness of the victim, than in the overpowering strength of that *sæva indignatio* by which his heart was torn. Johnson's utterance of criticisms so baseless, so inapt, and even so inconsistent, as those which he passes upon Swift, can only be accounted for by some such feeling as this.

What, we would ask very shortly, in conclusion, is the practical result of Johnson's teaching for our age as well as for his own? Its first and last effort is, to adapt its lessons to the everyday needs of men. Mould yourself, he would seem to tell us, to the conditions in which you are placed. Waste no time in vague aspirations, and no labour in fruitless struggles to alter institutions which exist independently of your acquiescence or dissent. Such aspirations and such struggles will only lead you to forget the duty that lies in your path, to fancy yourself released from its behests, and to suppose that neglect is compensated by enthusiasm for an ideal. There is no need for you to invent ideals in order that you may call out the reverence of your nature, or to conceive schemes of regeneration in order that you may stir your energies. You have enough here to occupy

occupy your thoughts, to employ your hands, to exercise your self-control, without battling with the elements, and dreaming about visions of reform. Accept conventional rules when they help you to direct your work, or to fit yourself for the post you are to occupy in the economy of the world and of society: but be careful that you do not *think* cant. That your judgment may be free and independent, release yourself both from the formal acceptance of conventional opinion, and from the no less formal imitation of fashionable paradox or eccentricity. Do not venture beyond your depth in speculations, which may bring you no nearer to the truth, but may well unfit you for your daily work. Do not fancy yourself exempt from human passion: but beware of admitting as rules of conduct those impulses which adopt the aspect of enthusiastic virtue, but are, in truth, nothing but passions in disguise. Johnson's moral creed is the less capable of being concisely enunciated, and conveyed in skilful or striking literary form, inasmuch as it was taught only by his daily life and conversation, and by the manner in which he discharged that which he held to be his appointed function, the gaining of his bread by writing books. We have in our own day, of course, attained to much more excellent ideals. We are to cultivate a 'sweet reasonableness,' to follow that 'which makes after righteousness,' and to adopt a convenient classification of opponents by calling them Philistines. We are to recognize that our besetting sin is what we call Worldliness, by which is to be understood any obtrusively practical aim. Or else we are to strive after the Eternal Verities, and to join in the clamorous denunciation of Shams. These ideals are perhaps the more convenient, seeing that they leave each of us much as he was, may be put on or off as a garment, and confront us with none of the troublesome assiduity of those moral rules that were inculcated by Johnson.

- ART. VI.—1. *Official Papers presented to Parliament. Correspondence between Great Britain and Portugal regarding the Congo Treaty* (Africa No. 2, 1884).—Further Papers on the same subject (Africa No. 5, 1884).—Despatch enclosing the Treaty (Africa No. 3, 1884).
2. *Despatches from the British Consul at Loanda* (Africa No. 4, 1884).
3. *Correspondence respecting the West African Conference* (Africa No. 7, 1884).
4. *Through the Dark Continent.* By Henry M. Stanley. London, 1878.
5. *The River Congo.* By H. H. Johnston. London, 1884.

WHEN in the autumn of 1876 Henry M. Stanley, penetrating beyond the western shore of Lake Tanganika in Eastern Africa, came upon a morass, and spied a little shoot of water escaping westwards—what did he think? That perhaps this jet of water might be flowing into the Atlantic 1200 miles away. When he followed, in this neighbourhood, another stream till he saw it join a majestic river, already known from the travels of Livingstone and Cameron;—when he resolved to pursue that river to its mouth, either northwards on the Mediterranean or westwards on the Atlantic;—when he made his boatmen drag their canoes through trackless thickets round the cataracts;—when he and his crews fought in self-defence against butchery by cannibals,—by what was he animated? By the ambition of adding a new domain to the realm of Discovery. When at length, in the summer of 1877, his diminished band having been brought to the verge of starvation, he sent appeals in four languages on the chance of their reaching some European near the sea-coast, and saw the food and raiment come to his famished camp,—by what was he cheered? By the consciousness that one more African problem had been solved, and that the Congo of the Western coast had been connected with a river springing from the East African range.

Since that time seven years only have elapsed, and the dreams of geographers, the visions of travellers, have been realized. Already, at least five European Powers—England, Germany, France, Portugal, Belgium—together with the United States of America, have been considering their territorial or commercial interests in the region of the Congo from end to end; a composite body, as yet of a doubtful status, styled the International Association, is establishing a position in the heart of this region; and a Conference is sitting at Berlin, under the presidency of Prince Bismarck, to discuss, among other things,

the trade regulations of this water highway. England, above all other Powers, has interests in this quarter which are capable of indefinite enlargement. Besides her direct possessions in the South African continent, irrespective of her power on the Nile and the Niger, on the coasts of Guinea and Zanzibar, she has by her maritime trade acquired a just status on the Lower Congo. It was by the skilful daring of her sons, by the endurance of Africans nursed under her protection, by the resources of her political base on the East African coast, that the sources of the Congo were unveiled, that the upper basin was discovered; that hence the whole region, from the eastern mountains to the western coast washed by the Atlantic, was opened to the ambition of all Powers, and to the trade of all nations. In asserting this, we do not forget that Stanley, though of British blood, is an American citizen; that his enterprise was in part sustained by American funds: and this provision redounds to the honour of the newspaper press in London and in New York. With its past record most eventful though comparatively brief, with its present beset by rivalries menacing to British interests, and with its future full of momentous possibilities, we desire to lay before our readers the problem of the Congo, in its geographical, commercial, and political aspects.

We have placed at the head of this article the most recent parliamentary papers regarding the abortive negotiations between England and Portugal in the matter of the Congo; also regarding the West African Conference. Next we cite Stanley's animated narrative of his journey 'Through the Dark Continent.' The interest which was excited by this book on its first appearance six years ago must have been resuscitated with additional force now that its author is seen to have created by his prowess a revolution in the politics of Central Africa. Further, we have added the newest book on the subject of the Lower Congo, by Mr. H. H. Johnston—a work which, so far as it goes, presents a graphic account of the coast, of the natural phenomena for some distance inland, together with much information regarding the population, the products, and the trade, up to the head of the first series of cataract-rapids.

For an understanding of the Congo problem, we propose to answer the questions which will be rising in the anxious minds of our readers. What in its entirety is the region of the Congo? What are its dimensions, its climate, its capabilities? What is its population, its produce, its commerce, present and prospective? What is its political situation now existing, or likely to become? What are the just interests of England therein, and
how

how are they to be guarded? Of these important questions the first is geographical, the second is largely commercial, the third is in the main diplomatic, the fourth is patriotic.

In order that the river-system of the Congo may be comprehended, it is necessary to call to remembrance the great East African range of mountains, running from Abyssinia in the north to the embouchure of the Zambesi on the Indian Ocean, opposite Madagascar, in the south. The range consists of groups of mountains formed into a general line, and of several lesser ranges more or less parallel to each other. This broad mass of mountains has its front facing the Indian Ocean and overlooking the Zanzibar coast; while its back, so to speak, rests on the table-lands of Central Africa. In it are embosomed several lakes, which together form one of the finest lacustrine systems in the world, second only to that of North America, perhaps hardly second even to that, in dignity and importance. For, of these lakes, two—the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza—are now famous as giving birth to the Nile; while another, the Bemba, is the parent of the Congo, and a fourth, the Tanganika, is just beyond the boundary of the Congo region.

Towards the lower end of the East African range, passing from north to south, there runs transversely a range from west to east, right athwart the continent, from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. This cross-line between the two oceans forms a mighty water-parting; for below it is the basin of the Zambesi belonging to Southern Africa, and above it is the river-system of the Congo, belonging to Central Africa. The transverse range, then, running from west to east, and impinging on the East African range, forms a sort of right angle. In this angle of mountains there reposes Lake Bemba, a majestic sheet of water, 3690 feet above the sea-level, about as large as the Principality of Wales. The lake has a permanent outlet in a river: and that river is the true head-water of the Congo.

This lake was also named Benguela by its discoverer, Livingstone; but it is better to adopt the shorter name, Bemba. It was amidst the surroundings of this lake, its morasses and quagmires, its grassy oozes, its reedy and sedgy swamps, that the Great Traveller caught a fatal malady from wading in chilly water. Here, right between the margin of the lake and the base of the great water-parting, about May-day 1873, he died, in the very scene of his grandest discovery, as a soldier of Science falling on the battle-field after the proudest of his victories over Nature. But, like Columbus and other discoverers, he perished before learning the full import of this his

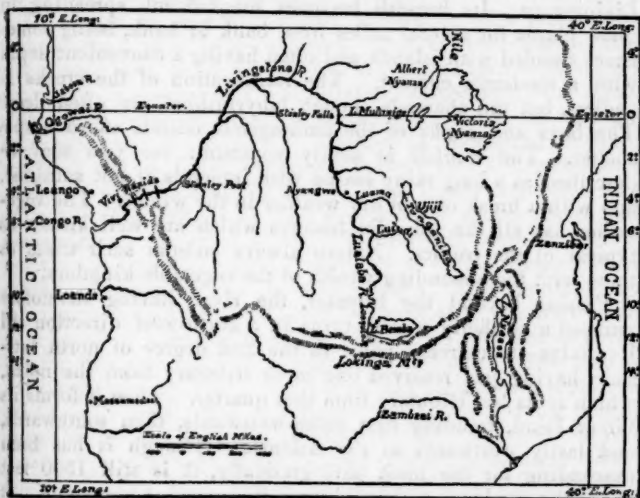
last discovery. He imagined that perhaps this lake might be the ultimate source of the Nile, and had hardly connected it in thought with the Congo. Thus, wasted with pain and dying prematurely, he left one important link missing in the vast chain of his discoveries. That link was found, five years later, by Stanley's journey through the Dark Continent.

But we must now turn to the beginning of the Congo. The river, here called the Luapula, issues from the lake in the 11th degree of south latitude. In his dying moments, the last question which Livingstone ever asked had reference to this Luapula. The river flows northwards for 300 miles, as the crow flies (though, of course, its winding channel is much longer), and changes its name to Lualaba. It is then joined by the little river Lukuga, more properly called Luindi, which rises in the mountains west of Lake Tanganika. This Luindi is the stream which Stanley seems to connect with the morass on the western shore of the lake. That connection has, however, been shown by geographers to be casual and occasional, being dependent on the overflow when the lake is in high flood. The lake has indeed no other outlet; still, the out-pouring is intermittent, and this is accounted for by the rainfall and the evaporation being in ordinary years about equal,—that is, balancing each other.* The permanent source of the Luindi, then, is in the hills west of Lake Tanganika. Next, the main river Lualaba is joined by the stream Luama, which also rises in the mountains west of Lake Tanganika, and along which Stanley marched. The junction of the Luama with the Lualaba is the point which he beheld with exultation, hoping that the waters might be running to the Atlantic, but fearing lest after all they should lead him towards the Victoria Nyanza and the Nile. Near this junction is the village of Nyangwe, famous in the annals of geographical discovery. Here Livingstone stopped more than once; here Cameron and Stanley sojourned for a while. This, too, is the furthest point to which trade penetrates from Zanzibar, on the eastern coast.

But we must revert to the point where Stanley, marching from Lake Tanganika, first caught sight of the true Congo. The river does not as yet bear its principal title,—namely, Congo; for it is called the Lualaba. As already noticed, its course has heretofore been northerly, and for some distance it still maintains that direction, till it touches the equatorial line near the series of cataracts known as the Stanley Falls. Hereabouts (of course with some intervals of space) it receives five

* See 'Proceedings Royal Geographical Society, 1882,' vol. iv. p. 628; also 'British Association Report, 1882,' p. 623.

large tributaries, of which the sources have not yet been explored, but which must in part rise among the mountains south of Lake Albert Nyanza, and near the Lake Muta Zige; while a part of them rise in the mountains near Lake Tanganika. These mountains near Lakes Muta Zige and Albert Nyanza, then, must form the second of our great water-partings,—namely, that between the basin of the Nile and the basin of the Congo. The first water-parting we have already seen in the mountains which bound Lake Bemba. Between these water-partings—one in the 3rd degree of north latitude, the other in



MAP OF THE CONGO.

the 12th degree of south latitude—the distance is about 1000 English miles. If the reader carries his imagination from Lake Albert Nyanza in the north down to Lake Bemba in the south, and back to Lake Tanganika in the east, he will perceive how vast is the Upper Congo area enclosed within these natural limits.

But we must return to our river which we left at the Equator. Hereabouts are the Stanley Falls, which are not waterfalls as ordinarily understood, but form a series of cataract-rapids, six in number. The description of them will be instantly realized by those who know the American rapids just above the crest of Niagara, or the angry waters in which poor Webb lost his life.

The rocky islets near the heads of the several Stanley Falls are fastnesses held by cannibal tribes, who sorely harassed Stanley and his men as they hauled their canoes round the obstructions in the navigable course. By this, the first of its abrupt descents, the river makes its exit from the upper plateau of Central Africa.

Below the Stanley Falls the river—receiving, as we have just seen, a vast accession of waters from north-eastern and eastern tributaries—runs to a considerable distance north of the equatorial line. Here it has received from Stanley the name of Livingstone. Its breadth becomes magnificent, spreading in some places for several miles from bank to bank, being sometimes studded with islands, and often having a convenient depth with a moderate current. The ramification of the creeks is endless, but the channels, though labyrinthine, are often deep. The bays and nooks of the umbrageous islands afford ample shelter. The rainfall is nearly constant; the year may be described as a long rainy season with intervals of hot sunshine, and with a break of cool dry weather in the winter. The vegetation has all the splendid features which are well known as typical of the tropics. Nature always endows such tracts as these with the abounding wealth of the vegetable kingdom.

Passing beyond the Equator, the river, having heretofore pursued a northerly course, turns in a north-west direction till it attains its extreme point in the 2nd degree of north latitude, having just received one more tributary from the north, which is its last tributary from that quarter. Then it forms its Great Bend, trending first south-westwards, then southwards, and lastly westwards to the Atlantic. Though it has been descending for the most part gradually, it is still 1500 feet above the sea-level, and its climate is somewhat temperate. It is also beyond the zone of excessive rainfall.

It now begins to derive accession of water from the south, and receives three large tributaries from that quarter, which rise far away in the transverse range of the Zambesi water-parting already mentioned. Its stream is majestically broad between wooded banks, through a comparatively open country, with a current quiet enough for local navigation on the most extensive scale. At last it broadens out into a sheet of water like a lake, dotted here and there with islands, and known as Stanley Pool. It is now nearing the last of its hilly barriers, through which it must burst tumultuously in its westerly course. This barrier is the range of hills which overlook the West African coast; and here the river-course is a series of cataract-rapids, called the Livingstone Falls, resembling in character those
already

already described at Stanley Falls. By this, the second of its abrupt descents, it makes its exit from the lower plateau of Central Africa, and enters upon the littoral tract. It is here called locally the Zaire. Then it pursues an uneventful course, surrounded with all the gorgeous luxuriance of tropical vegetation, for a hundred miles, without forming any delta whatever; and so rolls a single volume of water into the Atlantic in the 6th degree of south latitude, reddening or darkening the salt water for many miles with earth and detritus washed down from the plateaux of Central Africa.

The basin of this river-system, consisting of a main river with at least nine large affluents, must be enormous. The 'catchment area,' to use a phrase of hydraulic engineering, must, according to geographical delimitation, comprise all the lands within the three watersheds, north, east, south (as already indicated), and the Atlantic. Stanley is understood to have reckoned this at 1,300,000 square miles; and a consideration of the map shews that the reality must nearly approach this estimate. The area is at least a million of square miles, and perhaps more. In other words, it is nearly as large as British India, excluding the Native States; or as China, excluding its mountainous regions and its outer plateau. The population of this region cannot be stated, even conjecturally. Stanley again is believed to have reckoned the total at 44 millions of souls, but for this reckoning there cannot be real data. The land is not everywhere peopled; vast forests and jungles are known to exist; hills occur here and there; but there are no rugged ranges within the area, and no deserts. The region is tropical throughout, with heat, sunshine, and rainfall, generously distributed; fertility and vegetation therefore prevail generally. Along the main river, and at the points of confluence with its tributaries, many inhabitants have been seen; and other tribes are reported to be dwelling further inland. As the civilization is low and agriculture restricted, as intertribal warfare largely exists, the population will not be dense. On the other hand, fruit, vegetables, and fish, are abundant; therefore the people are not driven to earn a scanty or precarious subsistence by hunting wild animals,—like, for instance, the Indians of North America,—nor do they perish from rigour of climate. Therefore, the population is not likely to be extremely sparse. If, at the lowest conceivable average, there be twenty souls to the square mile, the population (on one million of square miles) would be 20 millions. If there be an average of thirty—still very low—the population would amount to 30 millions. As yet, the people are nearly all uncivilized, some of them are
gentle

gentle and open-hearted, but many are predatory, barbarous, bloodthirsty. Still, in the mass, they will prove amenable to the humanizing agencies and the civilizing influences which will now be brought to bear on them. In that case the population will multiply; and if the average should become sixty per square mile—which is about the lowest of the ascertained averages in any province of India or of China—then the population would amount to 60 millions. If, quite hypothetically, this region were to be subjected for a century or so to a first-rate governing Power, like the British, then teeming millions would be seen in Central Africa, like those which multiply in South-eastern and Eastern Asia.

The national character will doubtless be found to belong to the well-known African type. The many tribes of which the population is composed must be homogeneous, and their dialects must be derived from the same linguistic root. Ethnically they all belong to the central section of the great Bantu* family. Some branches of the race are evidently above, while others are much below, the general average; while some few have sunk to a miserable, even horrible, depth. They are frequently brave, but in fortitude and in the finer temper of courage they are inferior to the noble Africans of Stanley's band, who were of Arab origin. They have the elements of good; they are simple-minded and teachable, as the best missionary experience will attest. But regarding their capacity for improvement, there is much difference of opinion among well-informed persons. American experience, which by this time is considerable in respect to the improbability of the African race, gives as yet but a doubtful note. No man can say whether the African races will reach even the moderate standard which has been reached by the natives of China, of India, and of other Asiatic countries.

The materials for commerce are, of course, numerous. There are oils, fibres, ground-nuts, seeds, india-rubber, dyes, pigments, ornamental woods and reeds, and all the varied products of the palm family. There are the ivory, the horns, the feathers, and other productions of the animal kingdom. Even some mineral resources—such as copper, gypsum, bitumen, malachite—may be found. For the creation of staple products on a large scale, the advent of civilization must be awaited. But probably tea and coffee could well be raised in many parts of this region. The natives are skilled in some kinds of handicraft; their huts are often well constructed; they are good carpenters and canoe-builders; they possess knives, spears, and other iron instruments,

* See Stanford's Series: Africa, by Keith Johnston; Appendix, by A. H. Keane.

most of which they must have made for themselves. They know, in some slight degree, the use of fire-arms, which they obtain from the coast. Their clothes they purchase, for the most part, from abroad. They possess the ordinary aptitude for trade. The cannibal tribes would, of course, refuse hospitality to an intruder from the outside, whom they would regard, in their own phrase, as 'man-meat.' But Stanley, with his band of nearly 150 persons, subsisted (though precariously) for months on food obtained by barter from the villages that lined the river-banks. It was not until he and his were involved in the wilderness, amidst inhospitable tribes, at the final cataract-barrier near the coast, that they were reduced to starvation until relieved by succour from European friends.

The highway for commerce will of course be the river itself. From the mouth to the foot of the first great barrier of the Livingstone Falls, the short distance is so well navigated as not to require notice here. Above that barrier, that is from Stanley Pool to the second great barrier or Stanley Falls, there is an immense stretch—too long to be called a reach—some 1400 miles long by the course of the channel, extending all round the Great Bend, and lying between the 17th and the 26th degree of east longitude. Almost all—perhaps quite the whole—of this noble length is navigable. Certainly the greater part of it affords remarkable facilities for navigation. Many thousands of canoes constantly ply on it for trading or for fighting. Beyond Stanley Falls the river is probably navigable for the greater part of the way up to Lake Bemba itself. The formidable barriers of Stanley Falls cause an absolute interruption to anything like a 'through' navigation of the river. Such obstacles have been surmounted in other countries by engineering science and by the outlay of capital; these obstacles, too, may be thus surmounted. The first great barrier of the Livingstone Falls, however, is not only formidable, but is also very protracted, extending over 150, perhaps even 200, miles. The second great barrier (at Stanley Falls) is fortunately much less extensive. It were, perhaps, premature to mention communication by rail; Mr. Stanley, however, has in a recent speech spoken of a possible railway. Indeed the subject of more railways than one has been mooted during the West African Conference at Berlin. It would be interesting to know what line can best be adopted. Apparently the object should be to place the littoral tract in immediate communication with the vast stretch of navigable water above Stanley Pool.

Such, in the briefest terms, being the characteristics of the country and of the people, what is the political situation now,
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and how is it likely to be developed? The inhabitants, though they have local chiefs and in some cases pay tribute, are quite destitute of administrative organization, and have nothing approaching to government. They are, then, at the ultimate disposal, even at the mercy, of civilized Powers. They might, if no safeguards were adopted, become the prey of interested ambition, or of designing intrigue, or of far-sighted adventure. Their productive resources have for ages lain nearly dormant, but are now springing into active life at the touch, not of native-born enterprise, but of foreign exploitation. Their commerce is originated, promoted, and financed, entirely by individuals or corporations belonging to the white races. Thus there lies in Central Africa a prize, supposed by Europeans to be a very rich one, though perhaps magnified by that sort of imagination which proverbially turns the 'ignotum' into the 'magnificum.' Each one of several Powers seems anxious to snatch or to secure its share in this prize. Perhaps the spectacle of the amazing success of England in India on a vast scale, or of the almost equally signal success of Holland in Java on a much smaller scale, has imbued other European Powers with the idea that they might effect something of the same sort in Central Africa. Perhaps France is burning to recoup herself in this quarter, among several other quarters, for territorial curtailment in Europe or for political losses in Egypt. Perhaps Germany, having secured at least two first-rate naval positions on her northern sea-coast, having established a small but very efficient navy, and having observed the success of German colonists in North America and Australia, yearns for some colonial dependencies that shall be really German. Perhaps Belgium, searching abroad for neutral markets that shall take her fast-growing manufactures, and shall possibly be free from the over-mastering competition of England, fancies that such a fortunate region may be found in the heart of Africa. Whatever be the reason, there is just now a concurrence of political elements in and about the Congo, which causes this river-basin to be the cynosure of European eyes, and the observed of all imperial observers. Regretfully noticing this new-born, even abnormal activity, Portugal has been re-asserting claims dating from that era of discovery in the fifteenth century, wherein she took a world-renowned part. The ubiquitous England, sorely pre-occupied in divers other regions far away, would fain let the sleeping troubles of Central Africa lie at rest for a while. But if every one else moves there, she cannot afford to remain motionless. Some of her sons, too, will think that, if this region is by a general apportionment to be carved out into several European dominions, a share must be reserved
for

for the British lion. At all events, she will insist with all her might, that the Congo highway shall be kept free for that commerce on which depend her prosperity at home and her influence abroad.

Despite a general uniformity in the aim of the Powers since the geographical discoveries by Stanley in 1877, there has been some diversity in the procedure adopted by them. Their efforts have been in part directed towards Stanley Pool, on the Congo, just above the West African coast-range, and to the districts up stream from that important point. The districts below this range constitute the littoral region of the Congo, and that region, having been long discovered and explored, has for many years been the seat of trading factories—British, Portuguese, French, German, Dutch. Commercially and politically as well as geographically, the country below the West African range has been regarded as that of the Lower Congo, and the country above the range as that of the Upper Congo. But ere long the Upper Congo country will probably be subdivided into a Middle region in the heart of the continent, and a new Upper Congo nearer the Great Eastern range. Recently, however, Stanley Pool has been, and for the present is, the point of attraction for European politicians.

It was near this point that M. de Brazza hoped to establish a basis of French dominion, planting the French flag, and bestowing the title of 'Brazzaville' upon a group of African huts. Apparently the Gallic policy would be to connect the Stanley Pool tract with the existing French possessions on the coast north of the Congo, known as the mouths of the lesser rivers Gaboon and Ogowa. It was from this point, near Stanley Pool, that the new corporation known as the International Association began its territorial operations, making arrangements with African chiefs, taking charge of certain tribes, and even hoisting a flag in certain localities. It is round this point that the leading European nations are establishing factories which will soon expand into settlements.

But, keen as may be the interest felt by some European Powers in the Congo, not one of them feels so anxious on this subject as Portugal. Probably her care does not seriously extend beyond the littoral tract between the sea-coast and the West African range. Within this tract, however, she has been sedulously claiming sovereign possession. Her claim extends from the 5th to the 8th degree of south latitude, or a distance of about 300 miles along the coast. It will be remembered that the Congo enters the sea at the 6th degree; therefore she claims one degree north of the river-mouth and two degrees south. The
piece

piece of territory north of the river-mouth includes what has been regarded as the small Native state of Kadembe, bounded by the little river Kakongo, and adjoining the Native state known as Loango; whence it appears that the Loango country is not included in her claim. The piece of territory south of the river-mouth includes the coast down to Ambriz, the northern limit of her undoubted possessions in Angola: this piece was once a part of the old native kingdom of Congo, but long ago became detached, and has in recent times been held by petty tribes. The territory thus defined on the north by the river Kakongo, on the south by Ambriz of Angola, and on the west by the Atlantic, was to be defined on the east by Noki, a village on the left bank of the Congo, at the foot of the Yellala Falls (or the beginning of the cataract-rapids), and opposite the well-known trading station of Vivi, on the right bank. It would hence follow that the eastern limit would be drawn along the base of the West African range, about a hundred miles from the sea-shore. From these data, say 300 miles by 100, an area of 30,000 square miles would be claimed by Portugal. The importance of this claim—which, if admitted, would give her complete sovereign possession of the Congo mouth, and connect that possession with her old possessions in Angola—is too manifest to need discussion. After a long correspondence, the Portuguese sovereignty was allowed by the British Government in February 1883. This was done expressly, not as an admission of the claim, but as an act of grace and friendship. A treaty to that effect was prepared. This recognition by England of Portuguese sovereignty over the Congo mouth was not accepted by the other Powers, and so the treaty became abortive. Thus the question as affecting Portugal remains *in statu quo*. Shortly afterwards proposals began to be circulated by Germany, and arrangements made, for the West African Conference which has been sitting at Berlin.

The proceedings of the Conference, according to the original basis, were kept apart* from matters of sovereignty, dominion, or territorial possession. Though they are nevertheless tending more and more towards these matters, still they have as yet been concentrated on the freeing of the river-highways from any liability to transit duties leviable by any Power. But the value

* It is true that Germany proposed, that the Conference should settle the conditions on which new acquisitions by any Power should be rendered effective; but, on being pressed by the British Government for explanation, she explained, that this meant only the principles laid down by the jurists and judges of all lands. See *Africa* No. 7 of 1884, p. 15.

of this freedom for water traffic may be seriously impaired by a certain railway project, which, though not included in the proceedings of the Conference, was brought forward simultaneously with that meeting. This railway, if constructed, would pass round the series of cataract-rapids between the Yellala Falls (near Noki and Vivi already mentioned) and Stanley Pool. It would thus obviate that long-protracted river-obstruction which is impassable for water traffic. Thus it would be an integral and essential part of the through communication between the central basin of the Congo and the coast. If, then, it fell into the hands of a Power opposed to the trade-development of other Powers, it might become the means of restricting that commercial freedom which the Conference ostensibly aimed at securing. Some endeavour seems to have been made during the Conference to enlarge the scope of the proceedings, by including the commercial as well as the geographical area of the Congo and its tributaries. The term 'commercial area' is dangerously vague, and might be made to bear an interpretation most objectionable from a British point of view. Happily this proposed enlargement seems to have been stopped, and the Conference has confined itself to the geographical area, which, as we have already seen, is vast enough.

Such then, in brief, is the political situation now existing. There is an enormous region beyond the range of mountains running near the West African coast. It extends from that range to the range running near the East African coast, and thus comprises the inland regions of the continent. It is traversed by a vast system of navigable rivers. It has a dark-complexioned population which, though not dense, may prove to be considerable. Its people are incapable of self-government, and may fall under the control of civilized white races. Under such control, its trade and resources may expand to an extent practically indefinite. Several European Powers are casting ambitious eyes upon it; we might almost say that some are nibbling and others grasping at it. A European Conference has assembled, apparently to determine that the trade of the river-system shall be free to all flags. But the value of this freedom to trade is doubtful, until the terms be settled on which a railway is to be constructed across the West African range between the central basin and the sea-coast. There yet remains the littoral region between this range and the Atlantic shore. The sovereignty of this region was claimed by Portugal; this claim was allowed by England, but not by the other Powers; it has not been considered by the Conference, and perhaps is held in suspense; but it certainly has not been withdrawn.

Thus

Thus the plot of what may possibly be a great drama is thickening. What further denouement is likely to take place? What lessons for the future are derivable from the past and present of this great affair?

In the first instance, a possible embarrassment of a serious kind has been avoided by the Conference, when it threw out the proposal to include the commercial area of the Congo, and restricted the question to the geographical basin. Even with this restriction the basin is enormous, because the tributaries as well as the main river are included, and we have already shewn how vast its geographical dimensions are. The casual observer would exclaim, that surely this must be enough to satisfy the most comprehensive grasp; would suppose that, in such a case, the commercial and geographical limits are practically the same; and would wonder what the proposal to include the commercial area can reasonably mean. Well, it may prove to have an ominous, even a sinister, significance, in this wise. The head-waters of the Congo come, as we have already seen, primarily from Lake Bemba. Now, this lake is at a very considerable distance inland. Though ultimately accessible by water from the West, still at present it cannot be approached otherwise than from the East African coast, distant about 700 miles; indeed it was discovered by British explorers who started from that coast as their base. Next, Lake Tanganika is more accessible: from its eastern shore the country rises high, and then falls, in a series of four natural steps, down to the coast of Zanzibar. The lake, indeed, has been approached by British discoverers starting from Zanzibar, Stanley himself being among them. The routes are becoming known, and such knowledge conduces to trade. Indeed the Zanzibar traders have stations or markets, notably Ujiji on the western shore. Though the region between the lake and the coast really comprises the great East African range, and is in parts rugged or arid, still it has resources which may increase. A consideration of the political geography of the East African coast would shew, that Zanzibar is one of the greatest, if not absolutely the greatest, commercial centre in Eastern Africa. It is the base for all operations between the seashore and the Tanganika Lake, also the Bemba Lake as civilization shall advance inland. Now it is superfluous to call to mind that Zanzibar, though not British territory, is under British control, or to recapitulate the steps whereby in recent times that control has been established, and the manner in which it is exercised for the benefit of all concerned.

Under these circumstances, the proposal to define a possible
commercial

commercial area of the Congo must apparently be designed to control hereafter the trade connected with Lake Tanganika. And as the Tanganika trade of the future will probably be connected with Zanzibar, then this proposal must have been meant to affect Zanzibar. But anything which even distantly or indirectly affects Zanzibar, is an interference with just British interests. At this moment, such considerations seem remote. But to the author of the proposal (whoever he was) they must have seemed near enough to be worthy of forethought. In short, the proposal must have been meant for something; if it was not meant for the Zanzibar trade, then let its author, or authors, explain what it was meant for.

Our apprehension, however, is confirmed by the fact, that a mixed society of Belgians and Germans, styled the 'Association Internationale Africaine,' did send some representatives from Zanzibar, in 1877, to establish a commercial station at Karewa, on the western shore of the Tanganika Lake. This 'Association' is not indeed to be confounded with the International Association of which the fame, is now ringing through Europe. It may have been the precursor of, or it may have become merged in, the International Association.* At all events, the International Association is the only corporation with which politicians have nowadays to deal.

Now, this discussion about a commercial area, together with other discussions that have more or less engaged the attention of the Conference, may have emanated from, or may be in some way connected with, the International Association. Some eight years ago this Association was nothing more than a select company of geographers, philanthropists, and scientists, headed by the King of the Belgians in his private capacity. It has now blossomed like a flower, or emerged like a butterfly, spreading its gay hues in the sunshine of European favour. At one moment it basks in the smiles of Germany; at another it cowers under the frown of France. Having apparently been recognized by the United States and Germany, perhaps also by other Powers, it has now been recognized by England—the said recognition being among the 'sequelæ' of the West African Conference at Berlin. But this corporation is beginning to wrap itself in a sort of mystery; it looms in the haze of politics; it may perhaps be magnified to the sight like the forms which travellers see produced in the mist. There is no authentic or specific statement of its objects, its constitution, its allegiance, its nationality, its administration, its government. It is perhaps

* See pamphlet entitled, 'White Line across Dark Continent,' p. 14.

only a private corporation, headed by Mr. Stanley; but in that case how comes it to have been sanctioned by the King of Belgium,* and to have been supported (if public statements are to be credited) by the American delegate at the Conference? The United States can hardly be supporting it in order to found American dominions in Central Africa: is it then to be considered a Belgian corporation? Or if it be not Belgian, then is it to be regarded as belonging to no nationality at all? If it have no nationality, and if it be made up (as perhaps the title 'International' may imply) of individuals from several nations, how is a body of private persons, some subjects of existing Sovereigns, some citizens of existing Republics, to set up a territorial jurisdiction for itself: and if such a body elects one person to be its chief, Mr. Stanley or another—or, as appears to have been lately suggested, a prince of the house of Leopold—how is he to be recognized as the representative of an independent Power, or of a new State? Such a recognition may form an extraordinary precedent; nevertheless, it seems actually to have taken place on the part of England as well as of other Powers. It is true indeed that elsewhere corporations, originally private, have ended in winning territorial positions, and even in founding empires. Such corporations have done, and are still doing, all this. But they have been connected with a nation, have borne allegiance to a Sovereign or to a State, and have obtained royal charters or other sanction from pre-existing authority. In the absence of these sanctions, however, the International Association is trying to acquire territory, to treat with Native tribes, to control trade by land, and even to display symbols of authority. It does not profess allegiance to any tribal chief; on the contrary, it undertakes to act quite independently of any Native authority. Having been recognized as an independent State by several of the European Powers, under the designation of a 'Free State,' it is believed to intend (perhaps in return for such recognition) to transfer as by a valid title a part of its so-called territorial acquisitions. And England has been recommended to join in this recognition, in order to secure for herself some participation in the benefits which the Association is to dispense among its friends. At all events, reports, as yet unofficial, state that a mutual declaration (styled a Convention) has been exchanged between the British Government and the Association. This instrument assures freedom of trade, of domicile, of religion, to all foreigners; secures to British subjects and traders the treatment of the most favoured nation;

* Africa No. 2 of 1884, p. 38.

provides for the appointment of British Consuls, and for the exercise by them of jurisdiction in litigation affecting British subjects until the Association shall have courts of its own; and stipulates that, in the event of any part of the Association's present territory being alienated, British subjects shall enjoy under the transferee all the privileges which they would have enjoyed under the Association. It were premature to comment on this most grave Convention, until the facts regarding it are known upon official authority.

According to a declaration made on the 2nd of November last, the status and proceedings of the Association are not to fall under the deliberations of the Conference.* Nevertheless, these very subjects are being handled by the Conference, at least informally. And the Conference adjourned for the Christmas vacation, with the apparent intention of handling them further on it reassembling early in January. The Association having been recognized by the principal Powers, with one exception, wishes to have its territories defined and 'neutralized.' The exception is France, and that Power is objecting to nearly all that the Association asks for. There is, indeed, doubt as to what the Association means by 'neutralization.' Probably it means, that its territories having been defined are to be guaranteed as inviolable by the Powers that have granted 'recognition.' If this be the meaning, then France as at present minded will not agree thereto. She does not approve of the proceedings of the Association, and is believed to have designs of her own on the very territories which the Association hopes to occupy. The centre of the Association's work is on the left or south bank of Stanley Pool, at Leopoldville, called after its royal patron in Brussels. But France, believing herself to be mistress of the north bank of the famous Pool, apparently demands the south bank also. If the Association yielded that, it might as well, in Stanley's words, 'bid a long good-night to the Congo basin.' France, however, seems willing to leave the Association undisturbed on the south bank upon a certain condition. Now, this condition is to the effect, that French acquisition shall extend over the right or north bank, not only of Stanley Pool, but of the whole Congo from that point downwards to the river's mouth, and over a piece of coast from the mouth northwards by a hundred miles to a place named Rudolfstadt. The friends of the Association are dreading absorption by France, and feel like the child about to be swallowed by the Ogre.

* Africa No. 7 of 1884, p. 17.

Irrespectively of the Association, this rapid inflation of French claims may well awaken the attention of Europe. On what are they founded? Why, on the agreements which De Brazza made several years ago with a chief named Mukoko, who dwelt near the right bank above Stanley Pool, and has since died. Unfortunately, those agreements were ratified by the French Chambers at the time. The authority of this chief was of the rudest and vaguest character. Its existence south of the river is stoutly denied by the Natives there. Indeed, the territorial position of the tribes and their chiefs is so shifting and fitful, that no agreement made with them can be a valid basis of acquisition by a civilized Power. The condition of society is not such as to render a tribal chief competent for such an arrangement as a territorial transfer. Something more than this shadowy authorization is needed to make an acquisition effective. Whether England puts forth any claims of her own or not,—whether she sees fit to befriend the Association or not,—she should at all events try to prevent a limitless extension of nominal sovereignty by France without any substantial occupation having been attempted.

Again, speculation seems to be rife in some quarters regarding European colonization in the Congo basin. But it entirely remains to be seen whether such colonization is possible. It must be remembered, that the position of the Congo at its mouth has six degrees of south latitude and two degrees of north latitude at its middle course. In other words, the climate is about the same as that of Ceylon and Zanzibar,—places where colonization is never contemplated for Europeans. In Ceylon there are mountainous localities, with several thousand feet of altitude; these have European landowners and plantation managers, but not colonists. The Congo in its middle course has an altitude from 1200 to 1500 feet above the sea-level; this is much less than the height of the Ceylon mountains. Greater altitudes indeed are obtained in the upper course of the river nearer to lakes Tanganika and Bemba. But at the river's source in Lake Bemba, the point farthest from the Equator, the latitude shews only eleven degrees south; in other words, the position is in the warmest half of the tropic of Capricorn. The climate of the Congo, then, militates against or almost precludes any practical idea of colonization. Europeans may manage, supervise, administer, govern there; they may do as Englishmen have done and are doing in India, but not as the Australians, or the Canadians, or the Cape colonists do. It is true that some Boers have recently settled as colonists in the Angola territory under Portuguese auspices; but that has occurred in the hills of Mos-samedes

samedes in the 16th degree of south latitude; and even there, if they are really colonists, they must find the climate too hot out of doors unless they employ native labour, as they doubtless will.

Lastly, there is the unsatisfied claim of Portugal, as already mentioned, to the sovereignty of the Lower Congo. Perhaps this claim will not be allowed by the European Powers. England has also said that she has never receded, and does not now recede, from her contention, that this claim is not established. She was prepared to recognise it only 'out of friendship.'* Of course Portugal affirms her right to be 'incontestable,' on the grounds of 'priority of discovery, continuity of possession, and numerous treaties, general and special.'† But of these grounds the only one that would be held good is the 'priority of discovery,' dating so far back as the sixteenth century, when the 'Padrão,' or landmark, was set up at the Congo mouth, of which mark the name survives to this day. But that is of no validity unless it has been followed by continuity of possession. Such continuity, so far from being proved, according to the Portuguese contention, is actually disproved by the course of events during several generations, and by the manifest condition of affairs. As for the bearing of 'treaties' upon this subject, this Portuguese construction would be denied by all diplomatists and jurists outside Portugal. The policy of allowing the sovereignty of Portugal has been earnestly challenged by several bodies in England that are well informed in African affairs,—namely, the Chambers of Commerce at Manchester and Bradford, the Liverpool African Society, the Baptist Missionary Society, the Anti-Slavery Association.‡ Their objections relate to want of liberality, to feebleness and pettiness, to interference with trade by imposts and local regulations, to religious intolerance, on the part of the Portuguese authorities. That such things should nowadays be said regarding Portugal, is a matter of friendly regret to those who remember the mighty part she once played in maritime discovery in Asia, Africa, and South America; but it were vain to evoke historic sentiment as a reason for handing over to Portugal large territories which she is not competent to manage properly.

On the whole, then, on the Congo from mouth to source, the political situation has been developing and is likely further to develop itself, in a manner which every one must admit to be most grave with respect to British interests. Whatever may be

* Africa No. 2 of 1834, p. 13.† Africa No. 5 of 1884, *passim*.

‡ Ibid. p. 5.

the conflicting opinions regarding free-trade, fair-trade, protection, imperial federation for commerce, and the like, all will agree respecting the extreme importance of finding and fostering neutral markets for British manufactures, whither exports may pass unrestricted by protective or prohibitory duties and unimpeded by local regulations. The Congo basin is *par excellence* a possible market of this character, which, if other Powers had not intervened, would have formed a large outlet for British trade. It may still prove to be such an outlet, inasmuch as freedom of trade for all flags has just been declared by the West African Conference at Berlin; and doubtless among those flags the 'Union Jack' will hold there the same high place that it has held in every other part of the globe. But experience has often shewn that, despite such general declarations, trade may be hampered or fettered if the dominion or the territorial administration should fall into exclusive, illiberal, or unfriendly hands. They may be too sanguine, who feel secure in the general assurance of a Conference to the effect, that the immunities of British trade will remain untouched, if the whole length of the Congo valley shall be parcelled out among various Powers—one piece, say, to Portugal, one to France, one to Germany, and several pieces to the International Association. Yet some such parcelling out seems likely to happen; and it will require all the firmness and vigilance that England can exert to maintain fully the rights of British trade. Of course, England might herself claim a share in the apportionment; of all the participating Powers none has so good a title as she, and some will think that she will be obliged to do this, notwithstanding her unwillingness to augment her wide-spread possessions. On the other hand,—with all the cares of her world-wide empire, with the constant accretions incidental to such a dominion, with the recent additions to imperial responsibility in Egypt, New Guinea, and elsewhere,—she may well pause before embarking on a fresh territorial career on the Congo, unless she is driven thereto by the current of events. But if she hesitates, then she must be prepared to see others come forward whose avocations and pre-occupations are not so numerous as hers. She could hardly object with good grace, as the rôle of dog in the manger is proverbially an invidious one to play.

A striking instance of the ease with which the principle of freedom for trade might be infringed and its just consequences evaded, is seen in the railway project to which we have already alluded. If a British administrator, hypothetically, were placed in charge of the Congo basin, the very first thing for him to
recommend

recommend would be the construction of a railway round the first series of cataract-rapids. The same idea has, of course, presented itself to those who are now interested in Congo affairs, and doubtless they will essay to bring about that realization which would certainly be effected if the project were in British hands. The distance to be traversed hardly exceeds 200 miles ; the height of hill or upland to be surmounted is not more than 1200 feet. Rugged rocky tracts will be encountered, but traders and travellers have marched across these, and a suitable alignment would soon be found by the engineers. Indeed three alternative lines have already been suggested. Without such a railway there will be an interruption between the traffic of the Middle and the Lower Congo, with an intermediate space of tedious and expensive land transit. But by the construction of such a railway, the coast region will be placed in cheap and rapid communication with the country beyond the cataract-rapids. If the line were to fall into the hands of British promoters, engineers, and capitalists, then all might be well for British trade. But it is likely, under existing circumstances, to fall into other hands. Now, suppose the owners of the railway desired to exclude British trade, or to favour some other trade to the disadvantage of the British, how easily might rates of freight and other local regulations be devised to fulfil this desire ! The traffic by railways, as yet unmade, has not apparently been within the purview of the West African Conference. The proceedings have referred only to traffic by water. It is conceivable, then, that British trade might be unimpeded (according to the arrangements made by the Conference) from the coast to the foot of the cataract-rapids, and further from the head of the cataract-rapids (say Stanley Pool) onwards inland ; but that between the foot and the head of the cataract-rapids an awkward gap might prove to have been contrived by railway regulations made for the harassing and embarrassment of British traders. If this were to happen—which may Providence forefend—then the freedom of trade declared at the Conference might become in some degree delusive. Therefore let England look warily towards this railway project, which is in itself excellent, lest it should be somehow manipulated to her injury.

Cognate to this topic is the project which the French are understood to be preparing for a railway from the Ogowai river to Stanley Pool. Near the Equator on the west coast, about 400 miles north of the Congo mouth, are the two neighbouring rivers of the Gaboon and Ogowai, and the section of coast between the two rivers belongs to France. The rivers intersect the West African range to which we have several times

alluded, and, following their courses, the French penetrate through the range to the central uplands beyond. Now the upward course of the Ogowai runs southward in the direction of Stanley Pool, and indeed takes its source among the hills not very far from the Pool. By this line, then, a railway could be made by the French from the coast by the Ogowai valley to Stanley Pool, a distance of about 600 miles through a country probably favourable. If this were done, Stanley Pool would be placed in communication by rail with the French section of the coast. The Pool will, of course, be the main depot or entrepot for the water traffic of the Congo; consequently the importance of this French railway project can be imagined. It would be a direct competitor with the other railway project which we have just mentioned, from the Congo coast round the cataract-rapids to Stanley Pool; the Congo project would comprise a length of about 400 miles, the Gaboon-Ogowai project a length of 600 miles. In military phrase, the French project would turn the flank of the Lower Congo, and would draw the Upper Congo traffic to French ports, checkmating the efforts of other Powers to bring that traffic to its natural port at the Congo mouth. This result would, of course, be very adverse to England. Much may depend on priority of commencement; if the Congo project is begun first, that may preclude the French project. It is well that England should weigh this, in reference to the disagreeable alternative which may await her if she holds back.

The future of the International Association must be a matter of anxiety for England, unless indeed the Corporation shall fall into the hands of Englishmen. Heretofore the Association seems to have sought support from other governments before the British Government, and to have looked towards other countries rather than towards England; or perhaps it may be found to have virtually offered its services to England and to have been repelled. We hope, if the reports of its political status be officially confirmed, that its conduct will be such as to deserve the favour of England. But this hope, like too many other hopes, may be disappointed. Perhaps this extraordinary corporation may become an engine of territorial aggrandizement in the hands of other Powers. We should speak as kindly and charitably as we can of other nations, but it were futile to anticipate a millennium when there shall be no more jealousy, no more ambition. It is but natural that neighbouring Powers should be jealous of 'the expansion of England' in divers quarters of the world, and should be glad to keep her out of Central Africa if they can. To imagine that they think other-

wise,

wise, would be to display the unwisdom of the ostrich blinding its vision in the sands of self-delusion. Foreign politicians are guarding loyally the interests of their respective countries in Central Africa; and English politicians should guard with equal loyalty the interests of their country in that newly-discovered quarter.

One way of guarding these British interests is to watch the 'delimitation' of the area which has been subjected to the deliberations of the Conference, or has been noted in the proceedings incidental thereto. It is noteworthy that in the documents conveying the recognition of some European Powers to the International Association, allusion is apparently made to a map of 'delimitation' for the lands or districts belonging to the Association. Allusion to this map is, however, said to be omitted from the document conveying the recognition of the British Government. Perhaps there may have been a reason for this omission; the British Representative may have wisely refrained from committing his Government to any acknowledgment of this map; and possibly the Association may be found to have embraced in one sweep the greater part of Central Africa. It may be well that England should reserve to herself the right of questioning hereafter, if need be, any such comprehensive demarcation on paper. Thus the British recognition would be confined to the possessions of the Association, not in assertion but in fact, not on charts hypothetically, but on the ground actually. Experience in Central Asia has often shewn the embarrassments arising from the preparation of political maps which are disputed by those concerned. The lesson should not be lost upon us in dealing with Central Africa.

It is in regard to these considerations that England should diligently object to any enlargement of the area contemplated by the West African Conference. We have already adverted to the distinction between the geographical and the commercial area. The West African Conference has very properly adhered to the geographical limitation, and rejected the inclusion of indefinite commercial limits. So far well: the so-called commercial area is excluded; but the basin of the Congo, with its tributaries, is included, and this is now seen to be enormous enough. The Congo, in its main stream up to Nangwe, near the junction of the Luama and past that junction under the name of the Lualaba, is clearly recognizable up to its true source in Lake Bemba. Regarding the tributaries, there is no doubt as to their navigable streams, near their respective points of confluence with the main river, though most of their sources remain to be explored. To this general description, however, there may be one particular exception,—

exception,—namely, that of the Luindi. We have already described this affluent of the Congo; shewing that its source is really in the hills which border Lake Tanganika, and is not truly derived from the lake itself. Subsequently to the great journeys of Livingstone and Stanley, the question whether the lake gives birth to any river running westwards has been carefully discussed by geographers, with the assistance of the travellers Cameron and Thompson. The best geographical opinion is that the Luindi does not rise in the lake, though it does, at intervals of time, receive some surplus waters overflowing from the lake in moments of extraordinary floods. The ordinary, regular, and permanent source of this river is found, not in the lake, but in the adjacent hills. The river Luindi, then, as a tributary of the Congo, may have come within the purview of the West African Conference; but that purview should extend only up to the ordinary source of the river in the hills near Lake Tanganika, and not up to the shore of the lake itself. Otherwise the western shore of the lake might be brought within the scope of the Conference; and to that England ought to object strongly. She should not allow, if she can possibly prevent it, any Power or any Association or any Corporation to interfere with the territorial management of the Tanganika Lake; for the region of that lake is connected with the dominions of Zanzibar, which are politically under British control. By her acquiescence in the meeting of the West African Conference, by recognizing the International Association, by submitting the whole basin of the Congo and its tributaries to Europe in council, England has surely yielded enough. She may be even thought to have abated her just pretensions to a degree that is justifiable only by reason of her pre-occupations elsewhere and the vastness of the Empire which is already hers. At all events, she has accepted an agreement, and must now make the best of it. Perhaps she has been right in so doing; but, having done this, let her yield not an inch more. Let her make a stand somewhere; let her plant her foot on the western margin of Lake Tanganika,—that lake which was revealed to the gaze of civilization by British courage and resource—saying, Thus far and no farther.

If this view is taken, the case after all may not be very bad for England in Central Africa. From Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo the line runs almost exactly straight from east to west, and is 1800 English miles in length from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. Of this length the first 600 miles extend from Zanzibar to the western shore of Lake Tanganika, and the remaining 1200 miles from that shore to the Congo mouth.

mouth. In other words, the West African Conference has dealt with just two-thirds of Central Africa; the remainder, or one-third, is still open to British control, resting on the political base of Zanzibar. We hope that England will insist on this much at least. Even then, however, the two-thirds which have fallen under the purview of the Conference include the finest and richest portions of the Central African zone.

Over the Congo region there still hangs the dark shadow of slavery. The suppression of the slave-trade was among the declared objects of the abortive treaty between England and Portugal. Much will doubtless have been said, and something will have been written, on this subject at the West African Conference. We are not concerned here to determine how far the abolition or prohibition declared in 1878 by the Portuguese Government in Angola has been efficacious, for that is beyond the Congo region. Meanwhile, regarding the Congo itself Mr. H. H. Johnston gives the following testimony as applicable to the year 1884:—

‘Slavery certainly exists on the Lower Congo as much as it ever did; the only difference is that, owing to the vigilance of British cruisers, slaves are no longer exported as in former days. . . . Any traveller who visits the factories on the Lower Congo—except perhaps those belonging to the English—may see groups of slaves in chains, who are so punished for having run away.’

It would seem, however, that the slaves are for the most part comfortable, having their families with them, and are well treated, though, if they run away, they are severely flogged on recapture. But if the evils of slavery are mitigated on the west coast of the Congo region, they exist with all their horror in the eastern region of the river. The evidence given by Livingstone on this subject is quite terrific. The hunting of men, women, and children, as if they were the beasts of the forest, the sacking of peaceful villages, the wrecking of industrious homes, the dragging of human creatures through the wilderness shackled together and confined with wooden collars, the slaughtering on the spot of those who grow too faint even to crawl, the abandoning of whole parties in their shackles and their collars to starve slowly, are deeds which must provoke the wrath of Heaven against the doers. The basis of these abominable operations is the Zanzibar coast, despite all the preventive efforts of England. Indignation against this atrocity was among the masterful sentiments that nerved and braced the resolution of Livingstone to persevere in his work.

Perhaps the irruption of European forces, social and political, into Central Africa, may check, if not stop, the old evils, and
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may spread the mild sway of the true religion, substituting a reasonable faith for the fetish of superstition. The Portuguese have long had religious missions in this quarter. The French have recently established a mission in the neighbourhood of Stanley Pool, apparently in connection with the existing Catholic churches on the coast north of the Congo. Among the Protestant communities, the Baptists have been the first labourers in this vineyard of the Lord, and possess several stations or centres, which are efficiently managed. Some well-informed observers have, indeed, averred that the African character is too frivolous and puerile to be permanently impressed by any conviction, spiritual or other. Such observations are obviously shallow; the Africans do, indeed, materialize almost all the conceptions which they form, and that impresses a casual observer unfavourably at first sight. On the other hand, this tendency indicates a strength of imagination and of sentiment, which renders them receptive of religious ideas. Be this as it may, the Christian world remembers that these poor people have souls to be saved, and that Gospel-preaching to all races, without distinction of character or aptitude, is commanded by Divine authority.

The Conference is now pursuing its labours, which appear intricate and doubtful from the multiplicity of the interests and claims involved, the difficulty of excluding political questions, and the uncertainty of any settlement which may dispose of these questions satisfactorily. Amidst these issues, Mr. Stanley has clearly defined the points which he regards as essential, both for the International Association and for the freedom of English commerce. These are, in his own words, 'first recognition; secondly, settlement of frontier; thirdly, neutralization, to make us secure against attack. If'—he says—'the Conference breaks up before the question between us and France is settled, we are ruined. If it disbands before the above three things are settled, why then—farewell to the Congo basin, and a long good night to it.'

ART. VII.—1. *The Truth about the Navy and its Coaling Stations.* By One who knows the Facts. Reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. London, 1884.

2. *The Defence of Great and Greater Britain. Sketches of its Naval, Military, and Political Aspects ; Annotated with Extracts from the Discussions they have called forth in the Press of Greater Britain.* By Captain J. C. R. Colomb, &c. &c. With a Map. London, 1880.

3. *The British Navy.* By Sir Thomas Brassey, K.C.B., M.P. London, 1884.

4. *What are the most urgent Measures that should be taken for increasing Her Majesty's Navy?* By Sir E. T. Reed, K.C.P., M.P., &c. &c. London, 1884.

THE middle year of the present century marked an epoch of halcyon days, from which we are divided in 1885 by the same space which divided it from 1815, each being about the period allotted by chronologers to a generation of mankind ; and never did two generations present a more striking contrast in all that relates to the fond hope of peace on earth. The mere mention of the two periods is enough to suggest the ample details which illustrate the character of both : the illusions which culminated in the bright vision of a new epoch in the life of nations, typified by the edifice whose glittering but fragile substance was too true an emblem of the succeeding time of disappointment. The contrast may be in itself too obvious to need drawing ; but there is in it a deeper lesson which may be easily overlooked. It was the peace of nearly forty years, with all its vast growth of prosperity and wealth, commerce and colonization, that surely prepared the way for the great problems of imperial defence and safety, which have now reached their climax ; nor must we shrink from confessing that the heritage of glory and the sense of security won by England in the great war of giants, have tended to make her indifferent to the larger measures and efforts demanded by the growth of her interests throughout the world. While watching our commercial, colonial, and imperial 'expansion' with a complacency that seemed almost to regard it as a law of British nature, we have been too much disposed to look back on the fame of Trafalgar and Waterloo as a sort of charm which would always work for the security of Britain ; till the time may have come to recal the old lesson of the Roman historian, that empire must be preserved by the same qualities that won it ; and there may be at this moment a special point for us in his warning,
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that some more vigorous power is ever ready to seize the supremacy which the indolent and impolitic let go. For these and none narrower are the questions involved in the discussion which has been lately raised in a manner that must not be set to rest without its being comprehended in all its bearings, nor without some sure foundation, at least, being laid for its settlement. The question is not merely of so many ships and guns and men; but whether our navy, as the chief arm of our imperial defence (for it cannot be separated from the rest) is adequate or inadequate, competent or comparatively impotent, for the work which is essential to our prosperity or rather existence as a nation.

Stated in this way, the problem at once excludes, we will not say party politics—for it has been already redeemed from that limbo by the very names of the distinguished men who have joined in the discussion—but the fanaticism of certain narrow and extreme views which must be put aside to clear the ground. We refuse to bandy words with those who have a cant phrase at hand for every question, who call the awakening to neglected danger a *scare*, and fear of the consequences of sloth and blindness a *panic*. Only let us beware, that there be not so much of truth in these words as befalls those who have prepared an inevitable scare and panic, by leaving precaution till the moment for action. The maxim, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*, has acquired a new meaning from the wars and strategy of our age.

Equally has the time gone by for joining issue on the narrow ground of the defence of our own island shores—a defence, indeed, which would be now impracticable without our possession of the same power that is needful to maintain our wide supremacy over the sea. But, practicable or not, such a defence would be but the last refuge of despair, like that of a citadel when the town is lost; and the full meaning of the parallel will appear plainer presently. In this matter, at least, it has ceased to be true that 'Britain is a world by itself;' and with those who might hold that the time for maintaining our Colonial Empire has past or is expiring we can have no argument, except to expose the fallacy of resting a plea against effective armaments on such a ground. For suppose it granted—great as the assumption is—that an independent Canada and Australasia would be better customers than the Colonies which now take a proportion of our goods vastly in excess of foreign countries, we should all the more need a clear highway for our improved commerce, unless indeed we were willing to submit to the disgrace and loss of seeing it pass into the hands of neutrals. Nor let it be forgotten that the neglect to provide for that security
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tends to drive the Colonies to separation, that they may obtain the immunities of neutrals; for this, rather than their conquest by an enemy, is the danger that threatens us in case of war. Happily, however, the present crisis has evoked a spirit which makes this part of the argument superfluous as to the question of principle, but of pressing cogency as to the best means of giving effect to the universal desire to accomplish a practical union such as the world has never seen since Aristotle defined man as a political animal. To the powerful ties of blood and language, character and laws, and the common heritage of a great history, are now added pressing motives of mutual interest; for at the moment when some of our colonies are making special appeals for our sympathy, it is well for us to be reminded by Mr. Forster, that 'the time will come when we shall want their aid fully as much as they can now want ours.' In short, the question in its two branches of home defence and the safety of our foreign possessions, commerce, and colonies, is one and indivisible, and it has no resting-place short of maintaining the British sovereignty of the seas, not indeed in the sense of a vain ambition, but as a practical necessity of our very existence.

The tacit assumption, which seems to be the best explanation of our long neglect, that we still hold the sovereignty which we long claimed and finally won at the beginning of this century, is best tested by a comparison between the former and present state of England and her rivals for naval supremacy. Captain Colomb says—and we here, once for all, acknowledge our obligations to the masterly essays collected in his volume cited at the head of our article—'My conviction is that, in considering our naval power and its development as a whole, we too commonly fall into the error which is sometimes apparent in our military designs. We are too apt, in both cases, to overlook the differences which exist in the circumstances of nations, and to regard our own empire as liable to the same dangers and amenable to the same military and naval treatment as all others.' This view was not so wide of the truth in former contests, the scene of which was localized and for the most part near at hand. Thus the Dutch wars of the seventeenth century were fought out, in and for the mastery of the narrow seas, under conditions alike on both sides. So in our naval wars with France before the Revolution there was no great difference: each nation had a large sea-board and trade and colonial interests, and neither could be starved by a blockade. This last condition, the reversal of which has now become of vital moment for us, still subsisted in the great war with the French Republic and Empire. The prowess of our
commanders

commanders and seamen warded off the one great danger of invasion; and the close blockade of the enemy's ports, though it could have no vital effect on the vast internal resources of France, secured for us the free course of that commerce, whose annihilation would even then have been little short of ruin, and whose security supplied means for the long contest with all the might of Napoleon. As in the seventeenth century the commerce of the Dutch sustained the armies that won their independence, so did ours supply the resources that enabled Wellington to march from Lisbon to Paris, and when in France to obtain supplies from the peasantry without extortion. The other side of the same lesson might be pointed, had we space to dwell on the details, by the terrible sufferings of the United States at the same time, through the injury to their commerce in the brief war in which, to say the least, they divided with us the palm of naval prowess.

Let it be remembered, as we have said, that our mastery of the sea was then maintained, not merely by the decisive blows of great battles, but by a system of blockade, under conditions which are now entirely altered. So effective was its pressure, that interest overcame patriotism, and Dutch and French planters in the colonies are said to have prayed for our success. So unremittingly was it carried on, that Nelson and Collingwood kept their fleets for many months at sea; and the latter was once nearly two years without setting foot ashore. A sailor only knows what that implies, we do not say of the discomfort which he is in the habit of cheerfully enduring, but of conflict with the elements that were constantly threatening to mar all fruit of his endurance. It was in that conflict that our seamen reaped the advantage of the constant experience gained by their command of the open sea, enabling them to ride out safely the same gales by which the enemy, when they did run the blockade, were so damaged as to be obliged to return to port to refit. But those were the days of wooden ships, which depended only on sails for their power of keeping the sea, and had in themselves the means of repairing minor damages. Now all is changed by iron, machinery, and steam, tethering the blockading cruiser to the arsenal and coal depot; and in action placing the disabled ship at the mercy of her undisabled antagonist.

Comparatively limited as was the compass of the last great naval war, there were some scenes of it which point lessons for the present state of things, too often forgotten in the lustre of our great victories. When, as is commonly supposed, the maritime war was virtually ended by Trafalgar, a contest had been raging for several years in the Indian Ocean, to our great loss and harm,

harm, from the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon as bases of operation for the French men-of-war and privateers. In 1801 we find Lord Wellesley writing: 'A naval war of a most destructive character is now actually waged by the enemy against the commerce of India by the aid of those islands, and cannot be terminated without their destruction.' In 1807, two years after Trafalgar, we are told that the port of Calcutta alone sustained losses in six weeks to the amount of 300,000*l.*; while Bombay and Madras probably suffered equally. In six months of 1809-10, James mentions the capture of five East Indiamen—ships at that time well armed and with crews of 200 or 250 men—after gallant actions against superior forces, involving the loss of one million sterling. It was here we suffered the most decisive defeats of the war, losing six frigates in a few months; and here too were plainly seen the moral effects of military success. The constant experience of the French in sea-work emboldened them to wage from these little islands the only naval war that can succeed—a vigorous and injurious offensive; and some of our frigate actions with their frigates and privateers in those seas were the most severely contested of the whole war—a striking contrast to the spirit of the French elsewhere, demoralized by want of success and experience at sea, through being reduced to wage a merely defensive naval war.

No less instructive is the answer to the question, why all this was suffered. As early as 1800 Lord Wellesley organized an expedition under his brother's command; but the Admiral objected to the plan; and it was not till 1810 that 70 men-of-war and transports carried a force of 10,000 men for the capture of the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon. If from this brief narrative of the value of one naval centre we at least draw the comfort that Mauritius is ours—(*Bourbon*, now called *Réunion*, was restored to France at the peace of 1815)—let us stay for a moment to ask what use we are making of a station which is available, and has actually been drawn upon in recent years, for the support of operations in India and South Africa, besides a base for the whole Indian Ocean. Well, we have there a fine harbour, with three dry docks, and a coaling station, the value of which was lately shown in enabling the 'Dryad' to keep the sea for the protection of British subjects during the French operations against Madagascar; but the power of defence is limited to a garrison of 400 men, and two forts quite unable to resist an ironclad. And if we ask, where is the provision for that offensive defence of the Indian Ocean, of which the French set us the example, the answer is that on the whole Indian Station there is a British force of 4 corvettes, 4 gunboats,

boats, and 2 sloops; while the French have 5 ships, 3 gunboats, and 4 schooners, mounting 66 guns.

This example has led us, by a natural transition, across the space of seventy years, which divides the history of the old war from the requirements of the present day; and it illustrates the principle most vital to the whole question, that we need a *strategic* system of defence, embracing the whole Empire, and all the Ocean pathways by which its commerce is maintained; for these are the channels through which we receive, not only the greater part of the raw materials on which our whole system of industry depends, but the larger moiety of our supplies of necessary food. It is needless to cite statistics for facts so perfectly well known. The triumphs of peace have created the most vital dangers of war; and the freedom of trade necessitates an adequate force for its protection. The stoppage of the import of raw material and the export of our manufactures would be ruin; the cutting off our supplies of food would be starvation.

Now there are two ways in which this might be effected; and the misfortune is that the public mind has been chiefly fixed on one of these, and that not only so fitfully as to give too much reason for the reproach of 'scares' and 'panics,' but also—what is far worse—so inadequately as to assume that what is called, with an irony perhaps unconscious, a 'peace' establishment is any real preparation for those contingencies of war (and such there are, as distinct from the more remote and improbable), against which reasonable provision ought to be made, simply as a method of insurance. What that reasonable provision is—and it is neither indefinite nor extravagant—will demand notice presently; we are now concerned with the attempt to give some exact definition of the risk to which we are exposed, and the measures necessary to turn it into safety. And here we are indebted to Captain Colomb for the clearness with which he has drawn the distinction between *invasion* and *investment*; terms which are of themselves almost enough to suggest to a thoughtful mind the two branches of the problem, and to show that one is as vital as the other. But in the present state of things they are no longer of equal practical importance; and the more remote is perhaps that which just now demands the more serious consideration. The fatal effects of invasion come home too closely to every English mind; the necessity of guarding the Channel by a fleet superior to any combination likely to be brought against us is too clear to our common sense, while the problems involved in the details of home defence are too numerous for us to spend our time on this first part of the question.

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But what if an enemy were to assail us without invasion, by a plan less direct, but equally effective and ruinous? What if, having obtained command of the narrow seas by a superior combination of force, he were to decline that contest behind hedge-rows on which we dwell as the last resort of British self-devotion, and adopt the policy of seizing our Colonies, destroying our commerce, and leaving England 'to stew in her own juice'? What power of resistance would then be left us, may be judged by the contrast drawn in the words of Captain Colomb: 'The power which closed the naval schemes of Napoleon at Trafalgar was the self-sustaining, self-contained, self-reliant eighteen millions of people who lived in the British Islands. However truly the last adjective may be applied to the thirty-two millions who have succeeded their ancestors, the two first can no longer be so. In 1813 the British people lived on the produce of their soil. In 1875, the people required, side by side with every pound's worth of raw cotton for manufacture, one pound's worth of raw corn or flour for their sustenance.' The distress brought on our chief industry through the partial cotton famine of the American civil war, when we could mitigate its pressure by ransacking the rest of the world for the raw material, may give some faint image of the result of a total interception; but what imagination can realize the effect of adding to this loss, at one and the same time, the cutting off of the direct supply of food on which quite half of our population is dependent? The suffering is hardly needful to dwell on, since the very beginning of such pressure must at once extort any terms of submission that the conqueror might dictate.

But this *investment in the first line* is only one aspect of the question; and one from which many may be disposed to turn, in the confident hope that such an extremity is not likely to recur. We will pass over for the moment the unsubstantial ground of that confidence, which is a chief source of our present danger, in order to show that wider aspect of the whole question which, in our judgment, calls most especially for practical treatment at the present moment. We have imagined a direct investment of the British Isles, or rather of Great Britain—for let it not be forgotten, that in such a case Ireland would at once become an outwork in possession of the enemy—like Paris invested by the German armies. But the least instructed reader is in our times, unhappily, too familiar with warfare not to understand the principle of operation on an enemy's lines of communication. For us these lines ramify over all the globe, and they are exposed at many points to blows, the disastrous effect

effect of which would only differ in degree from that of direct and complete investment. This is illustrated by Captain Colomb, in a true figure from the delicate organism of a living body:—

‘What then is the British Empire in its maritime aspect? It is a vast, straggling, nervous, arterial, and venous system, having its heart, lungs, and brain, in the British Islands, its alimentary bases in the great possessions of India, Australia, and North America, and its ganglia in the Crown colonies. Through this system pulsates the life-blood of the Empire. Main arteries and corresponding veins lead East through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea to India, China and Australia; West to America and the West Indies; South to Australia, Southern Africa and America, and to the Pacific. Capillaries the most minute, at the extremities of civilization, gather up the raw produce of the nation, transmit it to the larger channels, which in their turn convey it to the heart. This tremendous organ, having extracted all that is necessary for its own sustentation, forces the transmitted produce through the great main channels, and finally through millions of branching filaments, to sustain and revivify the nations to their remotest borders. The life of an Empire so highly organized must hang upon a thread. It is no mollusc, from whose inert substance huge masses may be detached without much effect upon its vitality. It is a living organism, whose parts are all interdependent, and highly sensitive in their relations. A stab at the heart may put it to death more suddenly, but perhaps not more surely, than the severing of a remote artery, or the wound of a nerve centre.’

Such a description recalls to mind the wonder of the great physiologist, that the human mechanism should work at all, or that it should ever stop; and suggests the reflection that as in that case, under the laws of God in nature, all depends on our own unremitting observance of the rules of health, so the existence of our Empire is staked, not on the chapter of accidents or blind confidence in our destiny, but on the incessant exercise of a vigorous and watchful policy.

At first sight it might be supposed that such a purview, embracing the whole surface of the globe, was as vast and indefinite as the trackless Ocean itself. But the poet's lesson of man's weakness—‘His steps are not upon thy paths’—is far from being a literal truth for the sailor, the strategist, and the politician. The Ocean has its highways and byways, which the modern science of navigation has mapped out with curious precision; commanded by stations to which the conditions of modern naval warfare have given vital importance; and capable of being patrolled and guarded, we had almost said with as much certainty as the streets of London or the Queen's high-

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ways over the land. And while this makes the problem no longer difficult of comprehension, it reduces the means and cost of defence within moderate and measurable limits.

In this age of material power and strategic calculation, we start with the possession of bases of naval operations all over the world, commanding the pathways of our commerce, and therefore the lines along which it is assailable by enemies. Such is the fruit of those former wars, which certain politicians never cease to denounce as the most wanton waste of blood and treasure. 'In the marvellous constellation of naval stations (says Captain Colomb), with which she has spangled the Ocean, Great Britain possesses an absolute monopoly of resource. She starts in a war with a connected series of *points d'appui*, which are of overwhelming value, and which cannot be rivalled by the rest of the world banded together.' Especially are these stations of importance for the reserves of coal, on which our modern ships are now dependent at intervals, not of months and weeks but days, and without which the mightiest ironclad lies 'as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean,' the mockery of her country's strength, the helpless prey of her enemies. But it is too often forgotten that, as the ship depends on the station, so does the station itself depend, not merely on its fortification and garrison—were these as efficient as they are too often the reverse—but on the communication with the central base, which a powerful navy can alone maintain.

If steam has bridged the Channel, it has also bridged the interval that divides us from our Colonies, the gaps that sever the links in our great imperial chain of defence from one another, and from the centre on which they all depend; but always on the one condition, that we maintain their efficiency and keep them safe in our own hands. Nor let it be forgotten, that any loss would be aggravated tenfold by the gain to the enemy: the lost centre of our defence would at once become, as we have seen in the case of the Isle of France, the seat and supply of a perpetual scourge to our commerce and resistance to our naval power; not a break only in the bonds of our Empire; but a focus of fire to consume them. It has been boasted that England possesses, comparatively at least, a twofold monopoly of the power which now sets the naval force of the world in motion. Our present Prime Minister comforted us in 1870 with the assurance, that 'even the stores of coal used for marine locomotion are principally ours,' and so are the coaling stations where we can lay them up to be transferred to the bunkers of our men-of-war; but we have now learnt to qualify this source of security by the knowledge,

that these stations are for the most part at the mercy of any enemy, who might destroy or appropriate them on the sudden breaking out of war.

Take as an illustration the island of St. Helena, which some may perhaps regard only as once a convenient resting-place on the long voyage home from India, but now scarce worthy of a thought save as an historic monument. Well, Captain Colomb has shown, that the two great Ocean highways from Great Britain, outward round the Cape of Good Hope to India, Australasia, and China, and homeward round Cape Horn, cross each other at a point in 25° West longitude, and a small circle round that point includes the path of nearly all vessels passing along these roads. That spot must be patrolled from St. Helena, or Ascension, or Sierra Leone, which are often ignorantly deemed possessions utterly worthless. Admiral Patey, who was governor of St. Helena, shows that in the event of the closing of the Suez Canal—and how easily that could be effected by a sunken ship or two, or by an obstructive or irresolute policy, we need not stay to discuss—the island would have an importance hardly less than Malta or Gibraltar.

A signal illustration of the definite character of the Ocean highways, and the need for commanding them, is furnished by the case of the 'Alabama,' the painful interest of which for us is enhanced when we learn that our fine of three millions and odd was incurred hardly so much by our own faults as by the ignorance of ocean strategy in the United States' Naval Department. 'Where,' asks Captain Semmes sarcastically, 'can all the enemy's cruisers be, that the important passages we have passed through have all been left unguarded? . . . If Mr. Welles (Secretary of the U. S. Navy) had stationed a heavier and faster vessel at the crossing of the 30th parallel, another at or near the Equator off Fernando de Noronha, and a third off Bahia, he must have driven me off or greatly crippled my movements.' We could scarcely ask for a better practical opinion to confirm the truth stated by Captain Colomb, and of which we should surely have bitter experience in case of war, that 'there is no proportion between the force used in the interruption of our sea communications as compared to the amount of force required to secure them.' Nor less instructive is the final fate of the cruiser, when Captain Semmes describes her staggering home like an exhausted animal after a chase of many thousands of miles, with worn-out hull and boilers, to fall an easy prey to the frigate which sunk her in three-quarters of an hour. And why? Simply because there was no port where she could refit in the Eastern seas; and so she was driven

driven back to the waters in which her enemies were sure to be waiting for her.

The depredations and fate of the 'Alabama' alike give point to the enquiry, what are our provisions for protecting commerce and supporting naval war in the Eastern seas and the Pacific Ocean, which promise to be the scene of stirring naval events. Even in 1813 we are told in James's 'Naval History' of the damage done to our whaling trade by the U.S. frigate 'Essex' before she was captured by the 'Phoebe.' Need we recount the growth since that time of our interests in the trade with China and the imperial possessions of Australasia? We have not cared to overload with statistics a case, the great outlines of which are so clear; but the figures for that youngest growth of our Empire are too striking, and too significant of the conclusion to which the whole argument tends, to be omitted. The whole of the British Colonies included under the name occupy an estimated area of above three millions of square miles, with about the same number of inhabitants. In 1882, their gross amount of public revenue was about 22½ millions, of expenditure about 20½ millions, with a public debt not much short of 100 millions. The total value of imports was about 64½ millions, of exports about 44½, of which the trade with the United Kingdom was nearly 27 millions of imports and 26 millions of exports; showing a local trade somewhat exceeding in amount that with the mother country. The total tonnage of vessels, entered and cleared, was somewhat short of 11 millions, of which about 10 millions were British. It has been estimated that the plunder of Melbourne alone would be worth from 5 to 10 millions to the war-chest of the power making the capture. New South Wales possesses coal-fields, of which it has been said, perhaps with some exaggeration, that he who commands them is lord of Australasia; but assuredly in the hands of an enemy they would give the means of attack on all the Australian ports. Now when it is asked, what has been done for the protection of these vast interests, the only hopeful answer is, that the colonists themselves have made a beginning by fortifications at Sydney and Melbourne, and creating the nucleus of a naval force.

Meanwhile our station of the first importance, and also the most dangerously exposed, on the Pacific coast, is Hong Kong, the base of our China fleet, and of all military and naval operations in the further East. Commercially, it is the great mart of our trade with China, having its harbour crowded with shipping, and its miles of warehouses stored with enormous wealth. Here alone we have a naval dockyard, with a graving
P 2 dock,

dock, and one in process of construction, to be completed by the end of the present year, and capable of receiving the largest iron-clad afloat. Hundreds of thousands of tons of coal are now stored up; though in 1878, when war with Russia seemed imminent, Admiral Ryder, commanding-in-chief on the station, knew not where to find a pound of coal without taking it from neutrals. But the fortifications of the port are quite inadequate to resist the fire of ironclads; and, while the French operations against China have gathered a force of four ironclads on the station, we have only one armoured turret-ship, two torpedo boats, and some submarine torpedoes, which there is no battery to prevent an enemy from destroying. Now while Hong Kong is thus imperfectly defended, and Australia almost defenceless and unprovided with an arsenal, Russia and the United States have naval arsenals at Vladivostock and Mare Island, which are respectively 8000 and 7000 miles nearer Sydney than Plymouth (13,000 miles distant), whither a disabled English man-of-war of any size would have to go for extensive refit. The establishment of a dockyard and arsenal of the first magnitude at Sydney is our only means of security in the seas of the furthest East.

These examples may suffice to show the pressing need of a great comprehensive system of imperial defence, which can only be established in time of peace, for it is the character of modern warfare to leave no leisure for preparation when the time has come for action. The other chief lines of our commercial and naval communication across the Ocean, with the stations that command them, are mapped out by Captain Colomb, and in the articles collected from the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' which have been the chief means of awakening public attention to the question that remains to be considered—how far the present state of our navy is adequate, not to schemes of aggression and conquest, which lie entirely beyond the policy of England, nor even to the remote contingencies and possibilities of war, but to the evident and indisputable necessities of defence against any hostile force that might be reasonably expected to assail—not to say against those to whom our weakness itself forms a temptation to hostility. The task is simplified by a general unanimity of opinion, which makes it somewhat difficult to decide how much remains still to be said. We find by the confessions of naval authorities, military and civil, professional and amateur, in and out of office, that the lamentable truth has long been known, and what was needed was to evoke that external pressure, without which Sir Thomas Brassey plainly declared that nothing is done by the Admiralty

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or by Parliament. All that seems now necessary is to place before our readers, in one focus, the grounds of the conviction which has now become general, and the measures which the emergency immediately suggests. Looking at the navy as one branch, and the one in the first line of our imperial insurance against the risks of war, the first requirement of prudence is evidently to compare the interests and risks involved with the means taken to cover them; and this involves a comparison of our state with the interests and armaments of other nations. In the year 1800, the population of the British Isles was 15,400,000, and that of our Colonies of European descent was less than a million and a half. The value of our exports of manufactured goods was 24,000,000*l.*, of our imports 29,000,000*l.* Our shipping was 2,100,000 tons, having increased from 1,600,000 when the war with France commenced in 1793. The French, whose exports in 1797 amounted to 12,500,000*l.* and imports to 14,000,000*l.*, had their trade annihilated during that period, and their fleet, which numbered 82 sail of the line and 77 frigates when the war commenced, was reduced just before the Peace of Amiens to 39 line-of-battle ships and 38 frigates by the numerous naval defeats they sustained from us during that period. But so far were these naval losses and the destruction of her commerce from ruining France, that her vast internal resources enabled her to subject a great part of Europe to the Empire of Napoleon. In 1814 our exports were about 53½ millions and our imports about 33½, showing how comparatively small could have been our losses from the depredations of French and American privateers, and the success of our efforts to protect our commerce *under our own flag.*

Let us now consider the naval policy of our rulers, by which we gained so immensely in material prosperity between 1794 and 1814, during the greater part of which period we encountered a large part of Europe in arms, besides the war with the United States. In 1794 we had 153 line-of-battle ships, of which 113 were effective, and 133 effective frigates, against the French force which has been enumerated above; and while the latter had decreased as we have seen in 1801, our force had been augmented to 202 line-of-battle ships and 277 frigates, about half the number of each (roughly speaking) being in commission; so that, taking both classes of ships together, our naval force in commission was just thrice that possessed by France. So mighty was the effort our rulers then felt bound to make to protect our Colonies and commerce, though as Captain Colomb has pointed out 23-24ths of our commerce was then limited to European waters. How that commerce supplied us with
resources

resources for the war, and how ruinous would have been its loss, we have already said.

In 1814, nine years after Trafalgar had left England mistress of the seas, so great was the care of Government for her maritime and colonial interests, that nearly 22 millions were spent each year on the navy, and 4 millions on the Ordnance, half of which was probably to meet naval requirements. We had nearly 900 ships of war in commission, of which 114 were line-of-battle ships, manned by 147,000 seamen and marines, and this with a population of about 18 millions. In those days ships, being built of wood, were much easier to build than now, and losses therefore could be more easily and quickly replaced. The total number of men-of-war lost by capture and wreck during the twenty years amounted to 482 of all classes, 125 being captured. Guns, carriages, and all munitions of war were far simpler and easier to replace. Forces could not then be concentrated so rapidly and surely as now, to strike those fatal blows at the heart of an enemy which leave no time for recovery.

Let us now compare this position at the close of the great war with our condition after seventy years of peace with the Powers of Europe, with one brief exception. In 1884, the population of the United Kingdom was estimated at about 35 millions, that of our Colonies (exclusive of the native races) about 9 millions. In 1883, our total exports and imports amounted to 732,228,000*l.*, of which 316,000,000*l.* represents our trade with our colonies and possessions; while that of India and our colonies, besides their trade to the United Kingdom, amounted to the value of 258 millions. Eighty per cent. of the steamers of the world are British; and so are two-thirds of the whole tonnage of the world. As to the distribution of our export trade, we owe the following striking statement to Sir Thomas Brassey shortly before he became a member of the government * :— ‘The annual consumption of our merchandize per head is represented by the following figures: United States 7*s.*, Germany 9*s.* 2*d.*, France 7*s.* 8*d.*, our North American Colonies 2*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*, Australia 8*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.*;’ amply verifying the saying that ‘our Colonies are our best allies.’ And from these figures Sir Thomas drew the moral, which he is now in the position to help to put in practice, ‘Now if it could be shown that with an expenditure of less than a million our coaling stations could be made secure, would *any* government stand excused before the country, which would hesitate to apply to Parliament for the funds required for such a purpose?’

* ‘Our Colonial Empire.’ An Address at Bradford, Jan. 21st, 1880.

Authorities of the highest weight—English, American, and French—agree, in striking testimonies which we have not space to cite, that in future wars the supremacy will belong to the Power which has the best force of ironclads; and the pressing question for us is, Are we in the position to maintain our supremacy by the possession of a force of ironclads superior to any probable combination that can be brought against us? The comparison of our navy with those of foreigners is very difficult for the general public to understand; and naval officers are reproached with their differences of opinion. We shall not now load our pages with those details of numbers, force, and classification, interesting and important as they are, which have been put before the public in so many shapes during the last few months; for, through whatever differences in detail the experts arrive at their conclusions, all are agreed in one general result. Taking the old standard of comparison with France alone, as fairly estimated by our relative interests in colonies and commerce, without insisting on the proportion of 3 to 1, as established at the close of the great war, we may be content with the admission of Napoleon III. and the judgment of Mr. Cobden to the following effect: 'It appears that the French force, as measured by this class of vessels' (line-of-battle ships and now ironclads) has generally been equal to rather more than half our own; and this seems to have been tacitly accepted by the two countries as a fair proportion for nearly a century. Now contrast with this the conclusion of the well-informed writer in the '*Pall Mall Gazette*': 'So far from being able to demonstrate our "irresistible superiority" in armour, guns, and speed, to any probable combination of fleets, we are just a little ahead of France in ships, behind her in guns and in the age of our ships, and about equal in armour and speed. France has outbuilt us by 10,000 tons of ironclads in the last ten years.' This is for ironclads afloat; while, in respect of ironclads building, instead of making up for lost ground, we are losing it, and two years hence France will be ahead of us in second-class ironclads, and our superiority in the first class will have slightly diminished. But to this comparison with France alone we have to add the new navies of Germany and Italy, and the growth of those of Russia and Austria. This comprehensive view may give us another fair standard of comparison; for France is only increasing her navy in proportion to that of Germany and Italy—in fact, adapting her naval policy to that of other nations. We alone lag behind, who have every motive to keep ahead.

A test more decisive even than that of numbers for trying the character

character of our own efforts is that of expenditure. We have seen what the naval estimates were during the great war, and we have also seen the vast increase of our interests and responsibilities. In 1868 we spent the same amount on our navy as France, Germany, Italy, and Russia taken together. Now they are spending four millions a year more than we are; and it is especially to be remembered, that their increase is in far more powerful ships than we were all building when our estimates were equal to those of the other Powers collectively. Or, to adopt the striking summary of the 'Pall Mall Gazette':—'Our risks from war have enormously increased since 1868-9. The naval expenditure of other Powers has increased 40 per cent. Our population has increased 16 per cent., our trade 40 per cent., our wealth 40 per cent., our shipping 30 per cent., and our possessions have been enormously extended. Yet in the face of all these increased responsibilities and increased danger, *our naval expenditure has been slightly diminished.* To bring it up to the relative position of 1868-9, it ought at least to be increased four millions a year, and even then the increased premium would not be equivalent to the increased risks.'

The reiterated assurances with which responsible Ministers have submitted such estimates as these to the few Members of Parliament who cared to listen to them—that our Navy is always in a most satisfactory state—have twice in the last fifteen years been put to a crucial test. In 1870, on the outbreak of the Franco-German war, it was just two months after these formal assurances had been given for the army and navy, that two millions were voted expressly 'to place the armed force in a satisfactory condition.' The more famous vote of six millions in 1878 was spent, not in special preparations for a war which happily never broke out, but entirely in supplying deficiencies; and it was then that four ironclads were purchased, which would certainly never have been added to the navy in the usual course of shipbuilding. Nor can we look on the present proposal of Government to spend three millions in five years on ironclads, guns, and the defence of our coaling-stations, in dribblets spread over time that cannot be afforded, and leaving us in the end not so strong as we ought to be at this moment in comparison with other navies. We want a much larger outlay for the rapid accomplishment of the needful works with the aid of the private yards which are now especially available. In reality we do not possess a fleet. We have a Mediterranean squadron of a few ironclads, also a Channel squadron and a Reserve squadron—the three must be combined to form a fleet. One of our best Admirals in the discussion on Sir E. Reed's paper—said he had
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not come there prepared to speak—‘but the spirit moved him,’ and to good purpose, as was evinced by the enthusiasm with which the truth, he so boldly stated, was received—in point of fact he was giving utterance to the opinion of 99 naval officers out of 100. ‘I have lately come from the Channel squadron. None of our squadrons are properly organized, or constituted. What would a military commander think if he was given half-a-dozen batteries of artillery and told he commanded an army? He would say, No! I want infantry, cavalry, and fifty other things you have not given me. We have big ships knocking about—but where are our frigates? Where are the eyes of the squadron? Where are your torpedo boats? Where are your coaling vessels? Where are your electric-light vessels? Where are the numerous vessels you require to constitute a fleet? When the fleet is constituted, will it not modify our tactics? Will it not alter the whole of our evolutions? Are we aware what fleet manœuvres we should have to perform at sea in the face of an enemy, with a fleet properly constituted? I say we are not. We have lived on Trafalgar, and just in the same way as the French fleet is organized to the very last gasp, because it failed at the beginning of the century—so we have let things lie fallow, very much as the French army was allowed to rest on its laurels until the German army overwhelmed it’—as the Prussians had been overwhelmed at Jena in 1806 by the French, because its army rested on the war of Frederick the Great.

One of our greatest deficiencies is in first-class torpedo boats, which will be of vital importance in future warfare. At the present moment we have only 7 in England as against 61 possessed by France, and 4 are building, which will not be available for some time. Our weakness in this respect cannot be better given than in words of the ‘Pall Mall,’ which even overrates our strength: ‘In five years, ending March next, England will only have spent 230,000*l.* on torpedos and their fittings. France is spending more than that in the present year. The sum which Germany has just set apart for torpedos amounts to 840,000*l.* The Russian Government has 1 torpedo boat to 18 miles of coast, the Dutch 1 to 22, French 1 to 35, Austrians 1 to 47, Italians 1 to 153, while we have only 1 boat to 197 miles of coast line. The Germans propose 46 torpedo boats for the defence of Kiel, and the same number for Wilhelmshaven, purely military ports. England has not one torpedo boat told off for the defence of Liverpool, whose imports and exports exceed those of the whole of France by one third.’ Our passive torpedo defence, such as mines, &c., are equally neglected. We have it

it again from high authority, 'At Frederickstadt no less than 3000 submarine mines are kept fitted and prepared for immediate use, and so well trained and exercised are the men at laying down these mines, and so excellent and perfect are the arrangements, that the port can be efficiently defended in the space of a few hours. At Wilhelmshaven they have 1500. The system of coast defence adopted in Germany is one that we should do well to imitate.' We have none; or if there is a system, it is an impenetrable secret to our own people; but judging from not very distant events, the secret is well known to Foreign War Ministers, whose naval attachés are far better acquainted with our naval affairs than our own officers are. We have one naval attaché for all Europe constantly changing. Most of the European nations, even Portugal, have one, and Russia has an Admiral and a Captain who have been many years in England, whose sole business it is to collect and transmit to their Admiralty every scrap of information they can collect from our authorities, on our free-trade principles; on their part our attaché has to put up with Protection, not even Fair trade. Our own naval officers complain of foreigners receiving information withheld from them.

On the great question of ordnance we had much more to say than the end of this article leaves space for; and it must await a better opportunity, while the authorities are still making up their minds, and comforting us with the excuse that, if the ships we want were ready to-morrow, they would still have long to wait for their guns.

It is a great misfortune that the Navy is not more strongly represented in Parliament. Lord Carnarvon, in the recent debates, observed, 'When I first knew Parliament, there was in the other House a great deal of sound, acute criticism in regard to naval and military matters, combined fortunately enough with a steady policy on the part of those who managed these affairs. Now, it seems to me, there is neither sound criticism nor steady policy.' Every naval officer will confirm the justice of this criticism. To take only a recent instance. Mr. Trevelyan, who, as an ex-Secretary of the Admiralty, should be an authority, stated in Parliament, as a reason for the reduction of men, that fewer were needed to navigate a modern ironclad. 'Fifteen years ago,' he said, 'we had fighting ships cruising in the Channel, which carried 1100 men, of which 600 were blue-jackets.' As a matter of fact, the last screw line-of-battle ship in the Channel was paid off in 1865, and for some years she had been the only one. The last three-decker, carrying 1100 men, was the flag-ship in the Mediterranean; she was paid off in 1866,

1866, and, excepting one with reduced crew for training cadets, no sea-going line-of-battle ship has been in commission since 1867. Ironclads have replaced them, and let us look at the number of men since that year. According to Navy estimates, in 1867, 69,726 men of all ranks were voted; in 1868, 67,120; in 1869, 63,300; in 1870-71-72, 61,000; in 1873-78, 60,000; in 1879 and 1880, 58,800; in 1881, 58,100; in 1882, 57,500; in 1883, 57,250. Mr. Trevelyan assured the House these reductions do not mean, 'a very serious reduction in our fighting strength.' Now as they have occurred since ironclads replaced screw line-of-battle ships, it would appear that Lord Carnarvon was wrong as to our not having 'a steady policy'—we have one, of steady decrease—for decreased men mean decreased strength in ships, and this during a period when France, Germany, Russia, and Italy have been steadily increasing their estimates. The French, who in 1867 had only 42,000 men against our 67,000, have now 66,000 against our 59,250; they have a reserve of 100,000 men, we a reserve of only 20,000. Press-gangs will never again be possible, and the power should be abolished, for the dread of it is great: in the Russian war, the appearance of a man-of-war in the northern ports was followed by a stampede of the seafaring men. The nation that cannot defend its independence without *that Press* deserves to lose it. Lord Alcester points out the reduction of the entry of boys since 1874—in that respect also our policy has been one of steady decrease, even prior to that period. We had an estimate of 7418 boys in 1867; of 7000 in 1870; of 7000 in 1875; of 5300 in 1879; of 4800 in 1883.

Our commerce can be only retained by altering our naval policy of steady decrease, during the last eighteen years, and adopting it to the steady increase in the navies of all the other European nations. The official and most favourable estimate of our naval forces does not say what proportion the proposed increase bears to that of other nations. It is certain we are deficient in first-class ironclads; we are, according to the late First Lord of the Admiralty, four years behind the French in guns, as we are behind them in torpedo boats and in men.

Every effort is required to bring us up to that preponderance over France which we formerly possessed. In the present day, it would be criminal to risk the fate of the country on an engagement in the Channel with equal force. If the French were defeated it would simply be the loss of a fleet; if we were defeated, our national existence would be at stake. The surest guarantee of peace is an English navy, so powerful, that no probable combination of powers would dare to attack it.

ART.

ART. VIII.—*Parliamentary Elections (Redistribution)*. *A Bill for the Redistribution of Seats at Parliamentary Elections, and for other purposes relative thereto.* (Prepared and brought in by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Sir C. Dilke, Mr. Attorney-General, the Lord Advocate, and Mr. Campbell Bannerman.) Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 1st December, 1884.

AMONG the most graphic and best-remembered of Macaulay's historical pictures are those which preserve, with his inimitable force and vivid colouring, the Conferences in the Painted Chamber which, in the seventeenth century, must have been about the most interesting and most impressive scenes of Parliamentary life. No one, to whose imagination the reality has once been presented, can forget the union and the contrast of stately ceremonial and practical significance, the forms and attitudes of historic deference accentuating the sharp and even rude conflict of the hour; the robed and seated Peers, the Commoners standing bareheaded to maintain, in tones always of conscious equality, often of peremptory firmness occasionally approaching to rebuke or menace, the unyielding will and sometimes unscrupulous purpose of the growing power they represented. The ceremonial surroundings, ever present to the reader's mind, give redoubled interest to the argument, when Somers demands of the ermined Peers that 'your Lordships shall give judgment according to the known laws and customs of England;' when Montagu insists that Peers accused of treason to the Crown shall continue to be tried by its nominees, or Sir Edward Seymour pushes the claim of the Commons to exclusive control over money-bills so far as to include any proposal, however unconnected with finance, which may be 'tacked' to the sheets of a Budget: when, above all, in the greatest crisis of the age, an impatient mob at their doors, an anxious and divided nation awaiting their decision, with an empty Throne, a provisional Government maintaining precarious peace, Somers, Treby and Maynard, Danby and Rochester, insist on the hereditary right of Mary, or the rule that a living man can have no heir; press the recent doctrine that the King never dies, or bring the parchment records of past centuries to prove, by entries enrolled, expunged, and re-enrolled, that an actual vacancy of the Throne had been once at least recognized and recorded by a solemn vote of Parliament.

Even then, however, something of its living reality had departed from this stateliest of Parliamentary ceremonials. The
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formal conference has long been, in scientific phrase, a mere survival. The informal conference which terminated the late dangerous conflict between the Houses was a genuine reversion to the old spirit and methods of the Constitution. With a real though unwritten mandate, the representatives of the Peers and Commons, the chiefs of the two great parties met to arrange, in the fashion of the age, but in the traditional temper of the best days of our history, a dispute which had assumed proportions, had excited a violence of language and even of feeling, alarming to thoughtful and moderate men. Those who played, in modern garb and form, the traditional part of managers for the Lords have no cause to be ashamed of the result. They have yielded nothing they were commissioned to maintain, no iota of the privileges or the honour of the House, no tittle of the ground they had taken. The question, largely as it loomed of late, was in its origin and its essence a question of procedure; and upon that point the claim of the Lords has been conceded. The pretensions ascribed to the Upper House and to Lord Salisbury as its leader were never put forth by either. He refused to discuss the Franchise Bill with a pistol at his breast. Whatever may be thought of the metaphor, the pistol of which he spoke was not Redistribution, but a scheme of Redistribution unknown, kept studiously in the dark, held as a menace not over one House or party, but over both alike. Before a single irrevocable step was taken in proceeding with the Franchise Bill, the scheme of Redistribution had been disclosed; modified and settled in concert with the chosen representatives of the Opposition in the Commons, and the majority in the Upper House.

Our own article in October embodied the substance of the Tory case; and every claim we there urged has been fully satisfied. We insisted that Parliamentary Reform should be dealt with as a whole: the whole scheme has been laid at once before Parliament, and every part is to be discussed, settled, and enacted, before any shall come into operation. We dwelt on the right of the present county electorate not to surrender its exceptional privilege till it had received the just compensation of an enlarged representation: and that right has been fully guarded. Before the new Franchise comes into operation, the counties of England and Wales will have received a larger number of seats than we demanded for them. We pointed out the immense importance of the boundary question; and the boundaries, recommended by a Commission whose impartiality we hope is beyond doubt, will form part of the Redistribution Bill as finally submitted to and passed by Parliament. Not
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one claim of the Peers has been withdrawn, not one demand preferred by the Opposition has been abandoned or refused. If on the other hand much seems to have been yielded, if Mr. Gladstone has silently dropped one and another point to which he seemed to stand committed, this is due to the breadth of his language rather than to the weakness or untenable character of his real position, and to the language of his followers much more than to his own. He refused many things that had never been asked; and others so accentuated and extended his refusal as to make compromise appear difficult or impossible. But the pith and substance of his case lay in a nutshell. He refused, formally and positively, to make the passage of the Franchise Bill dependent on the acceptability of his Redistribution Bill; and this is precisely what he has done. The Franchise Bill was passed because the scheme of Redistribution, as finally presented, appeared on the whole satisfactory to the Leader of the Lords.

But Mr. Gladstone's language admitted of more than one interpretation, and must be construed by the sequel. He might mean, and he has proved that he did mean, only that which, frankly and explicitly stated, his opponents would at once have admitted. It could not be demanded of him that he should show his hand while his antagonists' game was necessarily undisclosed; should furnish them with the means of baffling his whole scheme of Reform by a party manœuvre perfectly consistent with the laws of Parliamentary strategy. Redistribution must imperil the seats of a number of Liberals sufficient to turn the scale. It was open to the Opposition, by combining with the threatened Members, to win a party victory, to throw out the Bills and the Government by a chance coalition upon a special issue. Such a risk no party leader would willingly incur. Neither party would trust the other to forego a chance so obvious and so tempting. What Mr. Gladstone really meant, as now appears, was that this advantage should be resigned beforehand; that Redistribution should either be settled by mutual agreement, or fought on its own merits. This point, when once dis severed from the vague demands and ambiguous menaces in which it had been enveloped, the Opposition were honourably willing to concede. They were ready and eager to show that they had sought, not a party advantage, but a public and unquestionably righteous object. The quarrel, reduced to its true dimensions, was neither wide nor deep. The mutual distrust and antagonism of parties had magnified and envenomed it. These elements once eliminated, there remained only a question of procedure easily adjusted, and questions of constitutional

constitutional policy upon which, as it has proved, no irreconcilable difference existed; upon which, it might perhaps be more correct to say, the lines of divergent opinion do not coincide with the distinctions of party.

Those excepted whose discontent emphasizes and brings out more clearly the general satisfaction, the approval of the compromise, apart from its terms, has been unanimous and cordial beyond expectation or example. Outside the ranks of organized disaffection and revolutionary Radicalism, the sense of relief is strong and general. There are murmurs; but we wonder only that they are so few, so faint, so entirely unaccompanied on either side by hints or symptoms of revolt. From a party point of view, the transaction is novel and somewhat ominous; and the traditional principles and laws, even the established etiquette of party relations, have a powerful hold on the mind of Parliament. Experienced politicians instinctively dislike and distrust any and every departure from the immemorial rules of the game. Nor is this feeling an unreasoned superstition or a mere professional prejudice. It is a sound and generally truthful instinct; like every other instinct, the result of hereditary training confirmed and quickened by the insensible lessons of daily practice. Party is no survival of the political Age of Conflict—the days of pitched Parliamentary battles on issues of principle, long since determined and passed away. Antagonism of political thought and tendency is still its soul and life-blood, but not its vital air or daily food. Questions of principle, now-a-days, are oftener raised by the passions and interests of party than these are excited and embittered by questions of principle. Party pervades public life, dominates the course of administration and the conduct of Parliamentary business, in virtue of other, perhaps lower, but not less indispensable functions. Its daily office is to maintain that balance of power and responsibility, of action and criticism, which is the very essence of self-government. It is scarcely less essential that a party should be unfettered and independent in the exercise of this daily function, than that it should be true to its principles and loyal to its pledges. Whenever either the one rule or the other has been broken or set aside for a moment, though with the strongest apparent justification, the most honourable and patriotic motives, the ultimate consequences have been serious and evil enough to make accurate observers and profound thinkers doubt whether the immediate advantage were not bought at too high a price.

Popular criticism and impartial history are too apt to overlook this point of view. They rightly eulogize the decision of
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the greatest soldier of his age to prefer political surrender to civil war; the conversion of a great Tory financier to the economic truth of a metallic currency and of unfettered trade. They fail to render equal justice to those who resented the flagrant departure from the ties of party and the functions of political leadership. It is much if they coldly admit that Catholic Emancipation and Free-trade had better have been carried by their original and consistent advocates. Yet a candid student of Parliamentary history, however staunch a Free-trader, cannot but feel that the disorganization of a great party—the paralysis for years of the constitutional functions of Opposition, the necessity of accepting hasty legislation, ill-considered budgets, and incompetent administration—was an evil worthy to be weighed against the easier, speedier, more certain repeal of the Corn Laws. Similar if smaller mischiefs may be traced to almost every instance in which, by collective or personal transactions with the party in power, even upon questions whereon no vital difference existed, the Opposition has foregone its right of unlimited criticism. Few regret the cession of the Ionian Islands; none, perhaps, the three millions paid to efface the dangerous precedent of the ‘Alabama.’ But that, through Mr. Gladstone’s recent employment by one side and his still more recent adhesion to the other, the former step was taken with less consideration and discussion than its importance deserved, no one who cares to study the subject in detail will deny. If the character of the Washington Treaty be generally misunderstood, if the Geneva decision be constantly quoted as an instance of real, equal, impartial arbitration in great national disputes—if ninety-nine Englishmen and Americans in a hundred, and three statesmen in five, forget that arbitration only disguised surrender, that England had given up her case by anticipation, that America peremptorily refused to submit to the same tribunal our precisely similar counterclaims—the reason is, that Sir Stafford Northcote’s participation in the negotiations embarrassed the masterly jurists of the Opposition in the Upper House, and almost silenced his colleagues in the Lower.

Experienced statesmen naturally and wisely hesitate long, consider their ground carefully, before entering on negotiations for mutual Parliamentary disarmament—accepting in advance a critical legislative compromise. In such transactions the Opposition chiefs are placed at a double disadvantage. Leaders of the minority, they know that whatever they refuse to yield in the conference may be extorted from them in Parliament. They negotiate under unequal pressure, like the representatives of a Power already beaten—like Talleyrand in 1815, or Thiers in 1871.

1871. Inevitably, moreover, they are embarrassed by their inferior knowledge of details. If there be a subject upon which this disadvantage might be supposed to be neutralized, it is perhaps that of Redistribution. It has been the topic of protracted discussion in the Press, of anxious consideration, doubtless, in the closet and in party councils. It must proceed upon published figures, maps, and statistical tables of unquestionable accuracy, complete and minute in detail. The political temper of every constituency, present and prospective, must be known to men on either side whose lives have been devoted to the study, with whom the chiefs of party are in confidential communication. But even here Ministers possess momentous and indefinite advantages. In the first place, the ground-plan is theirs. They have considered, reconsidered, altered and adapted for months the arrangements which their antagonists have never seen till complete, and have but a few days to study. In framing these, they have been advised by men who, like Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Schnadhorst, are past masters of the science of electoral manipulation and the arts of organization. Through these they have access to whatever information the local caucuses and managers could afford. From the necessity of the case, Mr. Gladstone resembled a chess-player with a game mapped out, every move and many alterations carefully preconsidered, permitted to resort to first-rate professional counsel, and playing against blindfold antagonists. He is a General whose staff have been studying the country for weeks, have ascertained the position and direction of every stream and ravine, every dell and dingle, every house and copse and hedge, and whose forces, drawn up to take full advantage of each particular, are already in position. His adversaries must trust to the guidance of a map, have never seen the ground they must cross, or that they must occupy, till their cavalry drove in the enemy's outposts. It would be strange if, in an army so situate, there were no misgivings, no uneasiness, no muttered murmurs of doubt and mistrust. It speaks volumes for their discipline and the confidence earned by their leaders, that there is no sign of open discontent, no thought of mutiny or desertion.

Nevertheless, the common instinct was sound and just. Compromise was wise and necessary. When we last wrote, the political storm had reached an alarming height. When Parliament met, the uneasiness of men who had been, or feared to be, driven further and faster than they willed, rapidly made itself felt. Men of sense and candour, conscious that the quarrel had been pushed to needless and dangerous extremes, found the same temper prevalent among their opponents. Many of our

readers must remember the frequent conversations with anxious friends, or staunch political opponents, in which the same expression was repeated almost in the same words. 'If only the leaders could be brought together in a room! They are English gentlemen; they respect and should be able to trust one another. There is nothing they could not settle in an hour's confidential conversation.' Such wishes were sure to realize themselves; the general anxiety being of course deepest among those who felt the weighty responsibilities of leadership. The quarrel was none the less dangerous because the real issues were narrow, the points on which the several leaders were committed few and simple. About the Franchise itself there was and could be no passionate feeling. Few of those who joined in menacing processions, or applauded violent and intemperate utterances, had any personal interest in the matter. Above all, the result was certain. From 1868, the extension of household suffrage to the counties had been a mere question of time, sure to be accepted by the one party as soon as it was taken up in earnest by the other. About Redistribution there was among the public even less of eager interest or angry temper. The town population was not disposed to rebel against a system which gave it twice its rightful power. The agitators speedily found that the only telling complaint was the action of the Peers; the allegation that 'two millions of Englishmen (more or less) were debarred from their right by two hundred privileged persons.' This was the only cry that awoke the semblance of a popular echo. The Radicals saw with delight, the Moderates with dismay, that the control of the agitation, the choice of ground, had passed from the hands of politicians and Party leaders; that equality of electoral qualification or electoral numbers scarcely reached the public intelligence, failed utterly to touch the popular feeling; that if they were to fight with a hope of victory, nay, to fight at all, it must be on a new battleground. Were the quarrel pushed to extremities, the independence, the constitution, if not the existence, of the Second Chamber must be the stake. To conquer in such a quarrel was only less repugnant than to be beaten. The question may be raised hereafter, and when so raised cannot, and should not, be evaded. But it would have been a national misfortune that it should be raised now, by accident, by a side wind, to be decided by a gust of passion, under imaginary provocation, or in a fit of mistaken and ignorant indifference. As yet the people have not realized its meaning; statesmen have not considered the possible alternatives. Politicians have taken the existing system for granted, and as a rule are prepared neither to dispense with it nor to suggest

suggest a substitute. A few headlong and headstrong theorists are ready to abolish *in toto* an institution which every other free State, however republican its traditions, however democratic its political temper and social character, has deemed an indispensable guarantee of constitutional order and considerate legislation; the fly-wheel that steadies and equalizes that jerky and impulsive action of the motive force of Democracy which would otherwise disorganize and shatter the working machinery of government.

The danger was greater than it seems now that it has passed, greater perhaps than it seemed to most even at the time. Those who discerned a certain unreality in the agitation for an equal franchise and more equal constituencies forgot that the peril might become very real and close if that agitation should be directed to another, a simpler and what might possibly have proved a much more popular issue. The monstrous threat to swamp the House of Lords was advanced in language which, to well-informed politicians, made it sound less dangerous than ridiculous. Not mere Radical declaimers and reckless journals, but some who should have known better, described it as a constitutional remedy in case of collision between the Houses. Its utterly unconstitutional character is notorious to every student of history. The one real precedent is decisive. Lord Oxford advised Queen Anne to create twelve Peers at once, to redress the balance loaded in the Whig interest by William's Dutch creations. He was impeached, and escaped inevitable conviction on this charge only because it was coupled with capital counts, imputing high treason on frivolous grounds. Lord Grey employed such a threat, but employed it in a revolutionary crisis to avert a violent revolution. The rejection of the Reform Bill by the Lords had brought the Constitution to a deadlock. It was useless to dissolve, for a dissolution not six months before had sent up an overwhelming majority of Reformers. The King rejected Lord Grey's advice; and Lord Grey and his colleagues evidently held that the prerogative had been wisely and constitutionally used. They resigned; the Duke of Wellington tried and failed to form a Ministry. It was proved and confessed that the Whigs alone could carry on the King's government; nor could the Whigs govern without passing the Reform Bill. The Lords yielded, in time to leave it doubtful whether they yielded to the unconstitutional menace, or to the constitutional necessity always recognized throughout our constitutional history, that a party which cannot accept the responsibility of office must allow its opponents to govern on their own conditions. In Lord Oxford's case the Commons

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decided, and the Lords were ready to pronounce, that a wholesale creation of Peers is an impeachable crime. The advice of 1832 was tendered with extreme hesitation, as a violent and dangerous means of cutting an insoluble knot; was perhaps repented, was never canvassed in Parliament or defended on constitutional grounds by its authors; and was never put to the test of practice. The limits of this dubious precedent are much more significant and more clearly established than its validity. No such advice could be tendered to, or at least accepted by, the Crown till there had been a dissolution; till, before or after, the Minister had resigned and the Opposition had refused office. As the Lords will never stand out against the constitutionally expressed will of the country, the legality of a wholesale creation of Peers could never again come in question; and if it did, the impeachment of Lord Oxford must far outweigh the doubtful authority of Lord Grey's unfulfilled menace.

But a dissolution following the agitation of last autumn would have been a public danger. Lord Salisbury desired an appeal to the people upon the separation of the Franchise and Redistribution, the piecemeal treatment of Reform. Such an appeal had ceased to be possible. This, the true issue, and every other issue of practical policy—the state of Ireland, the diplomatic blunders of the Government, the alienation of Germany and Austria, the Egyptian fiasco, even Reform itself—would have been merged, forgotten, in a question which, whatever the decision might have been, neither party desired to raise. A general election might have brought us within measurable distance of a constitutional revolution; it would have pledged the whole Liberal Party against its will to an extreme, a hasty, an utterly unconsidered innovation. It was, as we insisted at the time, no light error, no venial fault in Mr. Gladstone to have challenged, though unintentionally or in the heat of debate, a conflict tending to such an issue. The Lords could not but lift the glove thus thrown; but to have pressed the quarrel, to have forced an issue when the challenge was withdrawn, would have argued a want of foresight, temper, and judgment, of which statesmen like Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote are incapable.

There are reasons which render the occurrence of an amicable discussion, a loyal understanding, on any subject especially seasonable. The presence of an anti-English faction in the House of Commons, still more the objects, the methods, and the quality of its adherents—the rise of a new and prominent, if not numerous, Radical school, whose Parliamentary manners and political morality, not to say its social and economic ethics,

ethics, might have been imported from Washington—the retaliatory demeanour of a few intemperate and insubordinate Tories—have lowered the tone of Parliamentary life and the spirit of party. For the mutual respect and chivalric antagonism of old, recent experience has substituted mutual distrust and envenomed hostility. Understandings are, or are said to be, evaded and violated; verbal quibbles are employed or imputed; the word of English statesmen is challenged in a manner and temper wholly new in English public life; and this under leaders whose character and antecedents might have been expected to command unusual confidence. It is much, then, that the two great rivals should have been brought once more into personal relations, that rabid Radicals and irreconcilable Tories should see that their chiefs can respect and trust one another. This is no moment for a pitched battle upon the fundamental institutions of the country. No experienced statesman, no well-informed politician, can regard without grave anxiety the complicated and momentous questions of public policy which must be neglected, hurried, overlooked, in the heat of such a domestic quarrel.

Nor could there be a more fitting subject of compromise, so but the compromise be on both sides honest, open, and loyal, directed not to immediate party advantage but to ultimate national ends, to the preservation, under new conditions and by new methods, of the immemorial spirit and character of our representative system. No consistent, equitable, or permanent Redistribution could be carried by any Government, in the teeth of a party Opposition reinforced by the local and personal interests which such Redistribution must sacrifice. No Minister could dare, unless supported by passionate enthusiasm without, or secured against hostile combinations within the House, to suppress the seats of fifty, sixty, or eighty adherents. The best features of the measure before us—its breadth and boldness, its completeness, its attempt to make a real, and, as a majority of both parties evidently believe, a fair and effective provision for the due representation of different classes, interests, and opinions, securing the ascendancy of the majority and the adequate representation of minorities for the time being—are in a double sense mainly due to Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote. The boldest spirits in the Ministry would not have dared to propose a disfranchisement so sweeping, a readjustment so novel, complete and permanent in character. And the scheme submitted, whatever it were, would inevitably have been curtailed, mutilated, emasculated in Cabinet discussion by the timidity which is, if not the sole, the chief and only certain wisdom found in
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a multitude of counsellors. The calculation of Parliamentary means must limit the ends attempted. The most sanguine Radical must have recognized the utter absence of that popular enthusiasm, that pressure from without, which in 1831 impelled or enforced proprietors and representatives of pocket and rotten boroughs to vote for their extinction; the hopelessness of a present appeal to doomed constituencies against their recalcitrant Members. The concurrence of the Opposition has paralyzed the resistance of the threatened interests, and rendered it possible, as it was not possible even in that flood-tide of enthusiasm, to disregard all reckoning of votes, and to frame the measure with a single view to the future interests and present convictions of the country.

But this negative assistance, great as it is, is not the whole, is perhaps the least part, of the service rendered to the scheme and to the country by the chiefs of Opposition. Nor have they merely safeguarded the claims of the Tory party, or confined themselves to securing the adequate representation of permanent Conservative interests and Conservative elements of national thought. The clearness and consistency given to the chief features as evidently show Lord Salisbury's hand as the weakness and deviations from principle of which we shall have to speak betray, by their party tendency and class character, the original authorship of the scheme. Compelled by his position to speak with reserve while as yet the Ministerial plan was undisclosed, Lord Salisbury's bent was never concealed, and the breadth and boldness of his views startled the weak or cautious among his followers less than they surprised and confounded enemies wont persistently to misconceive and misrepresent him. The Radical press has chosen, in the teeth of his well-known views on social questions, in despite of his whole character and career, to regard him as the champion and embodiment of the stolid, immovable, if not reactionary Toryism of bygone days. The blindness and bitterness of party could hardly have been more signally or more absurdly exemplified. Lord Salisbury's administration of India and the Foreign Office—an administration wherein masterly skill and grasp of facts were, till the Midlothian campaign, recognized and admired even by opponents—did not exhibit more signally than his Parliamentary speeches the practical tone and temper of his statesmanship, his full appreciation of the spirit and tendencies of the age with which it was his to deal. It is a new and striking evidence of his force of character, that a scheme of Redistribution not prepared by him yet bears so clearly the impress of his mind, of his lofty point of view, his breadth of survey and boldness in action.

action. Few other Tory leaders have grasped the truth so apparent to Radical tacticians, that, in a constitutional settlement, finality, consistency, completeness, is the paramount interest of Conservatism; that the preservation of anomalies and grievances, affording ground for renewed agitation, redounds to the advantage of Radicalism alone. The time has passed when resistance to democracy was a practicable policy. To a force so novel, so gigantic, so irresistible, the checks and balances of old would be applied in vain. Guarantees of stability, securities for the safe and steady working of our constitutional machinery, the future strength of Conservative principles and policy, must be sought in democracy itself. If Lord Salisbury's frankness of utterance fail to disarm suspicion, his confessed ability should have dispelled the favourite Radical conception of his policy. He is the last man to dream of crippling or fettering, by complicated arrangements or studied artifice, the giant power to which the doors of the Constitution have once been opened, of binding the Titan's limbs in a network of Lilliputian packthread. Of this nonsense, at least, we may hope to have heard the last. The statesman who recommends to the Tory party the acceptance of the present scheme of Redistribution must be confessed, even by the ingrained, inveterate credulity of Radical distrust, to have accepted once for all the democratic principle; to trust the rights of property, the maintenance of order, the equitable adjustment of public burdens, the national honour, the integrity of the Empire, all the cherished aims of his Order and his party, to the common sense, the justice, and the honesty of the people.

Two exceptions of seeming force have been taken to the course pursued. Radicals have boasted that the Bill is no compromise, since it is wider, bolder, more complete, and therefore more Radical, than a Radical Ministry dare have proposed or could have carried. But the immediate object of compromise was not Redistribution, upon which the Ministerial policy had never been declared, but the question of procedure. That question has been settled, and settled in accordance with the claim of the Lords and the constitutional views of the Opposition. Nothing could have been more fatal to Conservative interests, present or permanent, than a compromise in the narrow sense; an arrangement by which the Ministerial scheme should have been impaired, cut down, emasculated, to the supposed advantage of the Tory party. That that party has no interest in limiting disfranchisement, in maintaining the small boroughs and the monstrous over-representation of the secondary towns, we showed at length in July. To curtail the representation

tation claimed by the great towns would have been to nip and wither the growing strength of Conservatism in the centres of commercial and manufacturing industry; to alienate constituencies whose weight must be in future a paramount element in the political balance, and in which, if but the additional power is given not to the majority alone but to the whole population, Toryism is sure to be represented and likely to gain ground. Even now the Tory minority in Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, is stronger probably than in the minor towns extinguished or deprived of their second seat. The counties are at last to have a representation fairly adequate to their claims. On this point, above all, the disposition of the Ministry was regarded with a distrust provoked if not warranted by the language, and yet more by the silence, of the Radical press and platform. For this justice to a class of constituencies of which England is justly proud, and in which the best elements of national Conservatism are especially strong, Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote are entitled to take credit. With the main lines of the scheme, and especially with the features reasonably ascribed to the influence of the Tory leaders, the country and the Tory party are generally and naturally content. With the exception of several details, and perhaps of one vital feature of which we shall presently speak, the settlement is far better than was or could have been anticipated. Its defects and weaknesses, which as a rule are also its points of apparent unfairness in a party sense, may be left with tolerable confidence to the free handling it is sure to receive in the course of its passage through Parliament, and especially through the Lower House.

But, it is said, such free handling is precluded; the concert of the front benches virtually withdraws the measure from the control of Parliament, forecloses discussion, renders substantial alteration impracticable, amendment almost hopeless, and independent criticism futile. The objection is plausible, and might under many circumstances be practically just. But in the present instance it exactly reverses the actual state of facts. Compromise alone has made free action possible, individual criticism really independent and potentially effective. Had the quarrel been fought out, the action of Parliament, of parties, and even of individual members, would have been practically predetermined. Debate would have run its fixed course in narrow grooves to a foreseen end. The bitterness, and perhaps the closeness of the struggle, the magnitude of the stake, would have rallied each party in strictly disciplined ranks around its colours. Here and there men of exceptional strength and independence,

pendence, Mr. Goschen and possibly Mr. Forster in one House, Lord Grey and the Duke of Argyll in the other, might have had the courage of their convictions. But, for all the rest, the interests and the obligations of party must have been paramount. Independence would have been treason, criticism desertion, objection or amendment mutiny in presence of the enemy. By withdrawing the subject from the sphere of party conflict, the leaders have released their followers to a large extent from the bonds of party allegiance. Upon the Ministry as an unit, upon the leaders severally and jointly, upon parties in their collective character, the compact is unquestionably binding. It forbids absolutely those combinations which Lord Beaconsfield would have described as 'tactical manœuvres,' Sir William Harcourt as 'dirty tricks;' such, for example, as the unrebuked, undiscouraged revolts, by which his followers have more than once released Mr. Gladstone from inconvenient but solemn and voluntary engagements. Ministers can concede nothing to Radical pressure; the Opposition can accept no party advantage proffered by a chance alliance. But the compact can be released or relaxed by common consent. Any demand preferred by the moderate men on both sides, any view which commands a majority irrespective of party, any modification which approves itself to the general sense of the House of Commons, may be, and ought as of course to be, readily conceded by the leaders in concert. No point plainly repugnant to the reason or the instincts of Parliament—and the Bill in its present shape contains, we believe, more than one such point—need or should be obstinately maintained. Never has the House of Commons come to the consideration of so great an issue with so much effective freedom of individual and collective action. Seldom has there been more room and scope for criticism by men of weight and authority released from party fetters. Seldom of late years has the House been so free to listen, so willing to be influenced by their counsels. The main lines of a measure accepted by the representatives of both the great parties may be expected to command general assent and irresistible support. Its details are open to discussion the more frank and unbiassed that they are the result of compromise, that objectors on either side will naturally ascribe the faults of the scheme to the influence of opponents. The complaints of Irish loyalists, of the City of London, and other aggrieved parties, would be much louder and much more angry, were it not confidently expected that they will receive full, favourable, and unfettered consideration. It would be a grave and dangerous mistake to insist too far or too strongly on the binding nature of arrangements demonstrably unfair to
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any great interest, or offensive to the feelings and wishes of those they chiefly concern.

On former occasions we have had separate English, Scotch, and Irish Redistribution Bills; but the United Kingdom has practically been treated as a whole. The claims of the several nationalities have been considered and re-adjusted with little or no regard to the treaties of Union. In the present Bill their separate entities formally disappear, to receive a tacit and virtual recognition hitherto unexampled. The suppressed seats of each are transferred exclusively within its own limits. England as a matter of right and equity, Ireland and Wales for no reason assigned, are to retain their present representation intact. The irresistible claims of Scotland are met by an addition of twelve to the total number of the House. Of 670 seats, England retains 465, Wales 30, Ireland 103, while Scotland is to enjoy 72. Eighty-one English, twenty-two Irish boroughs, and two Scotch groups, are disfranchised or merged in their several counties; thirty-four English and three Irish boroughs are to lose one of two seats; a disfranchisement yet more sweeping than that of 1832. Of the English and Welsh seats, 253, it seems, are given to the counties; Lancashire receiving 23; Yorkshire 26; Chester, Devon, Durham, Essex and Kent, 8; Derby, Lincoln, Middlesex, Somerset and Stafford, 7; Cornwall, Norfolk, Surrey and Sussex, 6; Glamorgan, Gloucester, Hants, Suffolk, Wilts and Worcester, 5; Cumberland, Dorset, Hertford, Leicester, Northampton, Northumberland, Notts, Salop, Warwick, 4; Berks, Bucks, Cambridge, Monmouth, Oxford, 3; Beds, Carmarthen, Carnarvon, Denbigh, Hereford, Huntingdon and Westmoreland, 2; and the remainder, Rutland and the Isle of Wight included, one each. The City of London is to be shorn of half her representation. The rest of the Metropolis is to receive 59 Members; Birmingham 7, Bradford 3, Bristol 4, Hull 3, Leeds 5, Liverpool 9, Manchester and Salford 9, Nottingham 3, Sheffield 5, Wolverhampton 3, and Swansea 2. In Scotland, Aberdeen is to have 2 Members, Edinburgh 4, and Glasgow 7. Of the Scotch counties, Fife, Perth, and Renfrew, are to be divided into two, and Lanark into six electoral districts. In Ireland, County Cork is to return 7 Members; Antrim, Donegal, Down, Galway, Kerry, Mayo, Tipperary, Tyrone, 4; Armagh 3, Carlow 1, and the rest 2 each. Belfast and Dublin are to return 4 Members apiece. All the counties and all the boroughs, the City of London and those which at present return two Members excepted, are to be divided into districts of roughly equal population, returning one Member. Between the Schedules and the English total there is a slight disagreement.

disagreement. Indeed, with scarcely an exception, the few complete lists attempted by different journals contain mis-calculations and contradictions, both as to details and totals, which show how difficult is the construction of such statements, and leave the reader in no little perplexity. The absence of any official statement showing the new arrangement of the constituencies of the United Kingdom, those untouched as well as those affected by the Bill, is therefore much to be regretted. About the apportionment between the several kingdoms there can be no question. But we make the number of English seats 497, showing an error either in our carefully tested calculation, or, which is possible enough, in the Schedules themselves. The whole number of the House will be 670 instead of its theoretical total of 658, at present reduced by vacancies and disfranchisements, permanent and temporary, to 640. The English seats are apportioned as follows: London 61, single seated towns 79, great towns with from three to nine districts 53, counties 253, boroughs retaining two Members each 46, Universities 5 seats.

The distribution is based on population, and on population alone. There are exceptions, and many exceptions, to the rule; there are departures, and wide departures, from the principle. But no other claim has been admitted. In the vast majority of cases numbers and numbers alone have been regarded, and the rule has been applied with a severity which throws the exceptions into strong relief; which renders the anomalies more glaring, the wholesale divergences, especially, less intelligible save on grounds of mere Parliamentary calculation and party interest, and, we should apprehend, very difficult to defend in debate. Mere exceptions, as such, may be not only unobjectionable but eminently desirable. The one great merit of the ancient system was its infinite variety, a merit latterly obscured and forgotten in the multitude of abuses it covered. Pocket and rotten boroughs apart, the close franchises of one class of constituencies, the scot and lot suffrage in another, the privileges of freemen and freeholders, secured the representation of different interests, classes and ideas, the expression of unpopular and even eccentric views, a degree and extent of independence within the House, greatly narrowed by the sweeping disfranchisement and wholesale uniformity of the first Reform Bill. Household suffrage has left no artificial distinctions but those of borough and county districts, and of large and small constituencies; the first of which is now to vanish, while the exceptions to the latter, still retained, have an unfortunate semblance of partiality. The preservation of variety

is hard to reconcile with the spirit of the age, the demand for equality of rights and privileges; and the retention of a few exceptions to the uniformity of town wards and county divisions, the dead level of household suffrage, is an anomaly which no man of Conservative temper can regret. The policy which has set limits to the sweeping operation of a single general rule is *à priori* sound and constitutional. But such retention of anomalies and varieties is a matter of extreme delicacy, requiring to be treated with especial care, and with an absence of bias or favour not merely real but palpable. The exercise of the prerogative of mercy is a delicate and difficult function, sure to be scanned with a jealous vigilance proportionate to the number of the victims and the interest excited by their fate. The exceptions should not belong in large proportion to a single class, should give no advantage to one party. To the survival of nine University seats, none but extreme Radicals will demur. But when the general rule, that each Member should represent a population of somewhere about 50,000, is sternly applied to the counties at large, to the Metropolis, and to the great towns, the favour shown to no fewer than 29 boroughs with a population of less than 30,000 is, to say the least, somewhat startling.

According to the Census of 1881, the population of England was almost 26 millions, that of Scotland nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$, that of Ireland less than $5\frac{1}{2}$. In 1884 they are estimated at over 27, at 3·86, and at less than 5 respectively. According to the Census, then, out of 658 Members, Ireland would be entitled to 98, England to 490, and Scotland to 70. Reduction of the Irish representation is doubly desirable. Upon no principle, except that of distance, suggested *ad hoc* by Mr. Gladstone, can Ireland claim any peculiar favour. While the population of the United Kingdom is steadily increasing, hers is as steadily falling off. This consideration alone reduces her claim by about one seat per annum, so that, according to the actual and not the Census population, her share should be 93 instead of 98 or 103. If her wealth, her rental, her Income-tax, her total contribution to the Revenue, are to affect in any degree the claim of mere numbers, the over-representation of the poorest, the least thriving, the only declining member of the United Kingdom shows in more and more glaring extravagance. Taking present population alone into account, she could spare almost as many Members as Scotland claims. If their several share of the public burdens be considered, England should have 516, Scotland 78, and Ireland but 64 representatives. It is impossible to assign a sound, a logical, or even a creditable reason for allowing her to retain 103. The understanding between the
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front benches has extinguished even the bad excuse of Parliamentary necessity. There is no fear of factious combinations to palliate concession to faction. We should be loth to ascribe to Her Majesty's advisers any fear of Mr. Parnell and his supporters, any misgiving with regard to past transactions, or any secret craving for a support, damaging in itself, and to be purchased by yet more damaging concessions, at some future crisis. The sympathies of Mr. Chamberlain, the overstrained charity of Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Gladstone's Irish reading of Irish history, must account for this last and most unwise of innumerable vain attempts to purchase the pardon of Irishmen for wrongs all obsolete, and most of them imaginary. What are the 'wrongs' of Ireland to those of India? The former, raised from an incomparably lower level, owes far more to English conquest; has suffered far less abuse of power. But who alleges the recent subjugation, the eighty year old misdeeds of Clive, or Hastings, or their respective contemporaries, as of other than historic interest; as grounds for sentimental indulgence or political concession? And would Ireland, or her worst enemies, profit by the eight or nine extra seats thus lavished on her waning population?

From the over-representation of Ireland—an ever-growing over-representation—follows the most obviously objectionable and most unpopular part of the scheme, the increase of the total number of the House. That number is already excessive; so large as to afford an excuse for releasing many of its Members from their more onerous duties, a pretext for the neglect of those duties by a still larger proportion. It contributes not a little to that insensible and unintentional, if not, unconscious waste of time, which aggravates so seriously both the mischief of deliberate obstruction and the difficulty of dealing with it. An addition of twelve Members to a total of 658 may not sound startling in itself. The addition, however, is larger than it seems. Some 18 seats, practically vacant, are to be filled anew. But an increase even of 30, bad as it is in itself, is chiefly alarming as a precedent. The first Reform Bill of 1831 proposed a considerable diminution. This point was yielded; but the rule then established, that in no case should the number be increased, has been ever since strictly enforced. Only an inviolable tradition of this kind could guard the representative Chamber against the constant pressure of new claims, which it is always popular and profitable to concede, and difficult to resist; to which the present measure lends unanswerable force. Nothing, but the necessity of compensating every popular enlargement of representation by an equally unpopular curtailment

ment elsewhere, would prevent successive Ministers from yielding too readily to such demands. Upon this point there exists little or no difference of opinion. We doubt whether a majority of Scotch Members themselves would not rather see the acknowledged claims of Scotland postponed or imperfectly satisfied, than purchase their full satisfaction at such a price. The loyalty and common-sense of Scotland might prefer six seats taken from over-represented districts elsewhere to twelve obtained by swelling the present total. But there is no need and no right to call upon her for such a sacrifice. The reduction of the Irish and Welsh representation to its proper level would suffice to satisfy her utmost claims. It is, then, simply to avoid offence to Liberal Wales, to revolutionary Munster and Connaught, that a hitherto sacred safeguard is to be abandoned, that a precedent of the worst possible omen is to be created, an ever-widening breach effected in a constitutional bulwark of primary importance. This part of the scheme, at least, we believe and hope is doomed. For this error Ministers alone are responsible. Nothing but the necessity of mutual concession, and their unwillingness to break off the negotiation, could have induced the leaders of the Opposition to give a reluctant assent to such a proposal.

From a party point of view the scheme is open to opposite but not incompatible criticisms. By the disfranchisement, on the one hand, the Liberals are the chief or at least the immediate sufferers. The disfranchised English boroughs return 40 Liberals and 34 Conservatives. Of those which are to lose one Member, 3 are Conservative, 18 Liberal, and 11 neutral or uncertain. In England and Wales the Conservatives lose 45, and the Liberals 74 seats. On the other hand, these minor boroughs are those in which, both at general and at bye-elections, popular caprice is most strongly felt; which contributed most largely to the exaggerated Liberal majorities of 1868 and 1880, and whose defection helped to turn the scale in 1874. The enlargement of the county representation is reckoned of course as a Conservative gain, that of the large towns as a profit to the Radicals; though, with the extension of the suffrage and the single-seat system, no previous calculation can be exact or confident. When we turn to the exceptions, the case is signally, we might say glaringly altered. Both classes of over-represented towns, those with from 15,000 to 50,000 which retain one, and those of upwards of 50,000 which keep their two seats, return, according to Liberal authority, three or four Liberals to one Conservative, and to these Mr. Gladstone owes full half of his present majority. Exceptions on a scale

so large, exclusively in a single direction, and exclusively favourable to the party in power, form, to say the least, a very unfortunate feature in a measure so stern and sweeping as the present. These exceptions may very probably not only turn the scale in great party divisions, but for the term of a whole Parliament, or more than one, maintain in power a Ministry against which a decided majority of the larger constituencies have pronounced—a result whose glaring injustice would be rendered, under the new system, nakedly oppressive and practically intolerable. No such indulgence has been shown to any considerable class of Conservatively-minded constituencies. Strict equality in the apportionment of Metropolitan districts was, of course, impossible; but here again accident has so adjusted the boundaries, that poverty and ignorance rather than wealth and intelligence seem likely to obtain more than their fair share.

The clause which mulcts the City of London of one-half its present representation will find little favour, except with extreme *doctrinaires* or yet more extreme *partiisans*. The Census population of the City consists, of course, of those who sleep there—that is, of small tradesmen and artizans, watchmen, office-keepers, housekeepers, and the like. These form, it is needless to say, the least numerous and the least important element of the true population. With the constituency they have no more to do than the sleeping occupants of the Oxford Colleges on the Census night—tutors, servants, and undergraduates—with the electors of the University. The true population is calculated at 260,000; but the claims of the City are at least proportionate to the number of electors. The latter is 26,000, more than half the so-called Census population of 50,000—a proportion which, it is needless to say, is nowhere else approached; one-half the constituency of Manchester, which is to receive six Members, nearly four-ninths of that of Liverpool, which receives nine Members, four times as large as that of most of the minor boroughs still preserved by the Bill. Political reason and political courtesy, the traditions and the history, the vast wealth, the enormous rental, the intelligence and the influence of the first mercantile community in England and the world, are all set at nought when the City of London is placed on a level with Northampton, Middlesbrough, and Stockport. Taking either its electorate, or its real population—disregarding altogether that midnight estimate of numbers which for this purpose is less relevant than would be an enumeration of the children attending schools or the congregations of churches within the Liberties—the City might claim three or four seats

as of obvious right. If exceptions are to be made, if respect be shown in any case to learning, to traditions, to local importance, or to mere existence, no constituency, the two great Universities, *perhaps* excepted, can assert pretensions comparable to the claim of the City to retain its immemorial distinction. Considering what regard has been shown to Irish and Welsh jealousies, to third-rate county towns, to petty groups of Scotch villages, the treatment of the City of London, the scornful disregard of the rank it has held for a thousand years, the slight put upon a community whose aggregate wealth exceeds that of a dozen first-class constituencies, and whose practical intelligence, enlightenment, and business knowledge, are not equalled in the rest of the Kingdom, wears an aspect not only of unfairness and unreason, but of studied insult. The sting of this wrong and affront is driven home and exasperated when the case is referred to a rule palpably and notoriously inapplicable, a basis utterly irrelevant; when the merchant princes, the great financiers, the bankers, shippers, and traders of London, are bidden to measure their claims by the number of the persons permitted to sleep on their premises, and to regard the second Member as a concession hardly due to the 50,000 servants, watchmen, beadles, and business retainers of all kinds:—answering, not to the population of other constituencies, but to the porters and stevedores of Liverpool or Glasgow docks, the firemen and gatekeepers of Leeds and Manchester factories. Mr. Gladstone has often been driven by temper or goaded by taunts into positions palpably untenable. But he can hardly be prepared seriously and deliberately to maintain that the representation of the City should be in proportion to its sleeping, not to its waking and working, population, or that its vote in Parliament should count for less than the united voices of Bedford, Denbigh, and Gravesend, or of Bath and Walsall.

All allowance made for its weaknesses and defects, the present scheme of Reform is the widest and boldest seriously proposed during the last fifty years; more consistent and more sweeping even than that of 1831. The faults we have noted, in their constitutional and especially in their party aspect, demand and are sure to receive strong and searching criticism; and their correction seems almost indispensable to render the measure what we hope it may be, a lasting settlement. Yet the Redistribution Bill has been received with an indifference, almost approaching to apathy, which is perhaps a more startling phenomenon than the greatness of the change that seems to be so little regarded. This indifference may be more seeming than real. It is in part undoubtedly the indifference of content.

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The leading principles of the Redistribution have received a pretty general approval. Its weakest points are so generally disapproved, that their amendment is perhaps too confidently anticipated. The apparent partiality of the exceptions would have provoked sharp and general censure, but for the acquiescence, real or assumed, of the chiefs of the injured party. Something must be allowed for mere hopelessness, the apparent impossibility of resisting or materially altering a compromise sanctioned by both the front benches. In truth, the main features of the scheme accord with the half-conscious expectation of the public. Its outlines had been indicated on the one hand by Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary statements, on the other by Lord Salisbury's speeches, foreshadowing a policy of breadth, consistency, and boldness, rather than narrow caution and timid reserve. It was evident that Lord Salisbury at least would look rather to the completeness and fairness, the soundness and finality of the arrangement, than to the preservation of existing anomalies or the narrower interests of party; that his views would be constitutional in the wider rather than conservative in the more limited sense. Even for the indulgence shown to Ireland and the increase in the numbers of the House, Parliament and the public had been prepared; prepared to hear, certainly not to approve them.

But the most striking, and, as we believe, by far the most important feature of the new system was not anticipated; or dimly foreseen only by well-informed politicians, familiar with the under-current of political tendencies and the practical working of party interests. The name of electoral districts was generally unpopular. A Radical who had ventured to predict the complete triumph of that idea, the subdivision of the United Kingdom into single-seat constituencies, would have provoked a burst of ridicule or incredulous indignation. Of 670 or 658 seats, fewer than 60 will be filled in the old English fashion. The new system differs in one essential respect from that form of single-seated constituencies, of which Scotland and Ireland since the Union, and England since 1831, have had experience. Those which returned a single Member have hitherto been communities of the same type as those represented by two or three; counties or county divisions and towns with a corporate existence, corporate history, traditions and interests, in a word, with a collective life and character, a political and social entity of their own. Except the Scotch and Welsh groups, the London boroughs created by the Reform Bill, and perhaps a certain number of county divisions, we have had no such thing as electoral districts in the Radical and

American sense of the term; districts artificially mapped out for the sole purpose of returning Members to Parliament. Such districts will for the future form the vast majority of our constituencies. About 130 Members will represent large and small communities, of the type which has hitherto given to our representative system its essential tone, life and character. The remainder will be returned, like the American House of Representatives, by electoral districts, urban or rural, manufacturing or agricultural, carved out of counties, cities, or boroughs; with no collective interests, no bond of internal union, no individual life and character, no function whatever but that of electing, once in five years or so, a Member of the House of Commons.

As regards the counties already divided, the change may not be very great. The basis adopted by the Boundary Commissioners, taking the petty sessional district as the unit, and combining three or four of these to form a subdivision as compact as possible, may give us electoral areas as united, with boundaries as natural as those of the present Eastern and Western, Northern and Southern, divisions. This will certainly be the case in those populous counties to which the greatest number of Members are assigned. The small local subdivisions, formed by grouping the convenient areas adopted for local administration, may have perhaps a more real character, a closer internal identity of interest, than such huge incoherent masses as North and North-East, South-West and South-East Lancashire. In other quarters the aggregation of each subdivision around a disfranchised borough, the merging of the latter in extended rural districts with a comparatively scattered population, may tend to give the concentrated and comparatively disciplined town-electorate an undue weight, a prerogative voice in the selection of a candidate, if not in the choice of a Member. But, as a rule, it is probable that the county elections, the character of constituencies and representatives, will be comparatively little affected. The disruption of the great towns is quite another matter. Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and Bristol, are living corporate beings with a strong conscious individuality, a vigorous political and municipal life, of which they are justly proud. To be Member for Liverpool, Manchester, Belfast, is an honour only less prized than the representation of the older Universities; quite as highly prized, probably, by a different and scarcely less useful class of politicians. The great towns, again, are proud of their Members, and careful whom they select. Their Members may be Tories, Liberals, or Radicals; but they are men, with scarcely an exception, of weight and authority,

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or of high ability and promise. The dismemberment of such communities is an act of vivisection. Compared to the present constituency, its dissevered fragments will be lifeless, disorganized, not to say incoherent masses. The still living individuals regard their dissolution with repugnance and dismay. It may be inevitable, failing any direct means of providing for the due representation of local majorities and minorities. But we must not disguise from ourselves the magnitude of the change or the greatness of the loss. These great cities have hitherto contributed a most valuable element to the political life of the nation. It is scarcely too much to say that the national life, as centred in Parliament, has drawn its strength, its unity, its diversity, its vast and varied powers, from those local individualities, that corporate existence, that municipal representation which must now, for Parliamentary purposes, cease to be. It is hardly reasonable to expect that the loss of so important an element of our representative system shall not affect the tone of politics or the quality of the representative assembly. The same men may be, doubtless will be at first returned, but returned with a different mandate from a very different constituency; and when those whose personal claims will secure their seats have passed from the stage, it seems too much to hope that the Members for Ardwick or the Exchange Ward, for Everton or Toxteth Park, will be men of the same type. The bolder and more outspoken Radicals do not pretend to expect it. They tell us that we shall have vestrymen, and content themselves with panegyrics on the quality of vestry politicians, which will hardly content the country. There are exceptions, of course. A few great cities are fortunate enough to secure among their municipal rulers the services of a few men of the same class, sometimes the same men, they choose to represent them in Parliament. Mr. Chamberlain is a striking example of the local statesman. Mr. Rathbone, the present Member for Carnarvonshire, had served a long and most honourable apprenticeship in every kind of local usefulness, in the origination and government of several charitable enterprises whose example has been eagerly followed elsewhere, before his local reputation secured him the minority seat for Liverpool. Mr. Whitley and Mr. S. Smith are favourable instances of the kind of men who, in certain exceptional cities, take a leading part in local affairs of a magnitude and importance sufficient to enlist the most ambitious and the most capable of public men. But few municipal councils are fit schools for Parliament, still fewer for the higher duties of statesmanship. And hitherto the interaction of municipal and

national politics, the employment of the same party organization to control both, has resulted in lowering the tone and corrupting the practice of local administration rather than in training local rulers for Parliamentary service.

The ancient constituencies with traditions and character of their own excepted, the Metropolitan boroughs have been since 1831 mere electoral districts, like those which are for the future to return so large a proportion of the House of Commons; and their example is not upon the whole an encouraging one. An able, if unscrupulous, demagogue like Mr. Thorold Rogers, thoughtful and earnest Radicals like Mr. Bryce, Mr. Stuart, and the late Mr. Fawcett, are exceptions to a general rule. Save these, the Parliamentary credit of the Metropolis has been sustained chiefly by the Members for the City and for Westminster. American experience, again, bears witness to the tendency of electoral districts; the ascendancy of ward politicians, the unqualified dominion of electioneering agents and party caucuses over constituencies without individual life, cohesion, or collective self-respect. The inferiority of the House of Representatives, chosen by such districts, to the Senate elected by the States, bears conclusive and emphatic testimony to the value of corporate individuality, the wholesome influence of habitual collective action and municipal independence, in the choice of representatives. The best men—the men of hereditary culture and refinement, of personal independence and dignity—stand wholly aloof from American politics. But the Senators of those older States which have a true State life, history, and patriotism of their own, are almost invariably among the very foremost politicians of the Union. The character, temper, and conduct of the present French Assembly, returned singly by electoral districts, is not creditable to the system. The irreconcilable violence of party spirit, the incapacity of moderation and of compromise, the formation of factious groups—no two, three or four of which, can so unite as to form a permanent Ministerial majority or a coherent Opposition—the rash and impracticable votes passed to win popularity at coming elections, with the knowledge that they cannot stand and in the hope that the Senate will throw them out—the intemperate hostility to the Church, the sacrifice of the army and of the highest national interests to popular cries and catchwords, have lowered the character of the nation and the credit of Parliamentary government. Despite the graver character and soberer sense of the German people, the same system has worked to somewhat similar results in the Imperial Reichstag. The leaders of parties, there, are able, conscientious, and responsible statesmen.

statesmen. But the manner in which, while accepting Prince Bismarck's rule, resolute to maintain his foreign and military policy, they thwart, vex and harass him upon petty practical questions—the ungenerous meanness which refused him the salary of a much-needed assistant, the relief from over-work which he, if any man, has earned—the relations between a popular assembly and a statesman universally trusted and regarded with well-deserved gratitude by the people at large—show that the German electoral machinery fails to represent adequately the sound common-sense and solid convictions of the nation.

One necessary characteristic of the single-seat system may account in great part for its working in the three countries to which alone Englishmen are disposed to look for example and warning. It is a system which precludes compromise, and representative government breathes the spirit of compromise. The true representation of national thought and life is hardly possible where compromise is forbidden. Here, again, Radicals of Mr. Chamberlain's school discern the tendencies of the principle, forecast its practical working, know what they want, and go straight to their end with a directness and clearness of insight which no other party seems to possess. Men like Mr. Caine have no doubt of the practical bearing of the new system, and do not hesitate to express the hopes which answer to the worst fears of average Englishmen. Their confidence may well inspire uneasiness and alarm in those who look on politics in a totally opposite spirit and with very different aims. Subdivision has been adopted, of course, to secure the representation of minorities without recourse to methods which, wisely or unwisely, the general public and, it seems, the leaders of both great parties have rejected; perhaps on somewhat hasty consideration, as impracticable in themselves, for better reason as irreconcilable with popular prejudice. They, like French statesmen and constitution-mongers of all parties, have assumed that the choice lies between subdivision and *scrutin de liste*. *Scrutin de liste*—the system under which a bare majority monopolizes the representation of a French Department or a great English city—accorded with English feeling when but two Members were to be returned; but seems too monstrous for any save French theorists and Birmingham Radicals when it might result in the election of a party 'ticket' of five, seven, or more names, sent down from headquarters. Assuming that, where parties are not very unequally divided, the majority in one district or ward will be the minority in the next, subdivision will, of course, secure roughly, imperfectly, but practically

The Redistribution of Seats.

cally and generally, after the English fashion, a real representation of minorities.

How far this assumption is at present well-founded, we shall not venture to pronounce. The example of Scotland, where the Conservative minority of perhaps four-tenths can hardly obtain one-tenth of the entire representation, or of Ireland, where a loyal minority of one in three is everywhere hopelessly out-voted, save in Ulster and in one or two small or specially-situated constituencies, hardly warrant a confident reliance on local distinctions. Men practically and minutely familiar with electioneering details hesitate to forecast the general result, the proportion of parties in the first Parliament elected under the new system. The point on which the least uncertainty, the most general agreement prevails, seems to be the power of the Irish colonies to return one or two Home Rule Members for each of several great English cities. But two considerations are tolerably obvious. No calculation based upon the existing local distribution of parties or classes will hold good for more than ten or fifteen years. With the increase of population, the growth of cities, the outward migration of the employing and the wealthier trading classes, the overflow of the operative families into the wards at present less densely peopled, each great region becomes more and more homogeneous in social and therefore in political character; and a readjustment of boundaries, which will secure a fair proportionate representation in 1885, must break down, so far as that object is concerned, before 1901.

Secondly—and this is, we think, the vital point, the consideration which renders wholesale subdivision a more momentous and perhaps more revolutionary constitutional change than any other yet adopted, more pregnant with unforeseen and incalculable consequences than household suffrage itself—the single-seat system forbids compromise; not only formal compromise between parties, but those informal adjustments, effected by the popular sense of fair play, those accommodations between the respective claims of different sections of the same party, for which the present system affords such ample facilities and such frequent occasions. At present, where parties are narrowly balanced, a Tory and a Liberal are returned, sometimes by common consent, sometimes by cross voting; that is, by the influence of the independent or moderate men who feel that such a division most truly represents the actual temper of the constituency. A strong Liberal majority returns one Whig and one Radical, representing fairly, not perhaps the numbers but the influence of the several sections. As Mr. Caine exultantly remarks,

remarks, there can be or at least will be no such arrangements within a single-seat district; or, we may add, between adjoining districts. Even under the majority system, neither party would usually carry six seats for Manchester or nine for Liverpool. Except in times of fierce excitement, the good sense of a large number would revolt from such a monopoly. In spite of Caucus dictation, hundreds or thousands of electors, giving their first four or five votes to their party, would bestow the rest on local or personal grounds, or, from sheer sense of fair play, upon the best of the opposing candidates. The minority would not get their fair share, but they would get something. For the future, every district will be fought, and fought separately, without regard to the balance of parties in the town or county at large. Each will consider itself alone; no majority, however narrow, will submit to be represented by an opponent because, taking a general view, the minority is entitled to three at least out of seven seats. The dominant section of the majority will, in like manner, enforce its choice upon the whole. Where but one Member can be returned, a staunch and generally an extreme partisan will, as matter of course, command the preference of his party. It is, as Scotland shows, quite possible that, in great homogeneous even if not densely peopled areas, with one dominant interest or several interests evenly distributed, the majority, narrow on the whole, should yet be the majority in every district. In such a case, a county or city with 30,000 Yellow and 29,000 Blue electors may be represented in one Parliament by seven Yellows; and in the next, through the revolt of some offended interest or sect, or the mere caprice of the fortieth part of the constituency, return seven Blues. In either case, it is of course ridiculously and monstrously misrepresented.

Again, the true feeling of the country will be falsified by that factitious permanence of party discipline and antagonism, in which Radicals like Mr. Morley and Mr. Caine rejoice. In quiet times, in the absence of any real political eagerness, the dictation of the Caucus, the strength of party ties, will still supply a motive power available to carry party measures, wholly irrespective of the real interest they excite. To ambitious and busy politicians this constant 'activity of political life' seems an unmixed gain; but candid men of all parties must deprecate such utter misrepresentation of the varying moods and changing temper of the country. Perpetual agitation is not only an evil in itself, but must render Parliament a caricature, and not a picture, of the national mind. At no time, probably, do the two parties taken together include three-fourths of the electorate. In the stormiest times of the last half century,

century, one-fourth, perhaps one-third of the *pays légal* has consisted of men neither Tories, Whigs, nor Radicals, whose weight has been thrown into the scale of moderation and compromise, divided according to personal views on particular questions, or withheld altogether. The strictness of party allegiance, the weakness or absence of the independent element formerly so strong in the House of Commons, is even now an evil; if only because it misrepresents the state of feeling out of doors. It must obviously be aggravated and perpetuated by a system which compels men to vote for strong partisans, or to abstain from voting; which renders the return of independent men, save by the rarest of local accidents, all but impossible. The artificial and therefore mischievous character of a machinery which, in the stormiest and quietest times alike, will give a Parliament consisting exclusively of Tories, Radicals, and Home Rulers, as the representation of a public, one-fourth of which, at least, stands aloof and independent of all parties, is sufficiently obvious. Under the single-seat system, Parliament can represent only the relative strength of parties; and that relative strength may well be the same when the temper of the nation has undergone a signal change; the same when Radicals are hopeful and Tories angry and resolute, as when both parties out of doors are languid and indifferent; the same whether ten, twenty, or thirty per cent. of the electors abstain from voting. Under that system, moreover, the number of abstentions is a very imperfect measure of public enthusiasm or indifference. When either a staunch friend or a resolute opponent must be returned, the faintest and the strongest preferences are almost equally effective. Every man not absolutely and sternly neutral is whipped up to the poll. The active and excited moods of the nation may be truly reflected in the House of Commons. But during its much more frequent moods of languor or impartiality, Parliamentary partisanship will be almost as keen, party legislation almost as busy as ever. A Chatham or a Grey, a Wellington or a Gladstone, may be stronger for action than heretofore. A Liverpool or a Melbourne, a Peel or a Palmerston period—the long intervals of legislative quiet and administrative vigour so eminently characteristic of English politics, so true to English feeling—will be rendered all but impossible.

This part of the measure, then, is what household suffrage was once less justly called, a leap in the dark. The results of the latter have disappointed the hopes of agitators and the fears of alarmists; have justified those who trusted in the prevalence of English instincts, ideas, and traditions among all classes of Englishmen. From its extension to the quiet inhabitants

habitants of suburban districts and manufacturing villages, or the conservative and somewhat stolid peasantry and small tradesmen of the country, even constitutional alarmists can entertain no serious fears. A change in the mere machinery of election may seem *à priori* less likely to affect seriously the course and tone of politics. But those who thus argue underrate, we think, the influence of a practical prohibition of compromise, of the mere fact that uncontested elections must henceforth be rare exceptions if not virtual impossibilities, at once upon the temper of the electorate and the composition of Parliament. Organized and continual agitation, artificially quickening and strengthening political attachments and embittering political antagonism, will henceforth be among the recognized uses and functions of party machinery. And even those who regard such artificial stimulation as wholesome must admit that it introduces a novel, an incalculable, if not a somewhat doubtful and dangerous influence into the sober current of English political life.

There are four, and only four, modes in which a large community may exercise the privilege of electing a numerous body of representatives. The French *scrutin de liste*, the extension of the old English fashion of exclusive majority representation to the return of several Members at once, was simply out of the question. Mr. Bright's respect for tradition, Mr. Chamberlain's faith in the right divine of majorities, might reconcile them to such an anomaly; but the English common-sense of Tories and Radicals alike revolts from it. To make the existence of 30,000 Liverpool Liberals or Manchester Tories a pretext for giving nine Members to 31,000 Liverpool Tories or Manchester Radicals is a flagrant contradiction of the very principle of proportion, a caricature of representation itself. The second method, that of giving the minority formal representation as such, has been discredited by its working in the three-membered constituencies since 1868. In the counties, in Manchester and Liverpool, it was frankly and fairly worked, but in Birmingham and Glasgow close organization and strict party discipline enabled a large Liberal majority to monopolize the three seats. Unfortunately, its very success at general elections, the high character of the minority representatives, rendered the failure of the principle at bye-elections the more striking and disappointing. The Liberal Member for Liverpool, the Tory Member for Manchester, could not accept office except by favour of his political opponents, and his death or retirement in the middle of a Parliament gave his seat as of course to the majority; one of whose three representatives had at the next

next general election to retire, amid no little jealousy and heart-burning. This experience would suffice to forbid the application of the same method on an extended scale. It would be intolerable to have in Parliament some thirty Members who could neither accept office nor retire on account of ill-health; each death among whom would alter the balance of parties in the House by two votes. A third plan—sound in logic but somewhat difficult in practice, and still more difficult of adaptation to popular comprehension and tradition—is the scheme of direct proportional representation, recommended in different forms by men of eminent ability and perhaps of still more eminent ingenuity, by the late John Stuart Mill and Mr. Fawcett, by Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Courtney, and some scores of thoughtful, earnest, and exceptionally fair-minded men of either party. This plan had at least the merit of attaining its end directly and certainly, whether by the cumulative or the transferable vote, or by half-a-dozen other less plausible and more complicated means. But it was open to numerous objections, less weighty, perhaps, in logic than in practice. The cumulative vote, the only method of this kind actually tried in England, has succeeded in securing the representation of a variety of sects and sections on the School Boards. But the tendency which recommended it for that special purpose would render its working in Parliamentary elections more questionable. The last thing desired or desirable is the Parliamentary representation of fantastic cliques and coteries, the preference of sectarian or sectional crotchets—teetotalism, anti-vaccination, anti-vivisection, and similar prejudices—to political convictions and serious public interests. No other plan has obtained the general concurrence of the advocates of the proportional principle, or commended itself to popular acceptance, even in those great towns which most dislike the only alternative prospect of subdivision.

The dismemberment of the great communities, the exclusion of party compromises, the encouragement of incessant contests, the probable ascendancy of the Caucus, are none the less obnoxious to moderate Liberals and candid Conservatives, from the evident satisfaction with which they are regarded by men like Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke. Nor is the mistrust excited by their advocacy wholly allayed by the adhesion of Mr. Forster, whose friends and opponents alike will avouch more confidently for his candour and good faith than for his familiarity with the electioneering science of which his former colleagues are such consummate masters. If there appeared, however, no probability that the public mind could be reconciled to any modification of Mr. Hare's famous scheme,

scheme, or even to the cumulative vote, it can hardly be said that any course but subdivision was open to the framers of the Bill; or that those who were called upon to criticize and correct it could have demurred to a proposal for which they could suggest no adequate or popular substitute. Unless the Government and the chiefs of the Opposition could have pledged themselves and their party at once to some definitive method of direct proportional representation, their acceptance of the new system was in effect a foregone conclusion.

It may be that the scheme has not been accepted by Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote only on its merits. Higher and wider considerations may well have contributed to enforce on the Tory leaders the peremptory need, the paramount obligation, of compromise and concession. A Parliamentary struggle or an appeal to the country upon the Franchise, Redistribution, or the rights of the Upper House, would have welded parties into solid unreasoning unity, must have merged all other questions, objects, and interests, in the excitement of a struggle for party triumph. Among the issues thus postponed or sacrificed must be some of far more stringent and pressing urgency, perhaps of not less permanent national import, than any divergence between Tory and Radical schemes of Parliamentary Reform. But these vital questions must form the subject of a separate article.

- ART. IX.—1. *The German 'White Book of December,' 1884.*
 2. *Parliamentary Papers on the Angra Pequena Question.*
 3. *Correspondence between Lord Derby and Sir Hercules Robinson.*
 4. *Speech of Prince Bismarck in the Reichstag, January, 1885.*

IN spite of the continual efforts which are being made to divert the attention of the country from the lamentable effects of the Ministerial policy in reference to foreign and colonial affairs, a feeling of disquietude, and even of alarm, is rapidly extending among the people. The class which habitually watches the course of foreign events is, unfortunately for ourselves, comparatively small, and thus it has happened many times in our history that all but irreparable harm has been wrought, before the nation has had even a suspicion that it approached the verge of danger. In the end it is aroused, but sometimes it has been to find itself involved in a war, which the exercise of a moderate degree of foresight and firmness would have prevented. Then once more the people have been called upon to suffer severely for the folly or the incapacity of their rulers. The present Prime Minister is but too well qualified to apply this moral to the events of 1853-54. Whatever may be thought of his disinclination to harass his mind with foreign questions, it is impossible to doubt that a dark presage of a similar calamity must occasionally visit him when he looks at our isolation in Europe, and reflects upon the position in which he has placed himself in Egypt. Fortunate indeed shall we have reason to deem ourselves, if future events prove that at the beginning of 1885 we already knew the worst.

Not a few members of the Liberal party profess to be at once astonished and dismayed at the mistakes of the Government. Some of them are raising a cry for a sort of general policy of annexation; others are calling loudly for the retirement of Lord Derby, who, however, is only following in the footsteps of his predecessor—inviting attacks upon the Government from all quarters outside, then showing abject fear of attacks; bending before every adverse wind, and crying out for retreat and surrender, when a courageous front alone might save us. But it would scarcely be fair to saddle Lord Kimberley and Lord Derby with the entire blame of the perils which surround us. The Liberals are reaping as they have sown. When proclamation was made to Europe that there

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was to be no more 'Imperialism'—no more coddling and nursing our colonies, no more attempts to secure India, no more squandering of money on fleets and armies, or burning of 'villainous saltpetre'—when this was done, we had practically issued an invitation to every Power that chose to accept it to pursue a policy of aggression. It is not because we renounce the principle of 'expansion' that other nations will renounce it with us. On the contrary, they will say to themselves or to each other, 'now is our chance—if England does not understand her own interests, it is a capital opportunity for looking after ours. What she lets fall we will take up, and snatch anything else that may happen to come in the way.' No man of his time was more alive to this deplorable, but universal, instinct of mankind, in its present fallen condition, than Lord Beaconsfield; and for that reason he dealt with foreign powers in a spirit which, though perfectly just and fair, was always fearless and uncompromising. He fell into mistakes, no doubt, but never into the mistake of supposing that the way to make yourself respected is to show the white feather. His policy was reversed, in theory at least, and now we begin to see the results. Rumours of war are all over Europe, and every Power in turn is making ready to elbow England out of some part of her possessions.

There is not a day which passes without bringing with it new evidence of this determination of the world to profit by the series of events which substituted Mr. Gladstone for Lord Beaconsfield. The ordinary, stolid, ill-informed Englishman rubs his eyes, and wonders what has set this general scramble going, and how much longer he will be expected to play the part of an unconcerned spectator without moving hand or foot? In his individual capacity, he understands full well that if he goes into the midst of any aggressive community to join in the struggle for existence, and takes pains to have it understood that he will bear any scurvy treatment without defending himself, he will soon find himself hustled out of the field. It is a similar process which is now being put into operation at the expense of his country—the strong is everywhere driving out the weak. Germany is establishing herself in South Africa, and has long had her eyes upon the Samoan Islands, with a view to the acquisition of an important station in the Southern Pacific. But here she is likely to meet with opposition from the Government of New Zealand, which evidently is not yet prepared to accept meekly the 'sublime' but ruinous tenets of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Derby. The Australian and New Zealand colonists have

not been converted to the doctrine, that England and her offshoots occupy too large an area, and that any future movement must be in the direction of curtailment. These colonists have taken alarm at the annexations of Germany in Australasian waters, and before any one in England decides that this alarm is unreasonable, he will do well to look a little into the facts. It has been announced that the German flag is to be hoisted over New Britain, New Ireland, and the Admiralty Islands, including the north coast of New Guinea—rich and fertile regions, most of them discovered by Englishmen, all of them valuable to our not too-prosperous trade. In 1883 the Queensland Government proclaimed its sovereignty over these islands. Lord Derby refused to ratify the act of the Queensland Government, and Germany as promptly stepped in and claimed the territory. 'I protest,' writes an Australian to the 'Times,' 'against the policy of the British Government in taking from us rich islands in our waters, and literally giving them to Germany.' This protest has apparently fallen unheeded on English ears, and the Australians are left to draw the conclusion, that if they wish to protect themselves, they cannot too soon abandon even a nominal connection with England. Hence there are proposals now being discussed for the formation of a Federated nation in the South Pacific, involving the severance of all ties with England; and New Zealand seems to be prepared to adopt a still more active course by boldly annexing the Samoan group. Since this country has tried so hard to make her colonists feel that she will be nothing but a stumbling-block in their paths, it is not surprising that everywhere there should be a disposition to cut loose from old associations, and to be guided rather by colonial opinion than by such 'statesmen' as Lord Derby and Lord Kimberley. No one, therefore, could have been much disconcerted at reading in the newspapers, a short time ago, a telegram to the effect, that an agitation was gaining ground in the West India Islands for annexation to the United States. The West Indian colonists have been accused of lacking enterprise, but at any rate they are shrewd enough to prefer an alliance with a strong power to a cold and disadvantageous connection with a weak one. Then it is further announced that the French intend to take the New Hebrides, although Lord Derby has mustered up spirit enough to avow that this would be regarded by England as 'an unfriendly act.' Meeker protest was never made by a British statesman, but apparently the French are not disposed to look upon it as an adequate cause for changing their intention. The New Hebrides will probably go with the rest, and the history of
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Mr. Gladstone's second Administration will be associated with enormous gains all over the world to every country save his own.

In South Africa, in Australia, in the West Indies—wherever, in short, the British flag floats—there is a rising feeling of anger and discontent towards England. Her children abroad have not lost the ancient enterprise and vigour of the race, and they do not understand, and will not tolerate, the narrow and craven spirit which Liberal Governments of late years have invariably displayed towards them. They carried away into their distant homes a love of the old land, and that love dies hard in the breast of every Englishman, no matter how much he may prosper across the seas. But we are gradually managing to kill it. At the Colonial Office there is but one answer for the representatives of the Colonies—‘Do not come here disturbing us. Let us alone. Pray go home, and muddle through your own affairs in your own way.’ The Canadians came with overtures of commercial reciprocity, but the ‘laws’ of political economy prevented their advances meeting with any favour. The South Africans have been left to be harried by the Boers. The West Indians pointed out, that their sugar industries were being ruined by the bounty system practised by other countries, but they, of course, were referred to the publications of Mr. Giffen and the Cobden Club. The Australians and New Zealanders asked, that a foreign power should not be allowed to annex territory in their vicinity, and their reward was to be snubbed by Lord Derby. There is not a single man in the Ministry who appears to have the slightest idea that England is richer than all other nations in the world in colonies; that these riches, vital to her now, might become a source of untold wealth and strength in the future, and that instead of taking any care of these priceless resources, we are deliberately flinging them into the hands of our rivals and adversaries. Faction at home is dismembering us abroad. Look at India. We are allowing Russia to move on steadily, year after year, towards our north-west frontiers, and if any one even ventures to call attention to her advances, it is thought an excellent method of putting him down to describe him as another half-demented victim of the ‘great Russian bugbear,’ or to say that we ought to welcome Russia because she is ‘a civilizing power.’ Meanwhile, the Persian Empire is falling to pieces, and Russia is drawing near to seize it. There is nothing to prevent her from taking Herat whenever she is disposed to stretch forth her hand. ‘Pledges’ that she will never do so we have, no doubt, in profusion, but
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Russia and her pledges are now tolerably well understood, even in Radical circles. She vowed never to touch Merv, or to move towards Sarakhs, and we all know what has happened. The Persians now see plainly what is coming. They dread the approach of the foe who has been proved to be irresistible, and in the general dissolution of old Empires which is going on, they see that Herat must go the Czar, unless England bestirs herself from her lethargy, and exerts the power for which she was once famous in every corner of the East. Who supposes for a moment that England will do anything of the sort, while her foreign and colonial policy is in the hands of the present Ministers? They are not thinking of India or of the colonies, but of the measures which will probably keep them or their party in power, and of which Mr. Chamberlain gave a convenient outline at Ipswich on the 14th of January.

It has been difficult to induce the English public to pay the least attention to these events, but at last there are some signs that the galled jade is beginning to wince, and simultaneously with these signs there are the usual rumours of the approaching resignation of Mr. Gladstone. These rumours recur, it must have been noticed, whenever the political horizon grows peculiarly dark, and it is much to be feared that the sympathy which they never fail to excite in this country is not shared by our colonists, whose feelings on the subject are doubtless better left unexpressed. We need not, for instance, be much at a loss to comprehend the feelings of every man of English birth in South Africa. If we have forgotten Isandlana and Majuba Hill, the African colonist has not, and the Boers take excellent measures to keep those disasters fresh in his mind. And now there are rumours of a German settlement in Zululand, a settlement which, as Mr. W. E. Forster and others have pointed out, will give Germany 'control over the outlet from the Transvaal to the sea.' If we look outside the official communications of Lord Derby and Lord Granville, in the hope of ascertaining the opinions of the Ministry on these questions, we soon discover that all is blank. On the Suffrage Bill there are endless speeches, all very fine and spirit-stirring; but as to Angra Pequena, or even Egypt, there is dead silence. We do not forget Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham on the 5th of January—the 'timely and moderate speech,' as the 'Spectator' called it, in which he threw out significant hints of the 'ransom' which owners of property—not actually acquired in trade, we presume—ought to pay for being permitted to remain in possession thereof. Mr. Chamberlain did, it is true, condescend

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to touch for a few moments on foreign affairs, but obviously he did not feel so much at home as when hinting at a form of licensed brigandage as a desirable system of government. He spoke of Egypt, but he treated it as a question interesting chiefly to 'bondholders and financial speculators,' and other vulgar and worthless persons of that description. 'We will not yield,' he said, 'to the interested clamour of financial greed at home.' So that the Egyptian question, as people may see for themselves, lies in a much smaller nutshell than they have imagined. At the same time, Mr. Chamberlain thought that it might be as well to let foreign powers understand that he is not a man to be trifled with. He cannot send his Aston Park gang into France or Germany, to 'keep things straight,' but he begged to inform all whom it might concern, that we are not to be insulted with impunity. Prince Bismarck has not acted very magnanimously, although Germany, after all that has been said and done, merely 'snapped up some unconsidered trifle of territory which we have hitherto not thought it worth while to acquire'—a few sour grapes, to put it in fewer words. For the rest, Mr. Chamberlain wished it to be known that he likes Prince Bismarck rather than not; he pats him encouragingly on the back, tells him that he is a 'large-minded man,' a 'veteran statesman,' and pays him other pinchbeck compliments. The spectacle of Mr. Chamberlain patronizing Prince Bismarck has certainly not been equalled this year in any of the Christmas pantomimes, and it is easy to imagine the grim chuckle with which the German Chancellor revelled over it. We now know what Mr. Chamberlain thinks of Prince Bismarck; it would be worth something to hear in Prince Bismarck's own words what he thinks of Mr. Chamberlain.

Angra Pequena is apparently the unconsidered trifle which this great statesman of ours had in view when he delivered himself at Birmingham. No doubt, Mr. Chamberlain must have been shown this place on a map at one or other of the Cabinet meetings, and therefore we may assume that he knows where it is, and in what way its seizure by Germany—coupled with the probable future acquisition of St. Lucia Bay—must inevitably effect English interests. It was not, therefore, ignorance which led him to treat the questions at stake in the light and jovial vein which appears to be so agreeable to his supporters in Birmingham. But we are afraid that Angra Pequena is still a name and nothing more to many of the public, and therefore we had better tell the story about it before proceeding any further. Fortunately, the story itself is not so long as the papers and documents which relate to it, and it can

be presented in a moderate compass, if not quite so small as that in which Mr. Chamberlain has so cleverly rolled up the Egyptian enigma.

The German 'White Book,' issued on the 12th of December last, gives one version of the narrative, and in this it is set forth that in December 1880, Lord Kimberley sent a despatch to Sir Hercules Robinson, stating that it is 'the opinion of Her Majesty's Government that the Orange River is to be regarded as the north-western frontier of the Cape Colony, and the Government will not give its support to plans for extending British jurisdiction over Great Namaqua and Damara Land.' Upon this definition of British claims as regards the south-west coast of Africa, all the future movements and contentions of Germany were based. Whether Lord Kimberley wrote in haste or at leisure, one thing is certain, and it is that we owe primarily to him the loss of Angra Pequena.

Towards the close of 1882, Herr Lüderitz announced to the Foreign Office at Berlin his intention to 'found a factory somewhere on the West African coast, between the 22nd and 28th degrees of south latitude.' He asked whether, in carrying out this undertaking, he would receive the protection of the Empire? In February 1883, Lord Granville was consulted by the German Chargé d'Affaires as to whether England asserted any special rights of sovereignty over this part of the coast; but the matter dragged on until November, when Count Herbert Bismarck was again instructed to make 'oral or official enquiry of the British Government, whether England had any claims to the territory of Angra Pequena, and upon what these claims were based.' To this Lord Granville replied, in effect, that although the sovereignty of the Queen had not been proclaimed along the whole coast, yet that it would regard a claim on the part of any other Power as an 'encroachment on the legitimate rights' of the British Government. On the 31st of December, the German Government asked, as before, for some evidence of England's title to the territory; there was a great delay in returning an answer, and Prince Bismarck filled up the time by telegraphing to the German Consul at Cape Town—on the 24th of April, 1884—that Herr Lüderitz and his settlement must be looked upon as under the protection of the Empire. Count Münster was directed to present an official notification of this act to Lord Granville, but a month later Germany was still without any reply from the British Government, and after some further communications, Prince Bismarck directed Count Münster to state that England had no right to the coast, that he had been well aware of this all along, and that Germany
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'had not been treated by England on a footing of equality.' On the 22nd of June, Lord Granville told Count Herbert Bismarck, that the 'Cabinet had yesterday resolved to recognize the German protectorate' already referred to. While all this was going on, the Cape Government appears to have resolved to take possession of the coast from the Orange River northwards; a peremptory despatch from Prince Bismarck was placed before our Government, complaining of the four months' delay in replying to his Note of December 31st, 1883, and soon afterwards the German ironclad, the 'Wolff,' mounted guard over the disputed coast—Walfisch Bay excepted—and Lord Granville was left to eat his own words about the 'encroachment on our legitimate rights.'

Until this German 'White Book' was published, our own Government had not vouchsafed to give Parliament or the country any full information with regard to what was going on; although in October a 'memorandum,' more or less obscure, was sent from the Colonial Office to the Foreign Office. Seldom, in fact, has there been a Government which has conducted all its foreign affairs with so much secrecy and so much distrust of the public; and this is worthy of observation, for it was one of the chief counts in Mr. Gladstone's indictment of Lord Beaconsfield, that the nation was kept in ignorance of all that took place between England and other Powers. The 'White Book,' however, soon proved to the Ministry, that it would be impossible to keep the Angra Pequena muddle confined to the knowledge of its authors, and consequently a long despatch was issued from Lord Derby to Sir Hercules Robinson, recapitulating the history of the negotiations. In this document there is not a sentence which is calculated to modify the adverse judgment, called for by the short-sighted and dilatory tactics pursued by the Ministry. It began, in 1880, by rejecting Sir Bartle Frere's strong recommendation, that we should annex the coast up to the Portuguese boundary, and that 'in the meanwhile no time should be lost in hoisting the British flag at Walfisch Bay.' Sir Bartle Frere was a 'suspect'—he had been guilty of the great crime of Imperialism, and of wishing to see his own country grow strong and prosperous in all its possessions. We all remember with what insult and injustice he was treated by the present Government. His enemies had their way, and drove him from a post which he filled with so much advantage to the nation; but his memory is in no need of vindication, and if it were, that vindication would be supplied by the loss of a large part of the African Coast, and by the sequel of the first German encroachment in

that region. For Germany cannot and will not stop where she is. Already there have been whispers of her intention to gain possession of Zanzibar, and with Prince Bismarck, where there is a will there is a way. German subjects in Zanzibar may very readily get up a complaint, that they are not adequately 'protected;' and Prince Bismarck may once more bait his trap for an English Ministry which looks upon colonies as an encumbrance, and considers it its first and chief duty to make sure of the 'Caucus' at home.

Lord Derby explains why it was, that he and his colleagues would not permit the Cape Government to secure the coast-line from the Orange River to Walfisch Bay. His language is characteristic of the Administration in which he is not unworthy to sit. He says: 'It then proved to be too late for this country to take action, as far as the Angra Pequena territory was concerned.' It has always been the same story with Mr. Gladstone's Government — 'too late.' In the 'Memorandum' above referred to it is further pleaded, that 'until quite a recent date Her Majesty's Government had no idea that the German Government contemplated any such annexation.' They were like men in a dream. Prince Bismarck had laid all his plans very skilfully, and our Government persisted in shutting their eyes to them. There were much more important problems to be dealt with,—how to strengthen the Ministry by fomenting an agitation against the House of Lords; how to use the new Franchise Bill as a 'loaded pistol;' how to turn away the eyes of the people from a declining trade and a crumbling Empire. While Ministers were working for these objects, how could they find time to pay any attention to foreign affairs? They were at length made to understand, that Germany had taken what had practically been offered to us, and they then tried to put a good face on the matter, and decided, as Lord Derby put it, to 'welcome Germany as a neighbour.'

But this is only the first act in the drama. Prince Bismarck is very well content, as he took occasion to show in his speech to the Reichstag on the 10th of this present month of January. He can afford to be good-humoured, though his good-humour is tinged, as usual, with sarcasm. 'That England,' he said,* 'in her consciousness that "Britannia rules the waves," looks on in some surprise when her landlubberly cousin, as we seem to her, suddenly goes to sea too, is not to be wondered at.' It is a little hard upon us just now, after nearly five years of Mr. Gladstone's rule, to throw 'Britannia rules the waves'

* We quote from the report of his speech given in the 'Times' of Jan. 12th.

in our teeth. Heaven knows that we are all of us far enough from being in the mood to revive that musty ballad of the past, and no one has yet had the courage to arrange it as a trio for Lord Kimberley, Lord Derby, and Lord Granville. Prince Bismarck's speech was, strangely enough, received at first by the English press with a chorus of jubilation and gratitude. Apparently it was not perceived that the Chancellor held over our heads several menaces of no uncertain import. We were told substantially, that the German Government would be friendly towards us while we did not cross its purposes, and that any interference with its colonial schemes would place Germany in the position of being 'forced to support, without wishing it, those who are adversaries to England.' It does not require much reading between the lines to see the allusion to Egypt in these words. We can obtain the goodwill of Prince Bismarck, it is true, but it can only be by submitting to his policy. There seems to us to be very little to be thankful for in all this, and so our newspapers tardily perceived; for a day or two after their effusive expressions of gratitude to Prince Bismarck they endeavoured to display a little independence, and ventured to speak once more of the interests of England.

Angra Pequena will be exceedingly valuable to Germany by way of a beginning, but it would be much more valuable with St. Lucia Bay—just round the corner, as it were—added to it. This, however, Prince Bismarck has intimated that he does not want—that is to say, not at present. But in 1880 he stated explicitly that Germany did not want any colonies at all, and, as we have seen, he has claimed the privilege which other statesmen enjoy of changing his mind. The ominous Herr Lüderitz has appeared upon the scene, with suggestions of the necessity of looking after German interests in the neighbourhood of St. Lucia; and although he has been told for the moment by Prince Bismarck to go away, we may be sure that he will come again. We must also remember that another enterprising German, Dr. Einwald, has recently acquired a large tract of country on each side of the bay—100,000 acres—on terms very favourable to himself, seeing that he only gave a musical box 'with bells' for it. This territory Herr Einwald has made over to Herr Lüderitz, who is now seeking to place it under the German flag. On our parts, we shall do nothing until Lord Derby can complacently repeat his former epitaph—'too late.' On the 8th of January, Herr Einwald was 'interviewed'—it is hopeless to try to ignore an objectionable word when the still more objectionable thing is flourishing among us—by an evening paper. He declared that the Zulus are perishing 'because of the consequences—the direct consequences—

consequences—of the English Government'; that the Boers have thrown the whole country into anarchy; that Cetewayo's son—King Dinizulu—had appealed to him for German protection. 'Ask your old Emperor,' said this enlightened monarch, 'to save Zululand,' and then, unconscious of the danger of dealing with the gift-bearing Germans, he stretched forth his hand for the fatal musical box, and Herr Einwald 'took him into his wagon,' and 'made him comfortable.' Who can doubt that, if the present Ministry remains in power, St. Lucia will, after a decorous interval, go to Germany, although it was actually ceded to England in 1843, and still belongs to us? It appears from Herr Einwald's statement, that Lord Derby has recently said or done something to disclaim all responsibility for the territory, probably as involving 'too much trouble' to look after it. The only consolation we shall have in the affair is, that when Germany is on the borders of the Transvaal the Boers will infallibly get—what we have never been able to give them—their deserts; and they will then be taught that Europeans do not always run away after a defeat.

Thus, turn where we will, we find nothing but evidences of neglect, mismanagement and blindness on the part of the Government, for ever

'Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage.'

In some instances the consequences may, perhaps, be said to be remote, and therefore the English public cannot be expected to give itself much concern about them, but surely no devotee of *laissez faire* will pretend that this is the case with Egypt? And yet it is quite certain that the English people generally have not the faintest conception of the difficulties which have been created for them in that country, or of the complications which are growing up between ourselves and other great Powers. A large section of the nation still goes on believing that all must be right, 'because Mr. Gladstone has done it,' and while they put themselves to sleep in this reckless—and, as Mr. Gladstone himself would probably admit, totally unjustifiable—confidence, the events of 1853 are repeating themselves, and we are slowly drifting towards complications, the most probable issue of which is War.

Everybody in Europe who is in a position to know what is going on behind the scenes has been warning us for months past to be on our guard. We put aside all such suggestions as that Prince Bismarck is intent upon embroiling this country with France, for even if this were the fact, Prince Bismarck is

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not the sort of man to disclose his purpose. The 'thought-readers' have not yet had any success worth mentioning with him. But leaving Prince Bismarck out of the reckoning, is it not notorious that France is deeply chagrined at our course in Egypt, and that it would take very little more provocation to fan the smouldering sparks of popular resentment there into a flame? Does not every man, with the commonest means of information at his command, know that the French are watching all our movements with extreme jealousy and dislike, and that she is only waiting the results of General Wolseley's operations to step in and demand—to use the phrase which French journalists employ—to be 'reinstated in her rights'? Germany has not hesitated to let it be known that she also expects to take part in the final arrangement, whenever the rough and costly work of restoring order in Egypt has been done by England. For the completion of that work, let it be further borne in mind, all the Powers are practically united in holding us responsible. It is doubtless with the view of keeping that responsibility well before us that the Sultan has sent a special envoy, Hassan Fehmi Pasha, to London, with orders to visit Paris, Berlin, and Vienna before his return. Mr. Gladstone, from the moment he entered into office, thought proper to treat the Porte as an extinct power, and yet there can be no doubt that the Sultan could, and would, have brought Arabi to his senses, and we need never have sent out our troops to do that work, nor would Alexandria have been burnt, nor would a British army be now on its way to liberate a gallant officer who was sent out into the desert to work a miracle. Mr. Gladstone could not, in common decency, look to the Sultan for any support after the Midlothian speeches; his attacks upon Austria might be wiped out by an apology, but no apology could soothe the indignation which had been stirred up at Constantinople. Therefore Mr. Gladstone decided to settle Egypt without the Sultan, and even without the Khedive; and to that determination all our subsequent troubles must be ascribed.

We are now drawing near, as every one hopes, to the termination of Lord Wolseley's second campaign in Egypt, and at this particular moment the Sultan makes a move which is calculated and intended to recal his existence to the recollection of Mr. Gladstone. According to Lord Wolseley's instructions, he is to pack up and return home as fast as he can, the moment he has relieved the garrison at Khartoum. It is within the bounds of possibility that General Gordon may deem it inconsistent with his sense of duty to leave the Soudan in a state of
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mere chaos, and we can judge beforehand of the hopelessness of trying to move him by arguments based on the necessity of doing something to save his life. Should he agree to retire under Lord Wolseley's convoy, we are, as matters at present stand, to remove our troops from Upper Egypt, even if we are to leave a few at Cairo, and then, if not before, we must make provision to patch up the rotten finances of the country. The complete success of Lord Wolseley will be, in short, the beginning of the most serious part of our difficulties—that part in which the greatest firmness and the most profound statesmanship will be required to carry us through, if we are to escape without a disaster. The public by this time ought to be quite able to form an opinion for themselves, as to whether it is reasonable to look for these qualities in the leaders of the present Government.

The financial proposals of England have not, down to the present moment, been accepted by any of the Powers, and we run no risk in prophesying that they never will be. They are as dead as the Dual Control, or as that wonderful Conference last summer which was to free us from all our embarrassments, and which came to so ludicrous an end. Soon after this 'Review' is published, we shall probably have an alternative scheme from France before us, and with it a few words from Germany and Austria indicating their dissent from the English proposals. The Government has been urged to prepare for this by announcing, that a 'new situation has been created, to which previous engagements and understandings do not apply'—a method familiar enough to Mr. Gladstone in connection with domestic politics, but not, perhaps, to be so lightly applied to transactions which are carried on with the great Powers of Europe. Tactics which a popular Minister may safely employ in his own country may prove to be excessively hazardous when brought to bear upon France or Germany. Speakers and writers continue to assert loudly that we must not and cannot sacrifice English interests in Egypt; but what proof is there that the Government entertains any such views? As we have shown, the only Minister who has recently spoken treated the matter as if it concerned merely 'bloated bondowners' and riggers of the markets. The immense responsibilities we have incurred by practically deposing the Khedive and his Ministry, and by commanding the abandonment of the Soudan, including Khartoum, seem to be absolutely unfelt by Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. So long as there is no popular outcry in England, they appear to care nothing whatever for what may happen in Egypt. They can forget or explain away every-
thing—

thing—the destruction of Alexandria; the slaughter of Baker Pasha's wretched forces, the sacrifice of the garrisons of Sinkat and Tokar, the massacre at Berber, the useless loss of so many gallant officers and men of the British army. Very little is said in England about the long and shameful history, and the Ministry feel secure. But it cannot be that the English people will always remain blind to the wrong and the injustice that have been wrought, and if nothing else can cause the scales to drop from their eyes, the storm which is rising in all parts of Europe will, without doubt, perform that operation for them.

Prince Bismarck boasted the other day, that Germany was 'surrounded by friends.' The opposite statement would be more true of England. We appear to have no friends left in Europe, or anywhere else. Every Power has been estranged which was once disposed to form an alliance with us. This is not the first time in our annals that we have stood alone, but never before have we laid ourselves so open to attack, or set 'our own flesh and blood' so decidedly against us, or placed ourselves so utterly in the wrong. What we have done in Egypt is past all excuse, unless we intend to admit the responsibility of the government of the Egyptians for some time to come. Nothing can give us a right to go into a country and destroy its chief port, and depose its rulers, and plunge it into disorder and bloodshed, and then walk off, leaving it to anarchy. We are powerful, but not powerful enough to do that with impunity. But, whatever may be our opinion upon the point, we shall evidently not be permitted to hold it unmolested. Turkey, as we have said, is advancing from the background. The new Envoy is reported to have instructions in his portfolio to call for the 'prompt withdrawal of the British troops from Egypt proper.' We know not what truth there may be in the report, but it is not intrinsically improbable. And if it be well founded, is it likely that the Sultan would have taken this step without making tolerably sure that he would not be left without backers? He cannot have doubted what his answer would be in England, for even the present Ministry, laden with humiliation as it is, could not survive twelve hours if the English people believed that they were about to permit the Turk to drive them out of Egypt. The Sultan, we may be sure, is acting with premeditation, and under advice; and concurrent with his move, there are the warnings, deep and full of meaning, of Prince Bismarck.

We press these circumstances upon the most solemn consideration of the English people, because it is only from some

emphatic manifestation of public opinion that any safety can come now. The New Year opened darkly for England; in the lifetime of the present generation, the omens of evil were never so visible or so alarming. Each day that has passed since then has but aggravated the perils of our position. Our own blunders and mistakes have all but delivered us into the hands of our enemies. The cloud of war is distinctly gathering over our heads, and the Government of the country goes on, as if under some enchantment, blind to that, blind to everything, except to the poor little intrigues for keeping a party in power such as the Chamberlains of the day are able to carry out. But a whole legion of Chamberlains could not extricate us from the difficulties which are now hemming us in on every side. Some time ago, a wild and half-ludicrous appeal went out from a certain source for Prince Bismarck to come over and help us. The world laughed, but there are few among us who do not to-day wish in their hearts that we could have a man like Bismarck at the head of our affairs, if only for a few short months. We have Mr. Gladstone. That he wishes well to his country no one questions, and if he means to save it from calamity, now is the time for him to act. He owes much to the English people for their loyalty to him. He need not now distrust either their stedfastness or their courage. We hope that these great qualities may be imparted to him in our present necessities, for, unless they are, the historian of his career will have to record that, at a time of great anxiety and danger, he left the fate of England to be decided by her foes.

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—J. J. Rousseau: *Le Contrat Social, ou Principes du Droit Politique*. Nouvelle Edition. Revue d'après les meilleurs Textes. Paris: Garnier Frères.

THERE is no doubt that some of the most inventive, most polite, and best instructed portions of the human race are at present going through a stage of thought which, if it stood by itself, would suggest that there is nothing of which human nature is so tolerant, or so deeply enamoured, as the transformation of laws and institutions. A series of political and social changes, which a century ago no man would have thought capable of being effected save by the sharp convulsion of Revolution, is now contemplated by the bulk of many civilized communities as sure to be carried out, a certain number of persons regarding the prospect with exuberant hope, a somewhat larger number with equanimity, many more with indifference or resignation. At the end of the last century, a Revolution in France shook the whole civilized world; and the consequence of the terrible events and bitter disappointments which it brought with it was to arrest all improvement for thirty years, merely because it was innovation. But in 1830 a second explosion occurred in France, followed by the reconstruction of the British electorate in 1832, and with the British Reformed Parliament began that period of continuous legislation through which, not this country alone, but all Western Europe appears to be passing. It is not often recognized how excessively rare in the world was sustained legislative activity till rather more than fifty years ago, and thus sufficient attention has not been given to some characteristics of this particular mode of exercising sovereign power, which we call Legislation. It has obviously many advantages over Revolution as an instrument of change; while it has quite as trenchant an edge, it is milder, juster, more equable, and sometimes better considered. But in one respect, as at present understood, it may

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prove to be more dangerous than revolution. Political insanity takes strange forms, and there may be some persons in some countries who look forward to 'The Revolution' as implying a series of revolutions. But, on the whole, a Revolution is regarded as doing all its work at once. Legislation, however, is contemplated as never-ending. One stage of it is doubtless more or less distinctly conceived. It will not be arrested till the legislative power itself, and all kinds of authority at any time exercised by States, have been vested in the People, the Many, the great majority of the human beings making up each community. The prospect beyond that is dim, and perhaps will prove to be as fertile in disappointment as is always the morrow of a Revolution. But doubtless the popular expectation is that, after the establishment of a Democracy, there will be as much reforming legislation as ever.

This zeal for political movement, gradually identifying itself with a taste for Democracy, has not as yet fully had its way in all the societies of Western Europe. But it has greatly affected the institutions of some of them; even when it is checked or arrested, it is shared by considerable minorities of their population; and when (as in Russia) these minorities are very small, the excessive concentration of the passion for change has a manifest tendency to make it dangerously explosive. The analogies to this state of feeling in the Past must be sought rather in the history of Religion than in the history of Politics. There is some resemblance between the period of political reform in the nineteenth century and the period of religious Reformation in the sixteenth. Now, as then, the multitude of followers must be distinguished from the smaller group of leaders. Now, as then, there are a certain number of zealots who desire that truth shall prevail. Some of them conceive the movement which they stimulate as an escape from what is distinctly bad; others as an advance from what is barely tolerable to what is greatly better; and a few as an ascent to an ideal state, sometimes conceived by them as a state of Nature, and sometimes as a condition of millennial blessedness. But, behind these, now as then, there is a crowd which has imbibed a delight in change for its own sake, who would reform the suffrage, or the House of Lords, or the Land Laws, or the Union with Ireland, in precisely the same spirit in which the mob behind the reformers of religion broke the nose of a saint in stone, or made a bonfire of copes and surplices, or shouted for the government of the Church by presbyteries. The passion for religious reform is, however, far more intelligible than the passion for political change, as we now see it in operation.

operation. In an intensely believing society, the obligation to think aright was enforced by tremendous penalties; and the sense of this obligation was the propelling force of the Reformation, as at an earlier date it had been the propelling force of the rise and spread of Christianity. But what propelling force is there behind the present political movement, of such inherent energy that it not only animates the minority, who undoubtedly believe in their theories of democracy, or reform, or regeneration, but even makes itself felt by the multitude which reasons blindly or does not reason at all? 'If you have wrong ideas about Justification, you shall perish everlastingly,' is a very intelligible proposition; but it is not exactly a proposition of the same order as that into which most English democratic philosophy translates itself: 'if you vote straight with the Blues, your great-grandchild will be on a level with the average citizen of the United States.' The truth seems to be, that a great number of persons are satisfied to think that democracy is inevitable and the democratic movement irresistible; which means that the phenomenon exists, that they see no way of arresting it, and that they feel no inclination to throw themselves in its way. There are others who appear to think that, when a man submits to the inevitable, it is 'greatly to his credit'; as it was to Mr. Gilbert's nautical hero to remain an Englishman because he was born an Englishman. So they baptize the movement with various complimentary names, of which the commonest is Progress, a word of which we have never seen any definition, and which seems to have all sorts of meanings, many of them extraordinary; for some politicians in our day appear to employ it for mere aimless movement, while others actually use it for movement backwards, towards a state of primitive nature.

It is an enquiry of considerable interest, whether the passion for change which has possession of a certain number of persons in this age, and the acquiescence in it which characterizes a much larger number, are due to any exceptional causes affecting the sphere of politics, or whether they are universal and permanent phenomena of human nature. There are some striking facts which appear to point to the first conclusion as the more correct. The most remarkable is the relatively small portion of the human race which will so much as tolerate a proposal or attempt to change its usages, laws, and institutions. Vast populations, some of them with a civilization considerable but peculiar, detest that which in the language of the West would be called reform. The entire Mahomedan world detests it. The multitudes of coloured men who swarm in the great Continent of Africa detest it, and it is detested by that large part

of mankind which we are accustomed to leave on one side as barbarous or savage. The millions upon millions of men who fill the Chinese Empire loathe it and (what is more) despise it. There are few things more remarkable and, in their way, more instructive, than the stubborn incredulity and disdain which a man belonging to the cultivated part of Chinese society opposes to the vaunts of Western civilization which he frequently hears; and his confidence in his own ideas is alike proof against his experience of Western military superiority and against that spectacle of the scientific inventions and discoveries of the West which overcame the exclusiveness of the undoubtedly feeble Japanese. There is in India a minority, educated at the feet of English politicians and in books saturated with English political ideas, which has learned to repeat their language; but it is doubtful whether even these, if they had a voice in the matter, would allow a finger to be laid on the very subjects with which European legislation is beginning to concern itself, social and religious usage. There is not, however, the shadow of a doubt that the enormous mass of the Indian population hates and dreads change, as is natural in the parts of a body-social solidified by caste. The chief difficulty of Indian government is even less the difficulty of reconciling this strong and abiding sentiment with the fainter feeling of the Anglicized minority, than the practical impossibility of getting it understood by the English people. It is quite evident that the greatest fact in Anglo-Indian history, the Mutiny of the mercenary Sepoy Army, is as much a mystery to the average man of the West as are certain colours to the colour-blind; and even historians are compelled to supply wholly or partially fictitious explanations of the events of 1857 to a public which cannot be brought to believe that a vast popular uprising was produced by a prejudice about a greased cartridge. The intense conservatism of much the largest part of mankind is, however, attested by quite as much evidence as is the pride of certain nations in railways, electric telegraphs, or democratic governments.

'In spite of overwhelming evidence,' wrote the author of 'Ancient Law,' in 1861, 'it is most difficult for a citizen of Western Europe to bring thoroughly home to himself the truth that the civilization which surrounds him is a rare exception in the history of the world. The tone of thought common among us, all our hopes, fears and speculations, would be naturally affected, if we had vividly before us the relation of the progressive races to the totality of human life. It is indisputable that much the greatest part of mankind has never shown a particle of desire that its civil institutions should be improved,

proved, since the moment when external completeness was first given to them by their embodiment in some permanent record. One set of usages has occasionally been violently overthrown and superseded by another; here and there a primitive code, pretending to a supernatural origin, has been greatly extended and distorted into the most surprising forms; but, except in a small section of the world, there has been nothing like the gradual amelioration of a legal system. There has been material civilization, but, instead of the civilization expanding the law, the law has limited the civilization.*

To the fact that the enthusiasm for change is comparatively rare, must be added the fact that it is extremely modern. It is known but to a small part of mankind, and to that part but for a short period during a history of incalculable length. It is not older than the free employment of legislation by popular governments. There are few historical errors more serious than the assumption that popular governments have always been legislating governments. Some of them, no doubt, legislated on a scale which would now be considered extremely moderate; but, on the whole, their vigour has shown itself in struggles to restore or maintain some ancient constitution, sometimes lying far back in a partly real and partly imaginary Past, sometimes referred to a wholly unhistorical state of nature, sometimes associated with the great name of an original legislator. We, Englishmen, have had for several centuries a government in which there was a strong popular element, and for two centuries we have had a nearly unqualified popular government. Yet what our forefathers contended for was not a typical constitution in the Future, but a typical constitution in the Past. Our periods of what would now be called legislative reforming activity have been connected with moments, not of violent political but of violent religious emotion—with the outbreak of feeling at the Reformation, with the dominion of Cromwell and the Independents (the true precursors of the modern Irreconcilables); and with the revival of dread and dislike of the Roman Catholic Church during the reign of James II. During the period at which English popular government was attracting to itself the admiration of the educated classes throughout the civilized world, the Parliament of our Hanoverian Kings was busy with controlling executive action, with the discussion of foreign policy, with vehement debates on foreign wars; but it hardly legislated at all. The truth is that the enthusiasm for legislative change took its rise, not in a popularly-governed but in an

* 'Ancient Law,' chap. ii. pp. 22, 23. These opinions were adopted by Mr. Grote. See his 'Plato,' vol. ii. chap. v. p. 253 (note).

autocratically-governed country, not in England but in France. The English political institutions, so envied and panegyricized on the Continent, could not be copied without sweeping legislative innovations, but the grounds and principles on which these innovations were demanded were, as we shall see, wholly unlike anything known to any class of English politicians. Nevertheless, in their final effects, these French ideas have deeply leavened English political thought, mixing with another stream of opinion which is of recent but still of English origin.

An absolute intolerance even of that description of change which in modern language we call political thus characterizes much the largest part of the human race, and has characterized the whole of it during the largest part of its history. Are there then any reasons for thinking that the love for change which in our day is commonly supposed to be overpowering, and the capacity for it which is vulgarly assumed to be infinite, are, after all, limited to a very narrow sphere of human action, that which we call politics, and perhaps not even to the whole of this sphere? Let us look at those parts of human nature which have no points of contact with politics, because the authority of the sovereign state is not brought to bear upon them at all, or at most remotely and indirectly. Let us attend for a moment to human Habits, those modes of conduct and behaviour which we follow either quite unconsciously or with no better reason to assign for them than that we have always followed them. Do we readily change our habits? Man is a creature of habit, says an adage which doubtless sums up a vast experience. It is true that the tenacity with which men adhere to habit is not precisely the same in all parts of the globe. It is strictest in the East. It is relaxed in the West, and of all races the English and their descendants, the Americans, are least reluctant to submit to a considerable change of habit for what seems to them an adequate end. Yet the exception is one of the sort which proves the rule. The Englishman, who transports himself to Australia or to India, surrounds himself, under the greatest difficulties, with as close an imitation of English life as he can contrive, and submits all the while to a distasteful exile in the hope of some day returning to the life which he lived in his youth or childhood, though under somewhat more favourable conditions. The truth is that men do alter their habits, but within narrow limits, and almost always with more or less of reluctance and pain. And it is fortunate for them that they are so constituted, for most of their habits have been learned by the race to which they belong through long experience, and probably after much suffering. A man cannot safely eat or drink,

drink, or go downstairs, or cross a street, unless he be guided and protected by habits which are the long result of time. One set in particular of these habits, and perhaps the most surprising, that which enables us to deal safely with the destructive element of fire, was probably not acquired by mankind without infinite pain and injury. And all this, for all we know, may be true of the public usages which men follow in common with their fellows.

Let us turn from Habits to Manners, that is, to those customs of behaviour which we not only practise ourselves, but expect other men to follow. Do these suggest that men are naturally tolerant of departure from a usage or an accustomed line of conduct? Rarely as the subject is examined, it is a very curious one. What is the exact source of the revulsion of feeling which is indubitably caused by a solecism in manners or speech, and of the harshness of the judgment passed on it? Why should the unusual employment of a fork or a finger-glass, or the mispronunciation of a vowel or an aspirate, have the effect of instantly quenching an appreciable amount of human sympathy? Some things about the sentiment are certain. It is not modern, but very ancient, and probably as old as human nature. The incalculably ancient distinctions between one race and another, between Greek and Barbarian, with all the mutual detestation they carried with them, appear to have been founded originally on nothing more than dislike of differences in speech. Again, the sentiment is not confined to the idle and possibly superfine regions of society. It goes down to the humblest social spheres, where, though the code of manners is different, it is even more rigidly enforced. Whatever else these facts may suggest, they assuredly do not suggest the changeableness of human nature.

There are, however, other facts, even more remarkable and instructive, which point to the same conclusion. One half of the human race—at this moment and in our part of the world, the majority of it—have hitherto been kept aloof from politics; nor, till quite recently, was there any evidence that any portion of this body of human beings cared more to embark in politics than to engage in war. There is therefore in all human societies a great and influential class, everywhere possessed of intellectual power, and here of intellectual cultivation, which is essentially non-political. Are, then, Women characterized by a passion for change? Surely there is no fact witnessed to by a greater amount of experience than that, in all communities, they are the strictest conservators of usage and the sternest

sternest censors of departure from accepted rules of morals, manners, and fashions. *Souvent femme varie*, says indeed the French song attributed to Francis I.; but subtler observers of female nature than a French king of extraordinary dissoluteness have come to a very different conclusion, and, even in the relations of the sexes, have gone near to claiming constancy as a special and distinctive female virtue. This seems to have been an article of faith with Thackeray and Trollope, but the art which Thackeray and Trollope followed is itself furnishing striking illustrations of the conservatism of Women. During the last fifteen years, it has fallen very largely into their hands. What, then, is the view of life and society which is taken on the whole by this literature of Fiction, produced in enormous and ever-growing abundance and read by multitudes? We may at least say that, if no other part of the writings of this generation survived, the very last impression which this branch of literature would produce would be that we had lived in an age of feverish Progress. For in the world of novels, it is the ancient and time-hallowed that seems, as a rule, to call forth admiration or enthusiasm; the conventional distinctions of society have a much higher importance given to them than belongs to them in real life; wealth is on the whole regarded as ridiculous, unless associated with birth; and zeal for reform is in much danger of being identified with injustice, absurdity, or crime. These books, ever more written by Women, and read by increasing multitudes of Women, leave no doubt as to the fundamental character of female taste and opinion. It must be admitted on the other hand that one special set of customs, which we know collectively as Fashion, have been left to the peculiar guardianship of Women, and there is no doubt a common impression that Fashion is always changing. But is it true that fashions vary very widely and very rapidly? Doubtless they do change. In some of the great cities of Europe something like real genius is called into activity, and countless experiments are tried, in order that something may be devised which is new, and yet shall not shock the strong attachment to the old. Much of this ingenuity fails, some part of it sometimes succeeds; yet the change is very seldom great, and it is just as often a reversion to the old as an adoption of something new. 'We speak,' it has been said, 'of the caprices of Fashion; yet, on examining them historically, we find them extraordinarily limited, so much so that we are sometimes tempted to regard Fashion as passing through cycles of form ever repeating themselves.' The eccentricities of female dress mentioned

tioned in the Old Testament may still be recognized; the Greek lady represented by the so-called Tanagra figures* is surprisingly like a lady of our time; and, on looking through a volume of medieval costumes, we see portions of dress which, slightly disguised, have been over and over again revived by the dressmaking inventiveness of Paris. Here, again, we may observe, that it is extremely fortunate for a large part of the human race that female fashions do not alter extensively and rapidly. For sudden and frequent changes in them—changes which would more or less affect half of mankind in the wealthiest regions of the world—would entail industrial revolutions of the most formidable kind. One may ask oneself what is the most terrible calamity which can be conceived as befalling great populations. The answer might perhaps be a sanguinary war, a desolating famine, a deadly epidemic disease. Yet none of these disasters would cause as much and as prolonged human suffering as a revolution in fashion under which women should dress, as men practically do, in one material of one colour. There are many flourishing and opulent cities in Europe and America which would be condemned by it to bankruptcy or starvation, and it would be worse than a famine or a pestilence in China, India, and Japan.

This view of the very slight changeableness of human nature when left to itself, is much strengthened by the recent enquiries which have extended the history of the human race in new directions. The investigations inconveniently called prehistoric, are really aimed at enlarging the domain of history, by collecting materials for it beyond the point at which it began to be embodied in writing. They proceed by the examination of the modes of life and social usages of men in a savage, barbarous, or semi-civilized condition, and they start from the assumption that the civilized races were once in that state, or in some such state. Unquestionably, these studies are not in a wholly satisfactory stage. As often happens where the labourers are comparatively few and the evidence as yet scanty, they abound in rash conclusions and peremptory assertions. But they have undoubtedly increased our knowledge of social states which are no longer ours, and of civilizations which are unlike ours. And, on the whole, they suggest that the differences which, after ages of change, separate the civilized man from the savage or barbarian, are not so great as the vulgar opinion would have them. Man has changed much in Western Europe, but it is singular how much of the savage there still is in him, independently of

* The chief differences are that the Greek lady is without stays, and occasionally wears a parasol as a fixed part of her head-dress.

the identity of the physical constitution which has always belonged to him. There are a number of occupations which civilized men follow with the utmost eagerness, and a number of tastes in which they indulge with the keenest pleasure, without being able to account for them intellectually, or to reconcile them with accepted morality. These pursuits and tastes are, as a rule, common to the civilized man and the savage. Like the savage, the Englishman, Frenchman, or American, makes war; like the savage, he hunts; like the savage, he dances; like the savage, he indulges in endless deliberation; like the savage, he sets an extravagant value on rhetoric; like the savage, he is a man of party, with a newspaper for a totem, instead of a mark on his forehead or arm; and, like a savage, he is apt to make of his totem his God. He submits to having these tastes and pursuits denounced in books, speeches, or sermons; but he probably derives acuter pleasure from them than from anything else he does.

If then there is any reason for supposing that human nature, taken as a whole, is not wedded to change, and that, in most of its parts, it changes only by slow steps, or within narrow limits—if the maxim of Seneca be true of it, *non fit statim ex diverso in diversum transitus*—it is worth our while to investigate the probable causes of the exceptional enthusiasm for change in politics which seems to grow up from time to time, giving to many minds the sense of having in their presence an inflexible, inexorable, predetermined process. We may first observe that, in the popular mind, there is a manifest association of political innovation with scientific advance. It is not uncommon to hear a politician supporting an argument for a radical reform by asserting that this is an Age of Progress, and appealing for proof of the assertion to the railway, the gigantic steamship, the electric light, or the electric telegraph. Now it is quite true that, if Progress be understood with its only intelligible meaning, that is, as the continued production of new ideas, scientific invention and scientific discovery are the great and perennial sources of these ideas. Every fresh conquest of Nature by man, giving him the command of her forces, and every new and successful interpretation of her secrets, generates a number of new ideas, which finally displace the old ones, and occupy their room. But, in the Western world, the mere formation of new ideas does not often or necessarily create a taste for innovating legislation. In the East, no doubt, it is otherwise. Where a community associates the bulk of its social usages with a religious sanction, and again associates its religion with an old and false interpretation of Nature, the most elementary knowledge of geography or physics may overthrow a

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mass of fixed ideas concerning the constitution of society. An Indian youth learns that a Brahman is semi-divine, and that it is a deadly sin to taste the flesh of a cow, but he also learns that Ceylon, which is close to India, is an island peopled with demons; and the easy exposure of such delusions may change his entire view of human life, and indeed is the probable explanation of the great gulf which in India divides the educated class from the uneducated. A similar revolution of ideas is very rare in the West, and indeed experience shows that innovating legislation is connected not so much with Science as with the scientific air which certain subjects, not capable of exact scientific treatment, from time to time assume. To this class of subjects belonged Bentham's scheme of Law-Reform, and, above all, Political Economy as treated by Ricardo. Both have been extremely fertile sources of legislation during the last fifty years. But both have now fallen almost entirely out of fashion; and their present disfavour may serve as a warning against too hastily assuming that the existing friendly alliance between advanced politicians and advancing science will always continue. When invention has been successfully applied to the arts of life, the disturbance of habits and displacement of industries, which the application occasions, has always been at first profoundly unpopular. Men have submitted to street-lighting and railway-travelling, which they once clamoured against; but Englishmen never submitted to the Poor Law—the first great effort of economical legislation—and it has got to be seen whether they will submit to Free Trade. The prejudices of the multitude against scientific inventions are dismissed by the historian* with a sarcasm; but, when the multitude is all-powerful, this prejudice may afford material for history.

The principal cause of an apparent enthusiasm for innovating legislation is not as often assigned as it should be. Legislation is one of the activities of popular government; and the keenest interest in these activities is felt by all the popularly governed communities. It is one great advantage of popular government over government of the older type, that it is so intensely interesting. For twenty years, we had close to our shores a striking example of this point of inferiority in absolute monarchies during the continuance of the Second Bonapartist Empire in France. It never overcame the disadvantage it suffered through the dulness of its home politics. The scandal, the personalities, the gossip, and the trifling, which occupied its newspapers

* Macaulay, 'History,' I. c. 3, p. 283. 'There were fools in that age (1685) who opposed the introduction of what was called the new light, as strenuously as fools in our age have opposed the introduction of vaccination and railroads.'

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proved no substitute for the political discussions which had filled them while the Republic and the Constitutional Monarchy lasted. The men who ruled it were acutely conscious of the danger involved in this decline of excitement and amusement suitable to cultivated and masculine minds; and their efforts to meet it led directly to their overthrow, by tempting them to provide the French public with distractions of a higher order, through adventurous diplomacy and war. There are, again, good observers who trace the political insecurity of Russia, the aggressiveness of her government abroad, and the wild attempts on it at home, to the general dullness of Russian life during peace. Englishmen would find it almost impossible to conceive what would compensate them for the withdrawal of the enthralling drama which is enacted before them every morning and evening. A ceaseless flow of public discussion, a throng of public events, a crowd of public men, make up the spectacle. Nevertheless, in our country at all events, over-indulgence in what has no doubt become a passion with elevated minds is growing to be dangerous. For the plot of the performance which attracts such multitudes turns, nowadays, almost always on the fortunes of some legislative measure. The English Parliament, as has been said, legislated very little until fifty years since, when it fell under the influence of Bentham and his disciples. Ever since the first Reform Act, however, the volume of legislation has been increasing, and this has been very much owing to the unlooked-for operation of a venerable constitutional form, the Royal Speech at the commencement of each Session. Once it was the King who spoke, now it is the Cabinet as the organ of the party who supports it: and it is rapidly becoming the practice for parties to outbid one another in the length of the tale of legislation to which they pledge themselves in successive Royal Speeches.

There is undoubted danger in looking upon politics as a deeply interesting game, a never-ending cricket-match between Blue and Yellow. The practice is yet more dangerous when the ever-accumulating stakes are legislative measures upon which the whole future of this country is staked; and the danger is peculiarly great under a constitutional system which does not provide for measures reforming the Constitution any different or more solemn procedure than that which is followed in ordinary legislation. Neither experience nor probability affords any ground for thinking that there may be an infinity of legislative innovation, at once safe and beneficent. On the contrary, it would be a safer conjecture that the possibilities of reform are strictly limited. The possibilities of heat, it is said, reach

2000 degrees of the Centigrade thermometer ; the possibilities of cold extend to about 300 degrees below its zero ; but all organic life in the world is only possible through the accident that temperature in it ranges between a maximum of 120 degrees and a minimum of a few degrees below zero of the Centigrade. For all we know, a similarly narrow limitation may hold of legislative changes in the structure of human society. We can no more argue that, because some past reforms have succeeded, all reforms will succeed, than we can argue that, because the human body can bear a certain amount of heat, it can bear an indefinite amount.

There are, however, many accidents of their history, and particularly of their recent history, which blind Englishmen to the necessity of caution while they indulge in the pastime of politics, particularly when the two sides into which they divide themselves compete in legislative innovation. We are singularly little sensible, as a nation, of the extraordinary good fortune which has befallen us since the beginning of the century. Foreign observers (until perhaps the other day) were always dwelling on it, but Englishmen, as a rule, do not notice it, or (it may be) secretly believe that they deserve it. The fact is that, since the century began, we have been victorious and prosperous beyond all example. We have never lost a battle in Europe or a square mile of territory ; we have never taken a ruinous step in foreign politics ; we have never made an irreparable mistake in legislation. If we compare our history with recent French history, there is nothing in it like the disaster at Sedan or the loss of Alsace-Lorraine ; nothing like the gratuitous quarrel with Germany about the vacant Crown of Spain ; nothing like the law of May, 1850, which, by altering the suffrage, gave the great enemy of the Republic the opportunity for which he had been waiting. Yet, if we multiply occasions for such calamities, it is possible and even probable that they will occur ; and it is useless to deny that, with the craving for political excitement which is growing on us every day, the chances of a great false step are growing also.

We do not think it likely to be denied, that the activity of popular government is more and more tending to exhibit itself in legislation, or that the materials for legislation are being constantly supplied in ever-increasing abundance through the competition of parties, or lastly that the keen interest which the community takes in looking on, as a body of spectators, at the various activities of popular government, is the chief reason of the general impression that ours is an Age of Progress, to be indefinitely continued. There are, however, other causes of
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this impression or belief, which are much less obvious and much less easily demonstrated to the ordinary English politician. At the head of them, are a group of words, phrases, maxims, and general propositions, which have their root in political theories, not indeed far removed from us by distance of time, but as much forgotten by the mass of mankind as if they had belonged to the remotest antiquity. How is one to convince the advanced English politician who announces with an air of pride that he is Radical, and indeed a Radical and something more, that he is calling himself by a name which he would never had the courage to adopt, so deep was its disrepute, if Jeremy Bentham had not given it respectability by associating it with a particular theory of legislation and politics? How is one to persuade him, when he speaks of the Sovereign People, that he employs a combination of words which would never have occurred to his mind if in 1762 a French philosopher had not written a speculative essay on the origin of society, the formation of States, and the nature of government? Neither of these theories, the theory of Rousseau which starts from the assumed Natural Rights of Man, or the theory of Bentham which is based on the hypothetical Greatest Happiness principle, is nowadays explicitly held by many people. The natural rights of man have indeed made their appearance in recent political discourse, producing much the same effect as if a professed lecturer on astronomy were to declare his belief in the Ptolemaic spheres and to call upon his audience to admire their music; but, of the two theories mentioned above, that of Rousseau which recognizes these rights is much the most thoroughly forgotten. For the attempt to apply it led to terrible calamities, while the theory of Bentham has at present led to nothing worse than a certain amount of disappointment. How is it then that these wholly or partially exploded speculations still exercise a most real and practical influence on political thought? The fact is that political theories are endowed with the faculty possessed by the hero of the Border-ballad. When their legs are smitten off, they fight upon their stumps. They produce a host of words, and of ideas associated with those words, which remain active and combatant after the parent speculation is mutilated or dead. Their posthumous influence often extends a good way beyond the domain of politics. It does not seem to us a fantastic assertion that the ideas of one of the great novelists of the last generation may be traced to Bentham, and those of another to Rousseau. Dickens, who had lived among politicians trained in Bentham's school, hardly ever wrote a novel without attacking an abuse.

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The procedure of the Court of Chancery and of the Ecclesiastical Courts, the delays of the Public Offices, the costliness of Divorce, the state of the dwellings of the poor, and the condition of the cheap schools in the North of England, furnished him with what he seemed to consider, in all sincerity, the true moral of a series of fictions. The opinions of Thackeray have a strong resemblance to those to which Rousseau gave popularity. It is a very just remark of Mill, that the attraction which Nature and the State of Nature had for Rousseau may be partly accounted for as a reaction against the excessive admiration of civilization and progress which took possession of educated men during the earlier part of the eighteenth century. Theoretically, at any rate, Thackeray hated the artificialities of civilization, and it must be owned that some of his favourite personages have about them something of Rousseau's natural man as he would have shown himself if he had mixed in real life—something, that is, of the violent black-guard.

The influence which the political theory originating in France and the political theory originating in England still exercise over politics seems to us as certain as anything in the history of thought can be. It is necessary to examine these theories, because there is no other way of showing the true value of the instruments, the derivative words and derivative ideas, through which they act. We will take first the famous constitutional theory of Rousseau, which, long unfamiliar or discredited in this country, is the fountain of many notions which have suddenly become popular and powerful among us. There is much difficulty in the attempt to place it in a clear light, for reasons well known to all who have given attention to the philosophy of the remarkable man who produced it. This philosophy is the most striking example extant of a confusion which may be detected in all corners of non-scientific modern thought, the confusion between what is and what ought to be, between what did as a fact occur and what under certain conditions would have occurred. The '*Contrat Social*,' which sets forth the political theory on which we are engaged, appears at first sight to give an historical account of the emergence of mankind from a State of Nature. But whether it is meant that mankind did emerge in this way, whether the writer believes that only a happily circumstanced part of the human race had this experience, or whether he thinks that Nature, a beneficent legislatress, intended all men to have it, but that her objects were defeated, it is quite impossible to say with any confidence. The language of Rousseau sometimes suggests that he meant
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his picture of early social transformations to be regarded as imaginary;* but nevertheless the account given of them is so precise, detailed, and logically built up, that it is quite inconceivable its author should not have intended it to express realities. This celebrated theory is briefly as follows. Rousseau, who in his earlier writings had strongly insisted on the disadvantages which man had sustained through the loss of his natural rights, begins the *Contrat Social* with the position that Man was originally in the State of Nature. So long as he remained in it, he was before all things free. But, in course of time, a point is reached at which the obstacles to his continuance in the natural condition become insuperable. Mankind then enter into the Social Compact under which the State, society or community is formed. Their consent to make this compact must be unanimous; but the effect of its completion is the absolute alienation or surrender by every individual human being of his person and all his rights to the aggregate community.† The community then becomes the sovereign, the true and original Sovereign People, and it is an autocratic sovereign. It ought to maintain liberty and equality among its subjects, but only because the subjection of one individual to another is a loss of force to the State, and because there cannot be liberty without equality.‡ The collective despot cannot divide, or alienate, or delegate his power. The Government is his servant, and is merely the organ of correspondence between the sovereign and the people. No representation of the people is allowed. Rousseau abhorred the representative system; but periodical assemblies of the entire community are to be held, and two questions are to be submitted to them—whether it is the pleasure of the sovereign to maintain the present form of government—and whether the sovereign pleases to leave the administration of its affairs to the persons who now conduct it.§ The autocracy of the aggregate community and the indivisibility, perpetuity, and incommunicable character of its power, are insisted upon in every part of the *Contrat Social* and in every form of words.

As is almost always the case with sweeping theories, portions

* 'Comment ce changement s'est-il fait? Je l'ignore.'—*Contrat Social*, chap. i.

† 'Le pacte social se réduit aux termes suivants: chacun de nous mit en commun sa personne et toute sa puissance sous la suprême direction de la volonté générale; et nous recevons encore chaque membre comme partie individuelle du tout.'—*Contrat Social*, c. i. 6.

‡ *Contrat Social*, ii. 11.

§ *Contrat Social*, iii. 18. The decision is in this case to be by majority; Rousseau requires unanimity for the consent to enter into the Social Compact, but not otherwise.

of Rousseau's ideas may be discovered in the speculations of older writers, especially in those of Hobbes. But the theory, as he put it together, owes to him its extraordinary influence; and it is the undoubted parent of a host of phrases and associated notions which, after having long had currency in France and on the Continent, are beginning to have serious effect in this country, as the democratic element in its Constitution increases. From this origin sprang the People (with a capital P), the Sovereign People, the People the sole source of all legitimate power. From this came the subordination of Governments, not merely to electorates but to a vaguely defined multitude outside them, or to the still vaguer master-ship of floating opinion. Hence began the limitation of legitimacy in governments to governments which approximate to democracy. A vastly more formidable conception bequeathed to us by Rousseau is that of the omnipotent democratic State rooted in natural right; the State which has at its absolute disposal everything which individual men value, their property, their persons, and their independence; the State which is bound to respect neither precedent nor prescription; the State which may make laws for its subjects ordaining what they shall drink or eat, and in what way they shall spend their earnings; the State which can confiscate all the land of the community, and which, if the effect on human motives is what it may be expected to be, may force us to labour on it when the older incentives to toil have disappeared. Nevertheless this political speculation, of which the remote and indirect consequences press us on all sides, is of all speculations the most baseless. The natural condition from which it starts is a simple figment of the imagination. So far as any research into the nature of primitive human society has any bearing on so mere a dream, all enquiry has dissipated it. The process, by which Rousseau supposes communities of men to have been formed, or by which at all events he wishes us to assume that they were formed, is again a chimera. No general assertion as to the way in which human societies grew up is safe, but perhaps the safest of all is that none of them were formed in the way imagined by Rousseau. The true relation of some parts of the theory to fact is very instructive. Some particles of Rousseau's thought may be discovered in the mental atmosphere of his time. 'Natural law' and 'natural rights' are phrases properly belonging to a theory, not of politics but of jurisprudence, which, originating with the Roman jurisconsults, had a great attraction for the lawyers of France. The despotic sovereign of the *Contrat Social*, the all-powerful community, is an

inverted copy of the King of France invested with an authority claimed for him by his courtiers and by the more courtly of his lawyers, but denied to him by all the highest minds in the country, and specially by the great luminaries of the French Parliaments. The omnipotent democracy is the King-Proprietor, the lord of all men's fortunes and persons; but it is the French King turned upside down. The mass of natural rights absorbed by the sovereign community through the Social Compact is, again, nothing more than the old divine right of kings in a new dress. As for Rousseau's dislike of representative systems and his requirement that the entire community should meet periodically to exercise its sovereignty, his language suggests that he was led to these opinions by the example of the ancient tribal democracies; but a citizen of Geneva cannot but have known that this method of government still lived in the oldest cantons of Switzerland.

This denial to the collective community of all power of acting in its sovereign capacity through representatives is so formidable, as apparently to forbid any practical application of Rousseau's theory. Rousseau, indeed, expressly says * that his principles apply to small communities only, hinting at the same time that they may be adapted to States having a large territory by a system of confederation; and in this hint we may suspect that we have the germ of the opinion, which has become an article of faith in modern Continental Radicalism, that freedom is best secured by breaking up great commonwealths into small self-governing communes. But the time was not ripe for such a doctrine at the end of the last century; and real vitality was for the first time given to the speculation of Rousseau by that pamphlet of Siéyès, '*Qu'est-ce que le Tiers État?*' which did so much to determine the early stages of the French Revolution. As even the famous first page † of this pamphlet is often misquoted, what follows it is not perhaps always carefully read, and it may have escaped notice that much of it ‡ simply reproduces the theory of Rousseau. But then Siéyès reproduces this theory with a difference. The most important claim which he advanced, and which he succeeded in making good, was that the Three Orders should sit together and form a National Assembly. The argument by

* '*Contrat Social*,' iii. 15.

† The first page runs: '1. Qu'est-ce que le Tiers État?—Tout. 2. Qu'a-t-il été jusqu'à présent dans l'ordre politique.—Rien. 3. Que demande-t-il?—À être quelque chose.' It is misquoted by Alison, '*History of Europe during the French Revolution*,' vol. i. c. 3, p. 453.

‡ The argument fills the long chapter v. The edition before us is the third, published in 1789.

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which he reaches this conclusion is substantially that of the *Contrat Social*. With Siéyès, as with Rousseau, man begins in the natural condition; he enters society by a social compact; and by virtue of this compact an all-powerful community is formed. But then Siéyès had not the objection of Rousseau to representation, which indeed was one of his favourite subjects of speculation during life. He allows the community to make a large preliminary delegation of its powers by representation. Thus is formed the class of representative bodies to which the future National Assembly of France was to belong. Siéyès calls them *extraordinary*, and describes them as exercising their will like men in a state of nature, as standing in place of the nation, as incapable of being tied down to any particular decision or line of legislation. *Ordinary* representative bodies are, on the other hand, legislatures deriving their powers from a Constitution which the extraordinary Assembly has formed and strictly confined to the exercise of these powers. The extraordinary assembly is thus the sovereign community of Rousseau; the ordinary assembly is his government. To the first class belong those despotic bodies which, under the name of National Assembly or Convention, have four times governed France, never successfully and sometimes disastrously. To the second belong the Legislative Assemblies and Chambers of Deputies so often overthrown by revolution, and much indebted for the slightness of their authority and the precariousness of their tenure of power to a theory which denied them the fulness of national sovereignty.

The other theory, from which a number of political phrases and political ideas now circulating among us have descended, is of English origin, and had Jeremy Bentham for its author. Its contribution to this currency is at this moment smaller than that which may be traced to a French source in the *Contrat Social*, but it was at one time much larger. It must be carefully borne in mind that during the earlier and greater part of his long life Bentham was not a reformer of Constitutions but a reformer of Law. He was the first Englishman to see clearly how the legislative powers of the State, very sparingly employed for this object before, could be used to rearrange and reconstruct civil jurisprudence and adapt it to its professed ends. He became a Radical Reformer—an expression to which, as we said before, he gave a new respectability—through sheer despair.* The British Constitution in his day might no doubt have been improved in many of its parts, but, in his

* See the Introduction to his plan of Parliamentary Reform. 'Works,' iii. 436.

impatience of delay in legislative reforms, he attributed to inherent defects in the Constitution obstructions which were mainly owing to the effects produced on the entire national mind by detestation of principles, strongly condemned by himself, which had brought on France the Reign of Terror and on the entire Continent the military despotism of Napoleon Bonaparte. Superficially, the ideal political system for which he argued in a series of pamphlets has not a little resemblance to that of Rousseau and Siéyès. There was to be a single-chambered democracy, one all-powerful representative assembly, with powers unrestricted theoretically, but with its action facilitated and guided by a strange and complex apparatus of subordinate institutions.* The real difference between his plans and those of the French theorist lay in their philosophical justification. The system of Rousseau was based on the pretended Natural Rights of men, and it owes to this basis a hold on weaker and less instructed minds, which is rather increasing than diminishing. But Bentham utterly repudiated those Natural Rights, and denounced the conception of them as absurd and anarchical. During the first or law-reforming period of his life, which lasted till he was more than 60 years old, he had firmly grasped the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number' (a form of words found in Beccaria) as the proper standard of legislative reform; but, observing the close association of law with morals, he had made the bolder attempt to reform moral ideas on the same principle, and by a sort of legislation to force men to think and feel, as well as to act, in conformity with his standard. As the great war proceeded, the time became more and unfavourable for Bentham's experiment, and finally he himself declared that the cause of reform was lost on the plains of Waterloo. It was then that he began his attack on the British Constitution, and published his proposals for reconstructing it from base to apex. As the classes which it placed in power refused to recognize or promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number, he proposed to displace them and to hand over all political authority to the greatest number itself. It must necessarily follow his standard, he argued; every man and every number of men seeks its own happiness, and the greatest number armed with legislative power must legislate for its own happiness. This reasoning had great effect on some of the most powerful minds of Bentham's day. His disciples—Grote, the two Mills, Molesworth, the two Austins, and Roebuck—did really do much to transform the British

* 'Constitutional Code.' 'Works,' ix. 1.

Constitution. Some of them, however, lived long enough to be disenchanting by the results; and, as we attempted to show in a former article,* many of these results would have met with the deepest disapproval from Bentham himself. The truth is there was a serious gap in his reasoning. Little can be said against 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number' as a standard of legislation, and indeed it is the only standard which the legislative power, when once called into action, can possibly follow. It is inconceivable that any legislator should deliberately propose or pass a measure intended to diminish the happiness of the majority of the citizens. But when this multitudinous majority is called to the Government for the purpose of promoting its own happiness, it now becomes evident that, independently of the enormous difficulty of obtaining any conclusion from a multitude of men, there is no security that this multitude will know what its own happiness is, or how it can be promoted. On this point, it must be owned that Rousseau shows himself wiser than Bentham. He claimed for the entire community that it should be sovereign and that it should exercise its sovereignty in the plenitude of power, because these were its Natural Rights; but, though he claimed for it that it should be all-powerful, he did not claim that it was all-wise, for he knew that it was not. The People, he said, always meant well; but it does not always judge well.

'Comment une multitude aveugle, qui souvent ne sait ce qu'elle veut, parce qu'elle sait rarement ce qui lui est bon, exécuteroit-elle d'elle-même une entreprise aussi grande, aussi difficile, qu'un système de législation? De lui-même le peuple veut toujours le bien, mais de lui-même il ne le voit pas toujours. La volonté générale est toujours droite, mais le jugement qui la guide n'est pas toujours éclairé.' †

Rousseau was led by these misgivings almost to doubt the practical possibility of wise legislation by his ideal democracy. He seems to have thought that the legislator who could properly guide the people in the exercise of their sovereign powers would only appear at long intervals, and must virtually be semi-divine. In connection with these ideas, he made a prediction which has contributed nearly as much to his fame as any of his social and political speculations. Sharing the general interest and sympathy which the gallant struggle of the Corsicans for independence had excited in his day, he persuaded himself that the

* 'Quarterly Review,' October 1884; 'The Nature of Democracy,' p. 312.

† 'Contrat Social,' ii. 6. The latter part of this chapter is replete with good sense.

ideal legislator would most probably arise in Corsica. 'J'ai quelque pressentiment,' he writes, 'qu'un jour, cette petite île étonnera l'Europe.' The prophecy has been repeatedly taken to mean that Rousseau foresaw the birth in Corsica, seven years later, of a military genius after whom the Code Civil of France would be named.

One further remark, not perhaps at first sight obvious, ought to be made of these political theories of Rousseau and Bentham which contribute so largely to the mental stock of the classes now rising to power in Europe. These theories were, in their origin, theories not of constitutional reform, but of law-reform. It is unnecessary to give new proof of this assertion as respects Bentham. But it is also true of Rousseau. The conceptions of Nature, of Natural Law and of Natural Right, which prompted and shaped his political speculations, are first found in the language of the Roman lawyers. It is more than doubtful whether these illustrious men ever believed in the State of Nature as a reality, but they seem to have thought that, under all the perverse technicalities of ancient law, there lay a simple and symmetrical system of rules which were in some sense those of Nature. Their natural law was, for all practical purposes, simple or simplified law. This view, with all its philosophical defects, led to a great simplification of law both in the Roman State and in modern Europe, and indeed was the chief source of law-reform until the system of Bentham, which also aimed at the simplification of law, made its appearance. But the undoubted descent both of the French and the English political theory from theories of law-reform points to a serious weakness in them. That because you can successfully reform jurisprudence on certain principles, you can successfully reform Constitutions on the same principles, is not a safe inference. In the first place, the simplification of civil law, its disentanglement from idle forms, technicalities, obscurities, and illogicalities, can scarcely be other than a beneficial process. It may indeed lead to disappointment. Bentham thought that, if law were reformed on his principles, litigation would be easy, cheap, and expeditious; yet, now that nearly all his proposals have been adopted, the removal of legal difficulties seems to have brought into still greater nakedness the difficulties of questions of fact. But, though the simplification of law may lead to disappointment, it can scarcely lead to danger. It is, however, idle to conceal from oneself that the simplification of political institutions leads straight to absolutism, the absolutism not of an expert judge, but of a single man or of a multitude striving to act as if it were a single man. The illogicalities swept away
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in the process may really be buttresses which helped to support the vast burden of government, or checks which mitigated the consequence of the autocrat's undeniable fallibility. Again, a mistake in law-reform is of small importance. It mainly affects a class of whose grievances, we may observe, Bentham had far too exalted a notion, the small part of the community which actually 'goes to law.' If committed, it can be corrected with comparative ease. But a mistake in constitutional innovation directly affects the entire community and every part of it. It may be fraught with calamity or ruin, public or private. And correction is virtually impossible. It is practically taken for granted among us, that all constitutional changes are final and must be submitted to, whatever their consequences. Doubtless this assumption arises from a general belief that, in these matters, we are propelled by an irresistible force on a definite path towards an unavoidable end—towards Democracy, as towards Death.

If there be force in the considerations which have been urged in this paper, the ideas current among us as to the Age of Progress through which we are supposed to be passing will stand in need of a great deal of modification. In one important particular, they will have to be exactly reversed. The natural condition of mankind (if that word 'natural' is used) is not the progressive condition. It is a condition not of changeableness but of unchangeableness. The immobility of society is the rule; its mobility is the exception. The toleration of change and the belief in its advantages are still confined to the smallest portion of the human race, and even with that portion they are extremely modern. They are not much more than a century old on the Continent of Europe; and not much more than half a century old in Great Britain. When they are found, the sort of change which they contemplate is of a highly special kind, being exclusively political change. The process is familiar enough to Englishmen. A number of persons, often a small minority, obtain the ear of the governing part of the community, and persuade it to force the entire community to conform itself to their ideas. Doubtless there is a general submission to this process, and an impression even among those who dislike it that it will go very far. But when the causes of this state of feeling are examined, they appear to arise in a very small degree from intelligent conviction, but to a very great extent from the remote effects of words and notions derived from broken-down political theories. If this be the truth, or even an approximation to the truth, it suggests some very simple and obvious inferences. If modern society be not essentially

tially and normally changeable, the attempt to conduct it safely through the unusual and exceptional process of change is not easy but extremely difficult. What is easy to man is that which has come to him through a long-inherited experience, like walking or using his fingers; what is difficult to him is that in which such experience gives him little guidance or none at all, like riding or skating. It is very possible that the Darwinian rule, 'small changes benefit the organism,' may hold good of communities of men, but a sudden sweeping political reform constantly places the community in the position of an individual who should mount a horse solely on the strength of his studies in a work on horsemanship.

These conclusions, which we venture to think are conclusions of common sense, go a long way to explain a series of facts which at first sight are not quite intelligible. What is the reason of the advantage which historical Constitutions, Constitutions gradually developed through the accumulation of experience, appear, as a fact, to enjoy over *à priori* Constitutions, Constitutions founded on speculative assumptions remote from experience? That the advantage exists, will hardly be denied by any educated Englishman. With Conservatives, this is of course an axiom, but there are few really eminent men on the opposite side who do not from time to time betray the same opinion, especially in presence of a catastrophe suffered by some Constitution of the last-mentioned type. Not many persons in the last century could have divined, from the previous opinions of Edmund Burke, the real substructure of his political creed, or did in fact suspect it till it was uncovered by the early and comparatively slight miscarriage of French Revolutionary institutions. A great disillusion seems to us to separate the Thoughts on the Present Discontents in 1770 and the Speech on American Taxation in 1774, from the magnificent panegyric on the British Constitution in 1790.

'Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young; but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenour of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus in preserving that method of nature in the conduct of the State, in what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain, we are never wholly obsolete.'*

* Burke, 'Reflections on the Revolution in France,' vol. v. of 'Works,' p. 70.

Macaulay, again, happened to have to close his account of the Revolution of 1688, just when a new French experiment in *à priori* Constitution-building had spread confusion through the Continent of Europe, and his picture of the events which gave birth to the party that had a monopoly of his admiration would almost rob them of their historical name of 'Revolution Whigs,' which he nevertheless claimed for them.

'As our Revolution was a vindication of ancient rights, so it was conducted with strict attention to ancient formalities. In almost every word and act may be discerned a profound reverence for the Past. The Estates of the Realm deliberated in the old halls, and according to the old rules. . . . The speeches present an almost ludicrous contrast to the revolutionary oratory of every other country. Both the English parties agreed in treating with solemn respect the ancient constitutional traditions of the State. The only question was, in what sense these traditions were to be understood. The assertors of liberty said nothing about the natural equality of men and the inalienable sovereignty of the people, about Harmodius or Timoleon, Brutus the elder or Brutus the younger. When they were told that, by the English law, the Crown, at the moment of a demise, must descend to the next heir, they answered that, by the English law, a living man could have no heir. When they were told that there was no precedent for declaring the throne vacant, they produced from among the records in the Tower a roll of parchment, near three hundred years old, on which, in quaint characters and barbarous Latin, it was recorded that the Estates of the Realm had declared vacant the throne of a perfidious and tyrannical Plantagenet. When at length the dispute had been accommodated, the new sovereigns were proclaimed with the old pageantry. All the fantastic pomp of heraldry was there, Clarencieux and Norroy, Portcullis and Rouge Dragon, the trumpets, the banners, the grotesque coats embroidered with lions and lilies. The title of King of France, assumed by the conqueror of Cressy, was not omitted in the royal style. To us, who have lived in the year 1848, it may seem almost an abuse of terms to call a proceeding, conducted with so much deliberation, with so much sobriety, and with such minute attention to prescriptive etiquette, by the terrible name of Revolution.' *

In the light of historical facts, neither the rhetoric of Burke nor the rhetoric of Macaulay is unjust. We will not undertake to hold the balance of success or failure among the 350 Constitutions which a modern writer declares to have come into existence since the beginning of this century; but, if we take our standing ground at the end of the century preceding, when *à priori* Constitutions first appeared, we find it certain that, among all historical Constitutions, there have been no

* Macaulay, 'History of England,' chap. x. 'Works,' ii. 395, 396.

failures so great and terrible as those of Constitutions of the other class. There have been oppressive Constitutions of the historical type; there have been Constitutions which mischievously obstructed the paths of improvement; but with these there has been nothing like the disastrous course and end of the three Constitutions which announce their character by beginning with a Declaration of the Rights of Man, the French semi-monarchical Constitution of 1791, the French Republican Constitution of 1793, and the French Republican-Directorial Constitution of 1795. Nor has any historical Constitution had the ludicrous fate of the Constitution of December, 1799, which came from the hands of Siéyès a marvel of balanced powers, and became by a single transposition the charter of a pure despotism. All this, however, is extremely intelligible, if human nature has always a very limited capacity, as in general it has very slight taste, for adjusting itself to new conditions. The utmost it can do is to select parts of its experience and apply them tentatively to these conditions; and this process is always awkward, and often dangerous. A community with a new *à priori* political Constitution, is at best in the disagreeable position of a British traveller whom a hospitable Chinese entertainer has constrained to eat a dinner with chopsticks. Let the new institutions be extraordinarily wide of experience, and inconvenience becomes imminent peril. The body-politic is in that case like the body-natural transported to a new climate, unaccustomed food, and strange surroundings. Sometimes it perishes altogether. Sometimes the most unexpected parts of its organization develop themselves at the expense of others; and, when the ingenious legislator had counted on producing a nation of self-denying and somewhat sentimental patriots, he finds that he has created a people of Jacobins or a people of slaves.

It is in a high degree likely that the British Parliament and the British Electorate will soon have to consider which of these two principles, assumption or experience, they will apply to a great and ancient institution, of all our institutions the one which on the whole has departed least from its original form. We put aside the question which of them it is that has been applied to the constituent body of the House of Commons. That is over, and its consequences, in Homeric phrase, 'lie upon the knees of the Gods.' But, surprising as was the way in which the question of Franchise and Redistribution ended, and in which the question of reconstructing the House of Lords, which had been mixed up with it, fell suddenly into the background, no observant man can doubt that the last question will
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before long press again for attention. The very variety of opinion which, as we recently pointed out,* prevails among politicians of every party colour as to the mode in which the legal power of the House of Lords should be exercised, is an earnest of a controversy soon to be revived; and indeed the mere demand for continuous important legislation will soon force into notice so great an addition to the supply as the reform of the Upper House. The quarrel which raged for a while on platforms and in the newspapers threw up a great number of suggestions for change, out of which very few were worthy of consideration. They varied from a proposal to dispense altogether with a Second Chamber, to proposals for a Chamber of Peers nominated for Life; proposals for empowering the Crown to select a limited number of Peers out of the present body for service in each Parliament; proposals for giving to the entire present House of Lords the right to elect this limited number; proposals for a Second Chamber of experienced Executive officers, and proposals for a Senate to which the Local Government Circles (as yet unformed) should furnish constituencies. But, amid these loose guesses at a reasonable solution of a great question, there was much language employed which seems to us to betray serious misconception of the nature of a Second or Upper House, and these opinions merit some consideration.

Let us take first the most trenchant of the proposals recently before the country, the scheme for governing through a Parliament consisting of a single Chamber. This plan was advocated by Mr. J. S. Mill in one of his later writings, but it is just to him to bear in mind, that in the single Chamber he proposed there was to be a minutely accurate representation of minorities. This condition was dropped in the late controversy, and it was thought enough to quote the well-known epigram of Siéyès on the subject of Second Chambers. 'If,' it runs, 'a Second Chamber dissents from the First, it is mischievous; if it agrees, it is superfluous.' It has perhaps escaped notice that this saying is a conscious or unconscious parody of that reply of the Caliph Omar about the books of the Alexandrian Library which caused them to be burnt. 'If the books,' said the Commander of the Faithful to his lieutenant, 'differ from the book of the Prophet, they are impious; if they agree, they are useless.' The reasoning is precisely the same in both cases, and starts from the same assumption. It takes for granted that a particular utterance is divine. If the Koran is the inspired

* 'Quarterly Review,' October 1884; 'The Nature of Democracy,' p. 329.

and exclusive word of God, Omar was right; if *Vox Populi, Vox Dei*, expresses a truth, Siéyès was right. If the decisions of the community, conveyed through one particular organ, are not only imperative, but all-wise, a Second Chamber is a superfluity or an impertinence. There is no question that the generality of First Chambers, or popularly-elected Houses, do make the assumption on which this argument rests. They do not nowadays rest their claim to authority on the English theory of the advantages of a balance of the historical elements in a given society. They do not appeal to the wise deduction from experience, as old as Aristotle, which no student of constitutional history will deny, that the best Constitutions are those in which there is a large popular element. It is a singular proof of the widespread influence of the speculations of Rousseau that, although very few First Chambers really represent the entire community (indeed, there is no agreement as to what the entire community is, and nobody is quite sure how it can be represented), nevertheless in Europe they almost invariably claim to reflect it, and, as a consequence, they assume an air of divinity which, if it rightfully belonged to them, would be fatal to all argument for a Second Chamber.

There appears to us to be no escaping from the fact, that all such institutions as a Senate, a House of Peers, or a Second Chamber, are founded on a denial or a doubt of the proposition that the voice of the people is the voice of God. They express the revolt of a great mass of human common-sense against it. They are the fruit of the agnosticism of the political understanding. Their authors and advocates do not assert that the decisions of a popularly elected Chamber are always or generally wrong. These decisions are very often right. But it is impossible to be sure that they are right. And the more the difficulties of multitudinous government are probed, and the more carefully the influences acting upon it are examined, the stronger grows the doubt of the infallibility of popularly elected legislatures. What then is expected from a well-constituted Second Chamber is not a rival infallibility, but an additional security. It is hardly too much to say that, in this view, almost any Second Chamber is better than none. No such Chamber can be so completely unsatisfactory that its concurrence does not add some weight to a presumption that the First Chamber is in the right; but doubtless Upper Houses may be so constituted, and their discussions so conducted, that their concurrence would render this presumption virtually conclusive. The conception of an Upper House as a mere revising body, trusted with the privilege of dotting i's and crossing t's

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in measures sent up by the other Chamber, seems to us as irrational as it is poor. What is wanted from an Upper House is the security of its concurrence, after full examination of the measure concurred in.

It requires some attention to facts to see how widely spread is the misgiving as to the absolute wisdom of popularly elected Chambers. We will not stop to examine the American phenomena of this class, but will merely observe in passing, that the one thoroughly successful institution which has been established since the tide of modern democracy began to run is a Second Chamber, the American Senate. On the Continent of Europe there are no States without Second Chambers, except three—Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria—all resembling one another in having long been portions of the Turkish Empire, and in being now very greatly under the influence of the Russian Government. Russia has not, Turkey never had, any true aristocracy, any ‘root of gentlemen,’ to repeat Bacon’s expression; and we shall see presently that the framers of Constitutions, in their search for materials of a Second Chamber other than the ordinary forms of popular election, have constantly had to build, at all events partially, on the foundation of an aristocracy. But, with the exception of the three communities just mentioned, all the European States have Second Chambers, varying from that of Norway, where, after a single general election, a certain number of the deputies returned are told off to make an Upper House, to the ultra-aristocratic House of Magnates established from the earliest time under the ancient Hungarian Constitution. Hereditary Peers, generally mixed with Life Peers and elective Peers, are still common in the Second Chambers of the Continent; they are found in Cis-Leithan Austria, in Prussia, in Bavaria, in many of the smaller German States, in Spain, and in Portugal. There is much reason to believe that the British House of Lords would have been exclusively, or at all events much more extensively, copied in the Constitutions of the Continent, but for one remarkable difficulty. This is not in the least any dislike or distrust of the hereditary principle, but the extreme numerousness of the nobility in most Continental societies, and the consequent difficulty of selecting a portion of them to be exclusively privileged. Siéyès, in his famous pamphlet, observes that in 1789 the higher French aristocracy was eager * to have a House of Lords engrafted on the new French Constitution; and this ambition, as Burke

* Siéyès, ‘Qu’est-ce que le Tiers Etat?’ chap. iv. ‘Tout ce qui tient aux quatre cent familles les plus distinguées soupire après l’établissement d’une Chambre Haute, semblable à celle d’Angleterre.’

noticed, was the secret of the fervour—the suicidal fervour, as it afterwards turned out—with which a certain number of the noblest French families threw in their lot with the Revolutionary movement. Siéyès, however, pointed out the fatal obstacle to these hopes. It was the number and the theoretical equality of the nobles. His calculation was that, in all France, there were no less than 110,000 noblemen; there were 10,000 in Brittany alone. The proportions which this difficulty sometimes still assumes on the Continent may be inferred from one curious instance. The combined Parliament of the two small States, called respectively Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, is a mediæval Diet, very slightly changed. It now consists of 731 members, of whom 684 are persons of knightly rank holding land by knightly tenure. As a rule, however, this numerousness of the nobility causes the privilege of sitting in the Upper House to be confined to comparatively few Peers of very high and universally acknowledged rank, and hereditary Peers are seldom found without an intermixture of Life Peers. Life Peers also occur by themselves, but the Crown is generally directed by the Constitution to select them from certain classes of distinguished men. The best example of an Upper House formed by this method is the Italian Senate.

In the French Republic and in most of the Monarchical European States, elective Senators are found, either by themselves or together with Life Senators or Hereditary Peers. The mode of choosing them deserves careful attention. Sometimes the Senatorial electorate is different from that which chooses the Lower House; where, for instance, there is a property qualification, it is often higher in the case of Senatorial electors than in the case of electors for a Chamber of Deputies. More often, however, as in the case of France, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, and Belgium, the elective Senators are chosen by an electorate which in principle is the same with that which returns the other Chamber. But then the electors are differently grouped. Provinces, cities, communes, elect the Senators; while the Deputies are assumed to be chosen by the nation at large. Nothing brings out so clearly as does this class of contrivances a fundamental doubt afflicting the whole Democratic theory. It is taken for granted that a popular electorate will be animated by a different spirit according as it is grouped; but why should there be any connection between the grouping of the People and the Voice of the People? The truth is that as soon as we begin to reflect seriously on modes of practically applying the democratic principle, we find that some vital preliminary questions have never been settled. Granting that the

the People is entitled of right to govern, how is it to give its decisions and orders? Rousseau answers that all the people must meet periodically in assembly. Siéyès replies that it may speak through representatives, but he spent a life and displayed marvels of ingenuity in devising systems of representation; and the difficulties which he never succeeded in solving still perplex the absolute theorist. Vox Populi may be Vox Dei, but very little attention shows that there never has been any agreement as to what Vox means or as to what Populus means. Is the voice of the People the voice which speaks through *scrutin d'arrondissement* or through *scrutin de liste*, by Plébiscite, or by tumultuary assembly? Is it a sound in which the note struck by minorities is entirely silent? Is the People which speaks, the People according to household suffrage, or the People according to manhood suffrage, the People with all the women excluded from it, or the People, men, women, and children together, assembling casually in voluntary meeting? None of these questions have been settled; some have hardly been thought about. In reality, the devotee of Democracy is much in the same position as the Greeks with their oracles. All agreed that the voice of an oracle was the voice of a god; but everybody allowed that when he spoke he was not as intelligible as might be desired, and nobody was quite sure whether it was safer to go to Delphi or to Dodona.

It is needless to say that none of these difficulties embarrass the saner political theorist who holds that, in secular matters, it is better to walk by sight than by faith. As regards popularly-elected Chambers, he will be satisfied that, to Englishmen as to Greeks, experience has shown the best Constitutions to be those in which the popular element is large; and he will not be afraid to admit that, as the structure of each society of men slowly alters, it may be well to alter and amend the organization by which this element makes itself felt. But, as regards the far more difficult undertaking of reconstructing an Upper House, he will hope that it will fall into the hands of men who have thoroughly brought home to themselves the truth, that only two Second Chambers have as yet had any duration to speak of, the American Senate, with all its success a creation of yesterday, and the ancient English House of Lords. It is very difficult to obtain from the younger institution any lessons which can be of use in amending the older; and it is only by careful examination of infirmities which experience has shown to exist in the House of Lords, and careful consideration of doubts which have arisen as to the principles proper for it to follow in exercising its legal powers, that hints of any kind can be gathered respecting

ing its possible improvement. The task had better be left in its own hands. No doubt there are times when the maxim of Portalis applies, 'il faut innover quand la plus funeste de toutes les innovations serait de ne point innover.' But it is to be hoped that the reform of the House of Lords will not be committed to men of a class, not wholly unrepresented in the House itself, who appear to be persuaded that, because they live in an Age of Progress, there is no way of showing the magnitude of their intellectual biceps except by giving the severest shake they can manage to something ancient and great.

ART. II.—*Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Greece, including the Ionian Islands, Continental Greece, the Peloponnese, the Islands of the Ægean, Crete, Albania, Thessaly, and Macedonia; and detailed Description of Athens.* In two Parts. Fifth Edition. London, 1884.

GREECE has been favoured as hardly another nation in the multitude of her 'candid friends.' Our classical professor hurries from village to village to confirm from the life of the present day his well-known view of the ancient population, with its contrasts of 'magnificence and meanness, of loftiness and lowness, as well in outer life as in inward motive.' He crowds abusive observations into a book, and hopes to turn the edge of them by a preface. A particular type of Briton, with a keen eye for things out of gear, sees much to mend everywhere, and has his hand, so to speak, for ever on the bell-rope; he also writes a book concealing nothing. The Gaul, trained above most men to admire the charms and graces of ancient Greek literature, but of a mercurial temperament in matters of daily life, is a master of ridicule, and loves to aim its glittering shaft at hearts not hard enough to turn its point. The Greeks may wince and fret, but Gaul and Briton alike justify their strictures by asserting the share their countrymen have had in restoring the nationality of Greece. If any other justification were necessary, they might even claim to be in a sense themselves heirs to the ancient civilization of that country, so completely has it impressed itself on the minds and habits of thought in England and France. How far Germany may have a similar claim to this inheritance we do not venture to say; but unquestionably she has rendered good service to Greece in recent years by a liberal expenditure in promoting the study of Greek art and archæology, and in helping to spread a love of education among the

the people. For these and other services she also exacts occasionally the right of very plain speaking.

The various humours and excesses of travellers must in the end balance each other, with little or no harm to any one. Yet from time to time, as one or other of the books in which extravagant and reprehensible observations are put forth acquires a popularity among visitors, it is certain that a pernicious effect is produced. For the moment we refer to them only to indicate the extreme need of caution and sobriety of judgment on the part of any one who undertakes to prepare a Handbook for Greece which shall be just in all things. The new edition of the Handbook, which we have placed at the head of this article, is a great improvement upon the previous editions, and is almost a new work. Not only does it include, geographically, the Ionian Islands and the islands of the *Ægean*, but in its survey of the questions most likely to interest travellers it embraces, along with the necessarily dominating element of archæology, medieval history on a considerable scale, geology, botany, and natural history. The Editor, who modestly signs the Preface with her initials, is the daughter of Colonel Yule, whose edition of '*Marco Polo*' is one of the most valuable contributions to literature made in the present generation. Miss Yule, who inherits her father's love of learning, and who is qualified as hardly any other for so varied a task, has fortunately been able, through a long residence in Athens, to become acquainted at first hand with the newest results of excavation, travel, and research; which of itself has been no light undertaking. For never have the revelations in this department of learning been of such magnitude as in recent years. It is to this part of the Handbook that we propose particularly to call attention. But first we may be allowed to join in the regret, that the English traveller or resident in Athens must still be indebted to the courtesy of members of the German and French Schools, and latterly also the American, if he would keep himself informed of what is passing. We see many proofs of this even in the Handbook, while only a short visit to Greece is enough to convince any one with classical tastes that nothing is more urgently needed for his benefit than an English institution at Athens modelled on the French School or the German Institute. It was hoped, after the foundation of the Hellenic Society in London some two or three years ago, that, with its extraordinary influx of subscribing members, and considering the programme the Society had adopted, something effective might be done in Athens to remedy

this state of affairs. And indeed a very considerable effort has been made by the leading members of that society and others to raise a sum of money calculated to be sufficient for the erection of a suitable building and a modest endowment. The Prime Minister of Greece has granted a favourable site; and we are glad that it has been at last resolved to begin the building, though the public has not subscribed to the fund as liberally as was anticipated. There can be little doubt that the efficiency of the French and German Schools, both in Rome and Athens, is principally due to the governmental control and support under which they exist. Without State nursing, a new college for the training of young men to the delights of archæology would perhaps thrive well enough—so long, at least, as that study continues to enjoy its present popularity. And indeed it is hard to see in our case how the State could be justified in taking in hand the support of such an institution, without at the same time being possessed of a sufficient number of appointments to offer to the students whom it had trained. If our Government had the same hold over the Universities of the country that the Governments of France and Germany exercise, the arrangement might be feasible. There remains then only the voluntary college, with students who must run the risk of finding occupation when they return home from their studies in Greece. It might thrive, as we have said, and in time the difficulty might diminish of travelling and exploring in remote places without the semi-official position which is the ægis of the German and French Schools. It might open its library to passing travellers, and might hold regular meetings at which they would be free to attend to hear the newest results of archæology explained. Yet obviously it would be a venture, and its proffered kindnesses to the passing traveller could hardly fail to imply the esteem of some acknowledgment on his part; while it is more than likely that the position of the permanent officials and of the students of such an institution would be highly uncomfortable in a country where foreign interference is resented unless it is accompanied with authority, and where yet interference is very constantly called for in things pertaining to archæology. Should Government ultimately come to the rescue, it will find that when it brings training to young men in one hand, it will have to provide with the other reasonable prospects of employment for them afterwards, thus following the admirable example of France and Germany. If this were once arranged, it would be a simple and easy matter to impose on the residents of the college the duty of assisting and entertaining English travellers
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interested in the progress of archæology, while the travellers on their part would accept every assistance of that kind with frankness and enthusiasm.

With the various agencies, foreign and national, now at work in Greece for the recovery of ancient monuments and the solving of historical problems, it cannot be surprising if at times the pace of research is too rapid to be coped with by the new editions of a Handbook. The pace is, in fact, occasionally too rapid for the serial publications that exist to no other end than recording the newest results of discovery and enquiry.

If we turn, for instance, to the Handbook, under the heading of Epidaurus we shall find a careful account of the excavations going on there, through which so much that is interesting in art and architecture has already been recovered; but naturally we shall find nothing about the inscription recently dug up, with its extraordinary list of cures effected in the temple of Asclepius on apparently hopeless subjects. We cannot say that this inscription is of any real value to students of ancient medicine; but it is sufficiently novel and curious to deserve some notice. The old traveller Pausanias had spoken of certain inscriptions at Epidaurus in which grateful patients had recorded their cures. Much had been hoped from their discovery, should it ever take place. Undoubtedly the inscription lately brought to light is one of them. It tells of wonderful instances of childbirth, of the blind receiving sight, the lame getting up and walking away, the dumb made to speak, cures of stone, of debility, of old wounds, and much else. But more singular than any of these is the case of a serving lad, who once happened to be carrying some earthen jugs in a basket not very far from the temple at Epidaurus. When he sat down to rest and looked into the basket, he was overwhelmed with grief to find his crocks broken, especially the cup from which his master liked best to drink. In vain he tried to put the pieces together, till some one passing by told him it was no use, since even the god at Epidaurus could not restore the cup. Upon this the boy, in the firm faith that there was yet a hope, gathered together the pieces and set out for the temple. When he arrived, and opened his basket, behold, the cup was already made whole and sound! His master, having heard the story, presented the cup to the god. It is no wonder that the patients at Epidaurus were sometimes incredulous, and driven to make ridicule of the cures they heard and read of. But such incredulity did not escape the god. We read in the inscription how a certain Ambrosia from Athens made fun of the records of cures, on the ground that it was impossible for the lame and the blind to be made

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well merely by having a vision in their sleep. She herself had lost the sight of one eye, and when Asclepius appeared to her in a vision, it was to offer to restore her sight, on the condition that she dedicated to him a silver image of a pig as a monument of her ignorance. She dreamt that he then opened her eye and poured a drug into it. When the day broke she went away cured.

Some of the cases are not without amusement. A lame man had come for relief, and when he was sitting down to rest, a boy ran off with his crutch; whereupon he who was lame got up and ran after him, and was well ever after. Another patient had come all the way from Mytilene, because there was no hair on his head, while there was abundance of it in his beard, and because he was laughed at on that account. In his dream the god appeared to anoint his head, and when day broke the longed-for hair was to be seen. On another occasion, when the patients were sleeping in the sacred enclosure or *abaton* of the temple, one Æschines climbed up a tree to look over on them. But, in descending, he scratched his eyes so badly that he ultimately became blind, and was obliged to go to the god for a cure, which he duly received. Once a boy had been brought, suffering from stone. The god appeared to him in a dream, and asked what he would give to be cured. The poor boy said he would give ten marbles! The god smiled and worked his remedy. We must mention two more cases, which show how difficult it was to practise dishonesty on Asclepius. A certain Pandarus had come from Thessaly to get some marks (*stigmata*) removed from his face. In his dream the god seemed to approach, bind his face with a bandage, and direct him, when he left the *abaton* at daybreak, to remove the bandage and dedicate it in the temple. He did so, and the marks were gone from his face. Subsequently this Pandarus sent an offering of money to the god by the hands of a friend who was going to Epidaurus to be cured of similar marks on his face. The friend, however, meant to make the most of the money; and when the god, appearing to him in a vision, enquired whether he had not brought a present from Pandarus, he boldly replied, no, but that he would himself present an image of the god if he were cured. Asclepius then took the bandage which Pandarus had dedicated in the temple, bound it round the face of his false friend, and enjoined him when he left the sanctuary to remove the bandage, bathe his face in the spring, and look at himself in the water. All this he did, and when he looked he beheld his face not only with its old marks still upon it, but, in addition, with those of Pandarus, which would seem to have remained imprinted on the bandage.

It is much to be regretted that nothing is said in the inscription of the means that were employed to induce sleep in the patients, if, indeed, it was ever anything more than natural sleep, troubled, perhaps, by the annoyances of sleeping at night under the open sky. In all cases it is quite clear from the record that the patients were persons who had already tried many doctors, and were for the most part ancient analogues to those whose certificates nowadays swell the advertisements of quack medicines. They seem also to have been persons who were capable of paying for their cures. We must remember that in Greece the doctor was usually a public official elected by suffrage, and not obliged to study the humours of particular patients so long as he could command general favour. We are far from saying that he ever courted popular favour to the neglect of individual cases; but it cannot be wrong to suppose that, in the absence of special practitioners, many persons with perhaps as much eccentricity as real ailment about them were driven to places like Epidaurus, where they could find a treatment beneficial alike to their humours and to their bodies. Doctors in Greece may have been poorly paid—though we read of a famous one who received as much as 370*l.* in one year from the town of Athens—but that they were highly honoured is evident from many inscriptions still in existence. We gather that disinterestedness was a tradition among them as powerful, perhaps, as it is among their brethren of our day.

At Eleusis we find in the Handbook an excellent account of the actual state of the ruins, and of the excavations already made. But so much remains to be done there, that we may expect fresh revelations any day. We hear vaguely of important discoveries in architecture, of inscriptions throwing new light on matters connected with the temple, of at least one archaic piece of sculpture possessing many charms. Similarly at Athens Mr. Penrose employed his recent holiday in digging among the foundations of the Olympieum, and found much that is instructive for the architectural problems it involves. On the Acropolis also diggers have been busy at the east front of the Parthenon, and, on going down beneath the layer of marble chippings left behind at the building or rather re-building of the temple, they have found a considerable number of sculptures, which had been thrown aside and covered over on that occasion. These sculptures were too antiquated for the taste of the Periclean age, and in the haste of new buildings were not thought worth preserving. To us they are precious. As regards the Parthenon itself nothing could be fairer than the account in the Handbook, and this is no mean praise when
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we consider the conflicts of opinion that have raged about the edifice, and the necessity of accurate knowledge, no less than of a judicial temperament, to steer a wise course among them. The Parthenon is the centre of attraction to visitors in Greece, and a due treatment of its many intricate problems must remain the ultimate test of a Handbook. Intricate also, to the extent of being a puzzle, is the neighbouring Erechtheum, and here again we are bound to admire the alertness to every new discovery, and the common sense in dealing with it, which the editor of the Handbook displays. Not that in some points we should not hold a different view, and wait for further enquiry to prove or disprove it. But then we are not in the same position of having to make up our mind definitely to one course or another. We suppose it is the infinite charm of the Erechtheum as it still stands, that justifies the multiplicity of theories put forward concerning it. No one with a little knowledge of the subject can fail to have his dream there. Equally fruitful in speculation has been the Temple of Victory, on the right as we go up to the Propylæa. Fortunately, the speculation of quite recent years has been attended with practical investigation, and we are now in a position to judge fairly in the matter. That is to say, we may confidently accept the view recommended by the Handbook.

These and the like questions belong to the more strictly classical part of archæology, and as such they will no doubt always enjoy a respectable share of attention. But of late years they have been thrown largely into the shade by a series of brilliant discoveries which bear rather on the earliest and most primitive life of the Greeks. The example of Dr. Schliemann has been followed by others with smaller resources, but not without considerable success. Rocky and now almost deserted islands, which classical civilization is not supposed to have reached, have been ransacked, in the hope of their yielding antiquities of the prehistoric class; nor have these hopes been cherished in vain. We have seen lately from one or more of these small islands a series of earthenware vessels and other objects, which would have caused no astonishment if they had been found in a British barrow. We have seen also from the same quarter drawings of some small images in marble, which betray a most infantile capacity in the sculptors, if we may use that designation. At the same time this artistic incapacity of the sculptor is not altogether a fair test of the civilization amidst which he lived. We find him, for instance, making in his rude way the figure of a man playing on a lyre, and we must conclude at least that music was more advanced than sculpture

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in those days, if he really took his subject from the life around him. It is more likely that he merely sought to reproduce an image from the art of a more artistic community, possibly some product of Phœnicia. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt of the enormous gain to our methods of study from the accumulation of these striking proofs of the community of artistic impulse existing between the earliest ancestors of the Greeks and our own primitive forefathers.

The traveller meets with few disappointments in Greece more grievous than the almost total absence of historical information, or even of respectable tradition, concerning the age of those colossal, not to say stupendous, constructions in masonry, which he sees at Mycenæ, Tiryns, or in the Pnyx at Athens. The objects found at Mycenæ, for example, cannot be reconciled with the Homeric poems. It is thought that they must be older than the poems, and it is proposed to account for the absence of any notice of works of such a kind in Homer by assuming a relapse to comparative barbarism in the actual age of the poet. We do not call this impossible. But we confess to finding in the few records that exist concerning the age of the Tyrants in Greece a certain charm which provokes the imagination to picture these bold rulers, with their foreign mercenaries and foreign connections, as possibly the men who reared these vast structures, or perhaps rather the last of the race who reared them. We have been accustomed to read with astonishment the description given by Herodotus of the great tunnel which Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, caused to be driven through a mountain to convey water to his city, and we have no longer the privilege which some have enjoyed of calling his description in question. For, although the exploration of the tunnel is not yet completed, the work has already been carried far enough to confirm in most points the accuracy of the historian. The engineer was Eupalinus of Megara. We believe that nothing more is known of him; but it will be safe to assume that the man who undertook to drive this tunnel of nearly 1100 yards or two-thirds of a mile in length through a high hill, beginning simultaneously at each side, and meeting near the centre with very little of error in his calculations, was at least a man who had previously had some experience in engineering on a colossal scale. Yet if we look around in Greece for remains of the great building and engineering enterprises which we may assume to have preceded the efforts of Eupalinus, we fail to find anything answering better to our expectations than the Cyclopean citadels and huge vaulted tombs of Mycenæ, Tiryns, and elsewhere. These, it may be assumed, are not the work of a
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warlike people such as we find in Homer, while in many respects they may be regarded as standing illustrations of the gigantic undertakings on which the Tyrants of the seventh and sixth centuries B.C. expended the resources and at the same time broke the spirits of their people. We do not, of course, mean that the walls of Mycenæ and Tiryns are in reality so late as the seventh century B.C., but only that they represent an immense activity in the construction of public works, which appears to have ended temporarily with the Tyrants, having begun under the hereditary princes who immediately preceded them.

'The power of Polycrates,' writes Mr. Sayce,* 'rested on his mercenaries, his fleet, and the revenues he obtained through it. He was a patron of arts and literature; established a public library . . . acclimatized foreign plants and animals in Samos . . . The palaces, the fortresses, the breakwater, the temple of Hera, and the aqueduct tunnelled through a mountain, seem all to have been his works. His rule was semi-Asiatic; hence his imitation of Assyrian, Phœnician, and Egyptian libraries, and his introduction of foreign plants and animals, like Thothmes III. of Egypt and Tiglath-Pileser I. of Assyria.'

As regards the great tunnel of Polycrates in Samos, we have said that the engineer had succeeded in piercing it from both sides at once with only a slight error in his calculations. Such is the fact, so far at least as concerns the main tunnel, which is a boring of 8 feet high and 8 feet wide, precisely as Herodotus states. He is found to be perfectly accurate also in saying that in the floor of this tunnel there was sunk a deep channel, along which the water was conveyed in pipes. But about this channel there is some difficulty. In the first place the necessity for it is not apparent, since the pipes could have been laid simply on the floor of the tunnel. We gather, however, from the plan recently published by a careful and competent traveller,† that the inclination of the bed of the channel differs from that of the tunnel itself, from which it may be argued, as the traveller in question is disposed to argue, that this channel had not been sunk till after it was discovered that there was not sufficient fall for the water along the floor of the tunnel. This would be a serious miscalculation. But at present we should not be justified in charging the engineer with it. The necessity for a new channel may have been forced upon him, for example, by a change not of his own making in the level of the great reservoir. There is still much

* In his 'Herodotus,' p. 248.

† 'Mittheilungen des Institutes in Athen,' 1884, pls. 7-8.

to be done in clearing out this tunnel. It is much to the interests of students of ancient engineering that the laborious task should receive every encouragement. It would be a great benefit to the modern port of Tigani that the old conduit should be put in proper repair, and that an abundant supply of cool fresh water should be again conveyed by it to the town.

It so happens that many who are most eager to visit Greece find a sufficiently lengthy period for the purpose only at a season of the year when travelling in that country is intolerable, owing to the excessive heat, and the dangers in some places from malaria. An extension of the Easter holiday is the best alternative, and fortunately for those who are thus pressed for time, and who naturally desire to include in their journey the most brilliant discoveries of recent years, a route can easily be found to or from Athens, which shall take in Tiryns, Mycenæ, and Olympia. These are the most prominent names in Greece at the moment. Apart from the interest that attaches to these places, the route we speak of is strikingly picturesque, and not much more deficient in the comforts of life than any one would be prepared for, who has travelled in outlying districts even in our own country. From the Piræus to Nauplia the voyage affords a constant alternation of enchantments. At Nauplia the scene is impressive in its grandeur. Thence it is but a short drive to Tiryns, and here the element of archaeological interest begins to displace the attractions of natural beauty. The massive Cyclopean walls of Tiryns, which Homer hits off in his epithet of 'walled' Tiryns, have always arrested the traveller's attention. No speculation could explain them. Even the first practical attempts of Dr. Schliemann were to a certain extent a failure. It seemed as if we must be content to wait in astonishment. But Dr. Schliemann is not readily turned aside from his purpose, and it is with great pleasure that we now learn of his ultimate triumph at Tiryns. We are in no position adequately to review his work there, but we know enough to be able to say that, after his previous revelations at Mycenæ, nothing could be more welcome to students of early Greek history than the newest discoveries on that site. It is to be wished that he, or some one equally competent, would explore the so-called 'Pyramid' near Argos, and let us know how its masonry compares with that of Tiryns. Pausanias says that it belongs to the age of Pisistratus, and if he is right, we should have an example of the masonry of the age of the Tyrants from which to reason backwards.

From Tiryns the road leads soon to Argos, and onwards to Mycenæ, so that the traveller, when he has looked well about him

him at the landscape, and has digested the facts of the recent excavations, will be able to recal vividly the event which Herodotus somewhat sceptically selects for the opening of his story of the origin of the Persian wars, or that other incident with which Æschylus begins his 'Suppliques,' when Danaüs and his daughters arrive by sea at Argos. No situation could have been more inviting to colonists, if only the natives were willing to receive them reasonably. But a dark cloud of fable has intervened, and, except for the explorations of Dr. Schliemann, we should have been wrapped in it still. It is true that the light which he has thrown on the subject is somehow broken up into primary colours, and is more dazzling than lucid. We must wait for a clearer atmosphere if we would be quite sure of our steps. For the present we would commend in high terms a work which is not only the most recent, but the most valuable, of not a few which have dealt with these questions. We refer to *Das Homerische Epos*, by Professor Helbig. If we might sum up his results in a few words, it would be to say that he has drawn from the actual monuments of industrial art a vivid picture of an age, in which Greece was principally indebted for its articles of luxury to commerce with the Phœnicians. But we get no nearer to the real state of Greece itself. The remains of Mycenæ testify to a knowledge of several branches of art—such, for example, as gem-engraving, of which there is no indication in Homer. On the other hand, the civilization of the time of the poet was evidently more advanced in some things than that of Mycenæ; as, for instance, in the case of iron. In view of these and similar problems, Professor Helbig argues that we must allow Mycenæ several centuries more of antiquity than is usually assigned to the Homeric poems; that Mycenæ was indebted for articles of luxury to the commerce of foreigners; and that by the time of Homer this importation of foreign articles had comparatively ceased, native talent having become aroused to a sense of its independence in works of art as in other matters. It is conceivable under such circumstances that certain of the minor arts would lapse for a time; but we cannot say that the theory is altogether satisfactory.

From Mycenæ the route which we are marking out returns to Argos, and thence by a carriage-road in one day to Tripolitza. But before reaching Tripolitza it will be advisable to turn aside for a passing view of certain antiquities at the village of Piali. There is a roadside khan where horses can be had for this purpose. Piali is the site of the ancient Tegea, where once stood a very celebrated temple, the sculptures of which were from the hand of Scopas. He was the architect as well; but while little
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of the architecture is left above ground, there are a few pieces of the sculpture in a small museum, worthy of being seen even at the cost of a little trouble. Some slight explorations have been made on this site by the German Institute at Athens, but they have been much hindered, if not absolutely stopped, by local opposition. One wonders where the well is, in digging which the Tegean blacksmith came upon the skeleton of Orestes, seven cubits long. The bones, according to the very finely told tale of Herodotus, were removed to Sparta. It is possible to reach Olympia in one day from Dimitzana. It would, however, be a hard day's work, and it is perhaps wiser to stay the night at some other place short of Olympia where accommodation can be had. We hesitate about recommending the accommodation. Yet this is, no doubt, the best route for the traveller who is pressed for time, and willing to undergo a few hardships in return for unmatched beauties of landscape.

Dimitzana was apparently the ancient Teuthis, which sent a contingent to aid Agamemnon in the war against Troy. The leader of the contingent, however, quarrelled with Agamemnon at Aulis, and made off homewards with his men. The goddess Athena disguised herself, and tried to persuade him not to go on. In his rage he struck her in the thigh with his spear, and held on his way. But on arriving at Teuthis, he fell sick, and nothing prospered till the oracle at Dodona declared that the only remedy was to set up an image of Athena with a wound in her leg. This was done, and Pausanias saw the image with a red bandage on the wound.

A journey to Olympia is now an indispensable element in a visit to Greece. It may be made with more ease and comfort than in the route just indicated, by a carriage drive from Patras, which redeems the roughness of its early stages by the singular amenity of a large section of it, traversing what may be described as a gigantic park, thickly studded with magnificent oaks. For ourselves, we would rather keep that agreeable route in reserve, as a sort of gentle retreat after the busy impressions of Olympia. Besides, the advantages are innumerable of approaching Olympia by a journey across the Peloponnesus, such as we have sketched out, striking the Alpheus high in its course, and passing finally along that loveliest of valleys, with the sea in the far distance, till the ruins of Olympia come in sight with something like a shock of surprise, or a sense of awakening from dreams induced by the enchantment of the scenery. We contend that this is a fitting spirit in which to arrive. The whole aspect of the ruins is too vague at first for a mind fully on the alert. Yet clearness very soon begins to diffuse itself with the help of
a guide

a guide or a Handbook. In the new edition of the Handbook there is an excellent plan, with which it is easy to trace out the principal buildings from the rising ground at the foot of Mount Cronius, preparatory to a closer inspection. Conspicuous in the centre is the temple of Zeus, now dismantled, like the hull of a great ship after some terrific storm. Its high basement stands unshaken. At one side the columns lie as they fell. Only the lower courses of the walls remain. Nearer is the temple of Hera, no less reduced from its original elevation. Here the traveller should consider whether he will accept or not the ingenious theory of Dörpfeld, put forth only the other day. According to this excellent authority on questions of Greek architecture, the walls of the Heraeum were made of sun-dried brick, except the lowest course which is still standing and is of *porous* stone; the roof was of wood, as the external columns also had originally been. Indeed one of the original wooden columns was standing in the time of Pausanias. Subsequently when the roof fell in and the walls were exposed to rain and weather, the sun-dried bricks were resolved into the original mud from which they were made, and spread in a soft layer over the interior of the temple. This stratum of mud appeared quite inexplicable to the German excavators when they came upon it. The explanation now offered by Dr. Dörpfeld is of the greatest interest to the history of architecture.

Everywhere the scene is crowded with ruins of masonry, and for the most part it is masonry of the best ages. The sculptures have been placed under shelter, and soon, it is expected, will be housed in a new museum worthy of the site. Till now, it is true, they have only been visible under unfavourable circumstances, and this has often been made the occasion of reproach to the Greeks by writers who do not care to remember that Greece is a poor country, to which the splendid presents made her by the Germans at Olympia, and by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ, are somewhat in the nature of a white elephant. Without the almost prodigal liberality of Greeks resident abroad, very little could have been done to meet these heavy demands. As it is, the resources have been considerably crippled, with which it was intended to carry out independent excavations which should vie with those of foreigners, and of which the work already done at Eleusis and Epidaurus is a fair example.

When the Germans retired from Olympia some two or three years ago, they left a considerable area still unexplored. At this the Greeks have been working ever since, and though they have been able to employ only a small staff of labourers, they have succeeded in finding a number of pieces of the sculptures
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from the pediments of the temple of Zeus. They have thus even at Olympia added not inconsiderably to the advantages that may be counted upon from the recovery of so magnificent a field of ruins. To the archæologist these advantages have been beyond all calculation. He has simply revelled in every fresh report of the excavations, and has succeeded in producing a sort of infection among many who are by no means archæologists outright. He has tortured the text of Pausanias, his only ancient guide to Olympia, and sometimes has ended in believing that this inestimable writer had never been there at all, notwithstanding the occasional expressions which testify to his presence. Certainly there is room for at least the suspicion, that Pausanias had taken with him an old guide-book, that of Polemo is suggested, and had been content to copy out the descriptions in it without a word about the monuments of a later date, which he himself must or ought to have seen, because they have been actually found. On the other hand, it was the older class of monuments anterior to the Roman supremacy that Pausanias specially liked to see, and if at Olympia he found ready to hand a trustworthy guide-book for them, it is not improbable that he was content to verify the details, and to incorporate them in his own work. There is no doubt of the value of his descriptions, such as they are, and there is no interest in the question whether he was present or not, except as a contention of scholars. We grudge most his brevity, and yet the wonder is that, where things spoke so manifestly for themselves, a man should have been found with no more ambition than to describe them in the style of Pausanias. The Greeks had a sublime trust in words, and if they could have foreseen that some day the fame of their artists would perhaps be the better for a more ample phraseology in the description of their works, it is quite possible that they might have adapted themselves to the occasion, however repugnant to them may have been the inadequacy of words to convey what alone is really worth conveying in a work of art, so long as it remains perfect. It is another matter when sculptures are shattered, dismembered, defaced. Then it is a question of an inventory, to begin with. The fragments must be gathered and counted, so that the loss may be estimated, if possible. The archæologist is at times a sort of salvage official, and must take account of details which are by no means palatable, even to himself.

So far as the damage inflicted on the sculptures and structures at Olympia can be measured, it is the business of the archæologist to measure and make allowance for it, with the view of enabling the general student to fill up the gap more readily.

But

But the task is one that needs time. It is a task also that is peculiarly liable to error at many stages. Fortunately there has already been a large subsidence of the hasty opinions put forth in the first years of the discovery, and it is now possible to impart briefly a fair notion of what the various buildings were like in their original aspect, and what was the composition of the sculptures. Amid many perplexities, the new Handbook has steered a wise and intelligent course. Not but that there is room to wish that, on some points in reference to the sculptures, advantage had been taken of more recent investigations. We refer to the pediment sculptures of the temple of Zeus. It may be that Professor Kekulé* goes a little too far and too fast, but unquestionably he is on a road which has been indicated persistently by the latest research. The finding of an inscribed block which fitted on to the apex of one of the pediments shows that the building of the temple had been completed by the year B.C. 456. The natural presumption is that its sculptured decorations were then also complete, and, judging from their style, there would be no hesitation in assigning them to that date. Were there no literary records to be taken into consideration, all would be simple and satisfactory. But the records that bear on the question are unfortunately contradictory, and the difficulty is to know which of them to reject. We are told by two scholiasts to Aristophanes (Pax, 605) that Pheidias went to Olympia after he had finished his work on the Parthenon at Athens, and accordingly, if they are to be followed, the sculptures at Olympia must be later than those of the Parthenon. The greatest reluctance has been shown to accept this inference, and yet how was it possible to escape so plain a statement of fact? Professor Kekulé has boldly discarded the statement. In his judgment there is no manner of doubt that Pheidias had spent several years in Olympia previous to B.C. 456, lavishing his genius on the great statue of Zeus, and advising his pupils and colleagues in regard to the other sculptures of the temple; that when this task was accomplished he was summoned to Athens by Pericles to execute the gold and ivory statue of Athena for the Parthenon, and to superintend the vast artistic activity with which Athens was then being renewed after the devastating occupation of the Persians. He was so engaged till B.C. 438, in which year the Parthenon was completed. Then came evil days. The enemies of Pericles determined to strike a blow at him indirectly by getting up

* In his introduction to Baedeker's 'Handbuch' to Greece, published in 1883. It is an excellent sketch of the history of Greek art, and occupies 70 out of the 120 pages of introductory matter to the Handbook.

a charge against his friend Pheidias. First they declared that Pheidias had appropriated part of the gold and ivory allowed him for the statue of Athena in the Parthenon. This, however, was disproved. For the gold, at least, had been so applied in forming or plating the drapery of the goddess, that it could be removed in pieces and weighed. Next they charged him with a crime against religion, in that he had sculptured on the shield of the statue portraits of himself and of Pericles. For this he was cast into prison, and in one way or other died there. Such is the story of the life of Pheidias as Professor Kekulé tells it.

We admit that this version of the death of Pheidias is in perfect accord with the statement of Plutarch in his life of Pericles. So far as concerns the trial for embezzlement, it is in accord also with the two scholiasts to Aristophanes to whom we have referred. They, however, say that he afterwards escaped to Olympia. It is possible to conceive that between the two trials mentioned by Plutarch, the one for embezzlement, the other for sacrilege, there may have been an interval of some years, during which Pheidias was occupied in his great work at Olympia. But that explanation would still leave the sculptures at Olympia later than those of the Parthenon; and this, as we have said, it is sought to avoid as far as possible. The two scholiasts not only affirm that he went to Olympia and worked there after the trial in Athens, but one of them adds that he was again charged at Olympia with the crime of embezzling part of the gold allowed him for the statue of Zeus, and that for this he paid the penalty of death. Thus the combined evidence of Plutarch and the scholiast would make him die twice, and indeed two deaths would hardly have been an adequate punishment had he been guilty of the crimes laid to his charge. But we maintain that the charge of embezzlement at Athens is a mere fabrication of later times. Every one in Athens at all acquainted with public affairs at that time, knew that the statue of Athena formed part of the public treasure stored in the Parthenon, that so far as it consisted of precious metal it had to be examined every year by the annually appointed treasurers of the temple, and that these treasurers could not by any possibility have examined it with the accuracy necessary for the inventory which they were compelled to make, unless the artist had fashioned the gold which he employed in movable pieces. Remains of these inventories exist to testify to the fact. Besides, Pericles told the Athenians, as we learn from Thucydides, that the gold could be removed from the statue and employed for the purposes of war, if it should be necessary.

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From this arrangement, simple and intelligible to the Athenians in the time of Pheidias, but no doubt strange in the eyes of later generations, as it is in our eyes at first sight, was compiled, we believe, the story of the embezzlement, which, it should be observed, was not told as in any way damaging to the character of Pheidias, but merely as an instance of remarkable acuteness in forestalling his accusers. Those who hold this view of the case discard the whole story, whether it is told by Plutarch or by the scholiasts in question, and in discarding it find themselves wholly without evidence as to whether Pheidias went from Athens to Olympia, or from Olympia to Athens.

There is, however, one piece of evidence which has been eagerly grasped at to confirm the statement of Plutarch. According to him, Pheidias was subsequently tried, as we have said, for sacrilege in having placed portraits of himself and of Pericles among the figures of Greeks fighting with Amazons sculptured on the shield of Athena—himself as a bald-headed old man raising a stone with both hands above his head, and Pericles wielding a spear in such a way, that one of his arms crossed and concealed the greater part of his face. Nothing could be less likely. Pausanias, who describes the statue minutely, has not a word of these portraits; and yet they are said to have been left on the shield, notwithstanding their offensiveness, because they could not be removed without destroying the whole work. Nevertheless, there is in the British Museum a fragmentary marble shield, said to have been found in the Acropolis of Athens, on which, curiously enough, there are sculptured in relief two portraits answering very closely to the description of Plutarch—more closely, in fact, than any other work of the ancients that we know of answers to any ancient description of the same. The coincidence is enough to excite suspicion, all the more so since the workmanship is extremely rude. One wonders that, with so much rudeness, the very thing most to be desired is so clearly expressed. Obviously this rough work of art had been made mainly with a view to the two portraits, and therefore in connection with the story of the sacrilege. In any case it can hardly be earlier than the time of Plutarch; it may be later. It must have been made with a view to the story repeated by him. We give no credit to that story, and we are convinced that the marble shield only makes matters worse. On the other hand, it is extremely probable that after the completion of the Parthenon, and the expenditure of so much treasure on the embellishment of Athens, Pheidias encountered a share of the public odium which belonged more properly to Pericles, and this we take to be the circumstance to which Aristophanes refers

refers (Pax, 605), when he says that Pericles had become alarmed after the misfortune of Pheidias. It may have been whispered in the gossip of the town, that Pheidias had helped himself to some of the gold intended for the statue. Among the Greeks fighting with Amazons on the shield of the goddess, there could hardly fail to be some one not unlike Pericles, since he, with the helmet which he habitually wore, was almost an ideal Athenian in appearance. Similarly in such a scene we might not unnaturally expect to find a bald-headed old man. It was easy for the idlers in Athens to say that these figures were meant for Pericles and Pheidias. At all events it is easier for us to conceive of their doing so, than it is to believe that the greatest artist and the greatest statesman of Greece were associated with so miserable a subterfuge to preserve their fame.

We have been led into this digression for the sake of supplementing what is said by the Handbook regarding the date of the sculptures of the temple of Zeus at Olympia. In this connection we have only to add, that we entirely agree with Professor Kekulé when he compares these sculptures to the metopes of one of the temples at Selinus in Sicily (the so-called temple of Hera). The resemblance in style is certainly marked. Nor is this the only comparison of the kind that might be made. Indeed, there are not a few peculiarities, both of sculpture and architecture at Olympia, which cannot be explained except by tracing them to older models in Sicily. The intimate relations existing between the two places would naturally lead to an interchange of artistic ideas, while from her liberal encouragement of the art of sculpture in early times Sicily was the more likely of the two to be the originator of the style which, as we have said, is found also at Olympia in the sculptures of the temple of Zeus. Obviously, if this view of the case be correct, there is an end to the theory of a school of sculptors in Northern Greece, to whom of late years we have so often heard the Olympian sculptures traced. We never quite liked this Northern theory, and have no regret at seeing it disposed of.

In the matter of architecture the traveller will find in the Handbook the newest light and information. Standing on the floor of the temple of Zeus he will see and read enough to enable him to recal in imagination the general aspect of the interior, such, at least, as it was before the great statue of the god by Pheidias was set up in its place and harmonized the whole. Standing outside, he is directed how to replace on the East front the sculptures of Pæonius, how those of Alcámenes on the West. He will find the metopes of either end carefully described, and will be left to choose for himself between two competing theories for the

construction of the roof. When he has gone through this process, and turns, as one constantly turns at Olympia, to survey surrounding nature, he will find it hard to repress the wish to have seen Olympia for once in its grand days.

To those who have time on their hands, and purpose to extend their tour to Northern Greece for the sake of visiting those two famous sites of ancient oracles, Delphi and Dodona, we would especially recommend the Handbook. At both places it describes what has been done in recent years, and at Dodona it adds to a careful notice of the discoveries of M. Carapanos a just and dignified assertion of the rightful claims of English travellers to have determined the ancient site long ago. To find Dodona seems to have been thought, towards the close of last century and the early part of the present, the nearest thing possible to piercing the confines of the invisible world. It was there that the ancients themselves had placed the entrance to the realm of Hades. There the Cocytus and Acheron flowed, and there was the Acherusian lake. Doubtless there were other attractions towards Jannina in those days, at least for English travellers. They could count on a safe journey, with perhaps some adventure. All the world knows of Lord Byron's visit to Ali Pasha; but it is not every one who knows with what exactitude of learning, and with what judgment in a most difficult case, the late Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Wordsworth) had pointed out the ancient Dodona in the very place where M. Carapanos has found it. As usually happens on the discovery of some old locality hallowed to the imagination by the muse of poetry and by strange fables, the reality is at first unwelcome. Even when we have become familiar with it in every detail, it does not seem to be altogether a sufficient compensation for the old pleasures of fancy.

We need not go back so far as the belief that Deucalion and Pyrrha settled at Dodona after the Flood. But we may accept the general consensus of opinion in antiquity, that the oracle of Dodona was one of the very oldest settlements of Greece. Ulysses went to consult the sacred oak there, and in the 'Iliad' we can see, from the description of the Selli 'with unwashed feet and sleeping on the ground,' that Homer looked upon those ministers of the oracle as people who maintained a very primitive form of life, and had probably maintained it for ages before his time. It was to the god of 'wintery' Dodona that Achilles addressed his most fervent prayer. From its neighbourhood Goneus led a contingent to the Trojan war. It was from these Selli or Helli that the name of Hellenes arose, which afterwards distinguished the whole Greek nation; while, curiously enough, the name for Greeks, which we still employ, following the Latin
example,

example, was derived from a tribe which also inhabited the region of Dodona. The district was marshy, and well suited for pasturage; the hills were well wooded, and on a rising ground at the foot of Mount Tomarus stood the temple. Close to it no doubt were the sacred oak-tree, and the miraculous fountain springing at the roots of the tree, its volume increasing steadily towards midnight, then decreasing steadily towards noon, when it was almost dry. No one could approach its waters with a lighted torch, and yet this was not so singular as the fact that the proximity of the fountain could relight a torch which had been extinguished. Apparently there was nothing of a very awe-inspiring character in the locality. But those who trade on superstition among a primitive pastoral people, can carry on their business successfully with the meanest of apparatus; and so it was probably at Dodona. The rustling of the branches of a tree, the rushing of water from a spring, the resonance of brass vessels; these are simple elements into which to impart mystery. Yet with a tree of immense size, as this one is stated to have been, with a fountain springing from among its roots, and with a regular system of gongs and bells, one can imagine a certain effect of awe to have been produced in a primitive age, and subsequently also among the rustic inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

It does not appear that Dodona exercised any extensive influence in historical times. Cræsus consulted it as he consulted the other oracles of his day. It is mentioned frequently by Greek writers. But when we come to enquire into the actual records of prophesying, we find that they are for the most part limited to the district of Greece in which Dodona is placed. Alexander, king of Epirus, enquired what would be the fortune of the war which he had projected in Southern Italy, and was warned to beware of Acherusian waters and the town of Pandosia. He assumed the topography indicated in the oracle to be that of the country near Dodona; but when he met his death in the river Acheros of Lucania, near the town of Pandosia, it was held that the oracle had rightly foretold the event. A more curious instance is the prophecy of the death of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus. The oracle declared that he would be killed by a woman at a moment when he should be looking on at a wolf and a bull fighting. He was killed in Argos, within sight, it was said, of a sculptured group representing an encounter between a wolf and a bull. The immediate cause of his death was a blow from a tile thrown by a woman from the roof of a house. In both these cases the oracle was provided beforehand with certain topographical facts:

on this basis an ordinary talent for fortune-telling may have done the rest. It would be interesting to see a collection of the responses that never were fulfilled in any shape or form. They would probably be more instructive for us than the few which turned out to be successful. M. Carapanos has not found any responses, for the good reason that they would be carried away by the persons whom they concerned; but he has obtained a number of enquiries written on thin leaden tablets, as was the custom. To our vexation, they rarely go beyond the ordinary questions that would be put to a fortune-teller; and we are driven on the whole to the conclusion, that the usual business of the 'Doves' or priestesses of Dodona was of this class. At the same time we must guard them against any indignity that this comparison may imply. They are known to have been incorruptible, and there is every reason to believe that they devoted a life of severe asceticism to the express purpose of forcing, if it could be forced, a foreshadowing of the future. It seemed to many in ancient times that the mind, with its marvellous power of recalling the past, ought also, under suitable conditions, to be able to forecast things to come. It was held that 'coming events cast their shadows before,' but that the shadows were not recognizable to minds occupied with ordinary human affairs. Mind and body alike must be brought into direct contact and communion with nature. It was an exaggeration of Aristophanes in the 'Clouds' to picture Socrates hoisted aloft in a basket, to be away from human contact. But there is no doubt that, in walking barefoot, Socrates felt himself nearer to Nature than he would otherwise have been. The priests of Dodona slept on the ground and went barefooted. That the priestesses did the same, or in some equivalent manner recognized the potency of 'mother earth,' is apparent from the verses which they habitually chanted to this effect: 'Zeus was, Zeus is, Zeus will be; O, great Zeus! Earth sends up fruits, therefore call earth Mother.'

The priestesses of Dodona, it should be observed, had a curiously fabulous origin. The story, as told at the temple, was that two black doves had flown away from Thebes in Egypt, the one to Libya, the other to Dodona; that the latter, taking possession of a tree, had announced with a human voice that an oracle of Zeus must be established there; this was accepted and acted on as a Divine command. But at Thebes itself Herodotus heard a different tale: the Phœnicians had carried off from thence two priestesses, the one to Libya, the other to Dodona. The latter, having been taken there as a slave, erected a shrine to Zeus under an oak-tree; in time she learned the

Greek

Greek tongue, and gave responses in it. Herodotus suggests that the reason of her being called a 'dove' may have been because she was a foreigner, and because her utterance seemed like that of birds, while the circumstance of her being called a black dove would be explained by her having been an Egyptian. He was firmly convinced that oracular powers and ceremonies had come to Greece from Egypt. Obviously there is not much profundity in the explanation which he offers. But at no time is it difficult to find men of undoubted eminence in their own walk of life committing themselves freely to conjectures on tempting subjects outside of it. A special student who knows better lets them pass, and in this instance there was no occasion whatever for the abuse which Professor Sayce bestows on Herodotus.

That the story of the 'doves' at Dodona was current in Greece before the time of Herodotus, may be gathered from certain references in the fragments of Pindar. The title 'doves' seemed to call for explanation, though, in fact, there was nothing more unusual in the priestesses of Dione being named after the sacred bird of the goddess than there was in the priestesses of Demeter being called 'Bees,' or those of Artemis 'Bears,' as was the case in certain localities. In the early days of lively intercourse and dealings with Phœnician traders, the dove, the symbol of their great goddess Astarte, must have become fairly well known in Greece. The mere fact that the story connects the doves of Dodona with the Phœnicians, is an instructive addition to the now considerable body of evidence which we possess concerning the primitive relations of the Greeks towards that people; while again we may easily discern, in the quantities of objects of an Egyptian character which the Phœnicians imported into Greece, a sufficient foundation for that part of the story which traces the doves to Thebes in Egypt. It does not follow that Dodona and its oracular institutions had in reality owed anything to direct communication of this kind. The priests might well have been acquainted with the general course of affairs without participating in them. So far, at least, M. Carapanos has found none of those Phœnician wares which of late years have frequently met the excavator in Greece. Some few of his objects go back to the seventh century B.C., and are not without interest as early works of art bearing unmistakeable traces of Oriental influence. Still they are obviously the products of Greek handicraft. For the rest, his collection ranges generally from that early date to nearly B.C. 220, the year in which Dodona was sacked and destroyed by an army of Ætolians. In some measure it seems to have risen from
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its ruins, but only to be again pillaged and annihilated by the Thracians in B.C. 88.

We have said that Phœnician wares have been found frequently in Greece; but the statement requires some qualification. Among these wares there are no inscriptions by which their origin might be exclusively proved. Possibly a Phœnician inscription would have been quite unintelligible to the majority of Greeks in those days, and that may have appeared a very good reason for avoiding anything of the kind on articles intended for the Greek trade. Still we are hardly prepared for so complete an absence of Phœnician writing, unless we allow to the articles in question an antiquity which reaches back to a time when even the Phœnicians were unfamiliar with the letters which they are said to have invented. Again, we are now fairly well acquainted with the undoubted works of the Phœnicians in Cyprus and Sardinia; but between them and the objects found at Mycenæ, at Spata, and elsewhere in Greece, there is not the obvious relationship that we should have looked for. To find a complete comparison we have to go to the island of Rhodes, where it is only by a somewhat vague tradition that we know the Phœnicians to have been settled for a time. Certainly the comparison is exact and striking between the antiquities found at Mycenæ, and elsewhere in Greece, on the one hand, and those of Ialyssos in Rhodes on the other. We can hardly doubt that these Rhodian antiquities are Phœnician, and yet the absolute proof is wanting, which would have been conveyed by specimens of writing, or by more obvious resemblances to the unquestionably Phœnician antiquities of places like Cyprus. It is quite possible that these Cypriote antiquities represent a comparatively later stage of Phœnician industry. The oldest of them do not seem to go back beyond the eighth century B.C. There must be a link missing between them and the skill of handicraft which Homer knew to exist in Cyprus, and we cannot call it an unlikely assumption, that this missing link in the stages of Phœnician industry is in reality supplied by the antiquities of Ialyssos in Rhodes and of Mycenæ. The absence of writing among them would then be no more singular than the absence of all reference to writing in Homer. Still it is obvious that the question is not yet altogether disposed of.

Another primitive seat of oracular inspiration was the sacred island of Delos. In legendary times it had been consulted by many heroes, such as Agamemnon, Ulysses, and Æneas. History, however, records little of its prophetic influence, and we are obliged to accept the conclusion that Delphi had early sup-
planted

planted it. Nevertheless, an odour of sanctity, the traditions of a very ancient civilization and a most favourable position, as

‘Chief isle of the embowered Cyclades,’

had combined to render Delos always a place of importance. After the Persian wars it had been for some time the treasure-house of the confederacy of states over which Athens presided. The delegates had continued to meet there, till the supremacy and over-ruling of Athens made their meeting nugatory. The treasures of the confederacy were removed to the Parthenon; but Athens still kept her hold on the island, and never ceased to pay it the respect it deserved in religious matters. To the annual and subsequently quinquennial festival the Athenians despatched a ship with sacred envoys and offerings. The voyage occupied about a month, and we can see with what feelings it was regarded in Athens, from the fact that no person who had been condemned to death could be executed during the absence of the sacred ship on its time-honoured and solemn voyage. It is impossible to forget how it was by this circumstance that the death of Socrates was delayed. But there was another religious ceremony in Delos, with which the Athenians were associated on two occasions. In obedience to an oracle—whether issuing from Delos or elsewhere, is not said—Pisistratus took measures to open all the graves lying within sight of the temple of Apollo, and to remove the remains to another part of the island. This seems to have been a satisfactory interpretation of the oracle for the time. But later on, in B.C. 426, the Athenians were again called upon by an oracle to purify the island. This they did by opening the whole of the graves in it, and removing the contents to the neighbouring island of Rheneia, and ordering that for the future all persons at the point of death and all women nearing childbirth should be removed from Delos. On opening the graves, it was found that more than half of the dead were Carians, as was obvious from their armour and mode of burial. Such is the statement of Thucydides (iii. 104, and i. 8). He regards these early Carians as freebooters, who had shared the possession of the Greek islands with the Phœnicians, and, if his judgment is right, it would manifestly be of immense importance to explore the small island of Rheneia in search of the Carian armour re-interred there. We may hope that this will speedily be done.

Meantime the French School at Athens has been at work in Delos with singular success. Since 1877 they have rescued from oblivion many sculptures of almost the first importance, and a great variety of inscriptions bearing on the manage-
ment

ment of the temples and other matters. These results will be found stated briefly in the new Handbook. But what concerns us for the moment is the fact that, in 1873, they explored a small cave-temple in the side of Mount Cynthus, which, though previously known to travellers under the name of the Cave of the Dragon, had never been cleared and carefully examined. Excavation has shown it to be a primitive temple, of which the abrupt sides of a narrow gully form the side walls. The only masonry which was absolutely necessary was a roof, and this was formed by huge stones set on their ends, and inclined so as to meet in the middle with the appearance of an ordinary pointed roof. In the floor was a depression, which had served as a well or cistern, such as was associated with primitive oracles. There is no doubt that it was on Mount Cynthus that the shrine and oracle of Apollo existed in early times. We are now assured that the most careful search has failed to find anything answering to them except on this spot, and though negative testimony is mostly worthless in such matters, the general character of the building is calculated to sustain the belief that we have here really that primitive shrine of Apollo, at which Ulysses saw a young palm-tree shooting so straight up that he afterwards recalled the impression it had made on him when he sought a comparison for the youthful Princess Nausicaa (*Odyss.* vi. 162). The masonry reminds us of the words of Virgil (*Æneid*, iii. 84), when he describes the visit of Æneas to the oracle in Delos,

‘templa dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto.’

We have dwelt at some length on these early antiquities of Greece, because in the immediate future it may fairly be expected that revelations of much importance will flow from researches of this kind. They may not affect our knowledge of Greece in the historical ages, or alter in any way the elevating influences which the art and literature of the Greeks continue to exercise; but they must widen our notions of the origin and early development of that gifted people, and must irrevocably dispel many illusions on these points. The scholar and the artist have learnt to care more than they did once for questions affecting the early growth of Greek civilization and art; but it is to the traveller in Greece that such questions are presented in all their vivid reality, and their impressions reflect an ever increasing and clearer light on the studies of the scholar and the classic models of the artist.

- ART. III.—1. Fitzherbert (Sir A.).—*A newe Tracte or Treatyse most profitablen for all Husbandmen and very frutefull for all other persons to rede.* 4to. London, 1523.
2. The Same.—*The Booke of Surveying and Improvements.* 4to. London, 1523.
3. Tusser (Thomas).—*Fivehundred Points of good husbandry.* New Edition. By W. Mavor, LL.D. 4to. London, 1812.
4. Hartlib (Samuel).—*Legacie.* 4to. London, 1651.
5. Blith (Walter).—*English Improver Improved.* 4to. London, 1653.
6. Young (Arthur).—*A Six Weeks Tour through the Southern Counties.* 8vo. London, 1768.
7. The Same.—*A Six Months Tour through the North of England.* 8vo. London, 1771.
8. Marshall (W.).—*Rural Economy.* 8vo. London. 12 vols. 1787–1797.

THE progress of English Agriculture was in its infancy determined by the growth of population. No rotation of crops was necessary till advancing numbers limited the extent of the unoccupied land. While people were few, and land was abundant, grain-crops were only raised on light soils. Dry uplands, where the least labour told the most, were first cultivated; rich valleys, damp and filled with forest growth, remained uninhabited. Sandy soils or chalky highlands are the sites of the oldest villages. Patches of the slopes of downs were cleared of self-sown beech, and sheltered dips tilled for corn; the high ground behind was grazed by the flocks and herds; the beech-woods supplied mast for the swine. On Salisbury Plain, a century ago, there was no sign of human life except the proverbial 'thief or twain;' no contemporary mark of the hand of man but the gallows and their appendages. Yet here are to be found traces of numerous villages. The sides of the Wiltshire and Sussex downs are scored with 'lynches,' terraces running horizontally, one above the other, along the slopes. Local tradition attributes their formation to spade husbandry. Marshall, in 1797, suggested, but only to reject, the operation of the plough; recently Mr. Seebohm has revived the same theory. Whichever view of their origin is correct, they indelibly indicate the sites of the earliest settlements, and the nature of the soil first selected for tillage.

'Wild field-grass' husbandry is a more primitive form of agriculture than that practised by village communities. Of both systems co-ownership and co-tillage are characteristic. The essential difference lay in this. In the common fields of the village,

village, pasturage and tillage are permanently separated; grass-land always remains meadow or pasture; it is never broken up for tillage. Under the more primitive form fresh tracts of grass were successively taken in, ploughed, and tilled for corn. As the soil became exhausted, they reverted to pasture. Such a practice belongs to the nomadic stage, the period when '*arva per annos mutant et superest ager.*' Yet in 1804 Marshall traced the 'wild field-grass' system in the south-western counties. In some districts, lords of the manor enjoyed rights of letting portions of the grass commons to be ploughed up, cultivated for corn, and after two years thrown back into pasture. And over the whole country from the Tamar to the eastern border of Dorsetshire, he found open commons, which from time immemorial had never known the plough, distinctly marked with the ridge and furrow. Other usages of the rural population, which a century ago were more peculiar to the south-west of England, suggest that in this district village communities never prevailed. The cultivated land is divided into little patches by the high Devonshire hedge; common parish fields can hardly be traced; fewer of the inhabitants are collected into villages, more are scattered in single houses.

On this system the permanent separation of arable land from pasture hardly constitutes an advance. It was probably introduced into this country by a people accustomed, like the Anglo-Saxons, to a drier and less variable climate. Yet this alien practice for centuries governed the cultivation of two-thirds of England. Tufts of trees, conspicuous in the hedgeless expanse of land by which they were surrounded, marked the sites of villages, as they still do in the high table-land of the Pays de Caux. Within the 'tūn,' or enclosure, were the tofts and crofts of substantial peasants and the cottages and curtilages of the cottagers, 'fenced al aboute with stikkes.' These were the only property held by the members of the township in several ownership. They were also originally the only permanent enclosures. But as agriculture advanced, yards ('gerstuns,' or garstons) for rearing stock, or for the oxen which could not 'endure his warke to labour all daye, and then to be put to the commons or before the herdsman,' were enclosed in the immediate proximity of the village.

Beyond the village lay the common arable fields, including the driest and soundest land. These fields were either two or three in number. If the former, one field lay fallow, the other under tillage for corn, or beans, or pease. The dual system was, when Fleta wrote, generally superseded by the three field or Trinity arrangement; yet it prevailed near Gloucester in the

the present century. From the reign of Henry III. to that of George III. the Trinity fields received the unvarying triennial succession of wheat or rye, spring crops such as barley, oats, beans or pease, and fallow. During this period a more scientific rotation was in some districts adopted. Thus at Aston Boges, in Oxfordshire, a fourth course was interposed. But, speaking generally, common field husbandry rather retrograded than advanced. For the strict supervision of the bailiff and the reeve, or the minute observance of common rules, was exchanged an anarchy which made the land, like that of Tully Veolan, resemble in the 'unprofitable variety of its surface a tailor's book of patterns.'

Each of the three arable fields was subdivided into shots, furlongs, or flats, separated from one another by turf balks. These flats were in turn cut up into parallel strips of about an acre apiece, coinciding with the arrangement of a ploughed field in ridges and furrows. Theoretically each flat was a square of 40 poles, containing 10 acres; in practice every variety of shape and admeasurement was found. But, though the pole from which the acre was raised varied from the 13½ feet of Hampshire to the 24 feet of Cheshire, two sides of the flats always ran parallel. Thus each of the three arable fields resembled several sheets of paper, ruled with margins and lines. The separate sheets are the flats; the margins are the headlands running down the flats at right angles to, and across the ends of, the parallel acre strips which are represented by the lines. The strips, scattered over the arable fields, contained from an acre to a single pole. They were fenced off for the separate use of individuals from seed time to harvest. On Lammas Day separate use terminated, and common rights recommenced; hence the strips were often called Lammas lands. After harvest the hayward removed the fences, and the cattle of the community wandered over the fields before the common herdsman. That no occupier might find all his land fallow in the same year, everyone had strips in each of the three arable fields. If the holding was a virgate of 30 acres, there would be 10 acres in each field. To divide equally the good and bad, well and ill-situated soil, the bundle of strips allotted in each field did not lie together, but were scattered.

In the lowest part of the land—if possible along a stream—lay the 'ings,' or meadows, annually cut up into lots or doles, and put up for hay. These doles were fenced off for the separate use of individuals from Candlemas to Midsummer Day: from July to February they were common. Each lot was distinguished by a mark, such as the cross, crane's foot, or peel.

Corresponding

Corresponding marks were thrown into a hat or bag and drawn by a boy. This balloting continued up to the present century in Oxfordshire and Somersetshire. No winter keep for stock was provided; the common field farmer could only fatten cattle at the wane of the summer. Then they had the aftermath of the meadows, the stubble or haulm of the arable fields. After Michaelmas they steadily declined, and only survived the winter in a state of semi-starvation. Hence, worn-out oxen or aged cows were slaughtered in the autumn and salted for winter consumption. 'For Easter at Martylmas hang up a beef,' is the advice of Tusser.

On the outskirts of the arable fields lay one or more 'hams' or stinted pastures, supplying superior feed. Brandersham, Smithsham, and Wontnersham, suggest that special allotments were made to those who practised crafts of general utility.

The poorest and most distant land of the township was left in its native wildness. It afforded timber for fuel or fencing, mast and acorns for swine, rough pasture for the ordinary live-stock.

The common field system, thus briefly sketched, with its arable, meadow, and pasture land, prevailed at some time or other throughout England, except in the West, and underlies the present disturbances in Skye. It may still be faintly traced in England. Turf balks and lynchets record the time when 'every rood of ground maintained its man.' Irregular and regular fences, straight and crooked roads, respectively suggest the wholesale or piecemeal enclosure of common fields. The age of the hedgerow timber sometimes tells the date of the change. The space devoted to hedges by agricultural writers of the eighteenth century denotes the abolition of open fields. The scattered lands of ordinary farms, compared with the compact 'court,' 'hall,' or 'manor' farm, recalls the fact that the lord's demesne was once the only permanent enclosure. The crowding together of the rural population in villages betrays the agrarian partnership, as detached farmsteads and isolated labourers' dwellings indicate the system by which it has been supplanted.

The relation of manors to village communities lies beyond the present enquiry. Whether it represented encroachments by the lord or advances by the serf, whether, in other words, the landlaw of the noble was becoming the landlaw of the people or the reverse, is here immaterial. Roughly speaking, the immediate lordship of the land farmed by a village community, including the wastes and commons, was vested in the lord of the manor, subject to regulated rights enjoyed by its members. Distinct from the land held by the villeinage was the

the demesne, the portion reserved for the lord's personal use, his 'board-land.' The demesne land, if let out, might be resumed each season at will, but villein land was land of inheritance alienated in perpetuity on payment of certain prædial services. The lord of the manor might keep his demesne in his own hands, cultivating it as a home farm by the agricultural services of the peasantry; or he might be a modern landlord, letting it out to tenants in separate farms at an annual rent; or he might throw it into the farm of the township, and become a shareholder with his tenants in the common venture of the Agrarian Association.

The mass of the rural population lived in hereditary subjection, holding land by labour-rent. The villein proper, like Chaucer's ploughman, had 'catel' of his own. He was obliged to contribute, at the rate of an ox for each half virgate, to the manorial plough-team, which almost universally consisted of eight oxen. So tenacious was agricultural custom, that in the eighteenth century, whatever the soil or the weight of the plough, few farmers ploughed with less than this number. The uncertain services of villeins were gradually limited to boon-days or precatious. The continuous work of the farm fell to inferior peasants or actual serfs. The obligations of the peasantry varied not only with customs, but with seasons. Their most important services were the autumnal and Lenten seed-ploughings. Fallows were broken up about Hocketide, and ploughed and dunged for sowing wheat and rye about Michaelmas. Land was ploughed for oats, barley, and pease, after Epiphany; the crops sown and harrowed in March or April. Fleta gives the amount of wheat sown to the acre as two bushels; and the average yield at ten to twelve bushels. But, except on the best land, so small a seeding was rare. The quantity of seed for barley, oats, or rye, was far greater. All seed was sown broadcast, and the land, which was generally wet and foul, was more thickly seeded then than now. After the plots were sown and fenced, the hayward exacted a penalty from all trespassers, except messengers riding in haste. Corn was weeded in June. On 220 acres in Suffolk, 60 sarclers or weeders were employed on one day at 2*d.* apiece. In dry weather they were armed with a hook and a forked stick, in wet with tongs.

Nothing is more characteristic of the infancy of farming than the violence of its alternations. When roots and grasses were unknown, there was no middle course between incessant cropping and barrenness. The fallow was 'un véritable Dimanche accordé à la terre.' As with the land, so with its products.
Feasting

Feasting trode on the heels of famine. In the graphic language of ancient chroniclers, parents in 1270 ate their own children when wheat rose to 336s. a quarter at the present value of money. Except in monastic granges, no quantity of grain was stored; a corn-dealer was the 'caput lupinum' of the Legislature. Few remembered to eat within their tether, or to spare at the brink and not at the bottom. In August, 1317, wheat was 80s. a quarter; in September following it fell to 6s. 8d. Equally variable were the employments of agriculture. Months of indolence passed suddenly into intense labour. Harvesting in the Middle Ages meant the return of plenty. On 250 acres in Suffolk, towards the close of the fourteenth century, were grown wheat, oats, pease, barley, and bolymong, a mixture of pease or tares, and oats. The crops were cut and housed in two days. On the first day appeared 30 tenants to perform their 'bederepes,' and 244 reapers. On the second, the 30 tenants, and 239 reapers, pitchers, and stackers. Many of this assembly were the smaller peasantry on the manor; the rest were wandering bands of 'cockers' or harvesters. A cook, brewer, and baker, were hired to supply dinner at 9, and supper at 5. Barley and oats, as well as pease and beans, were generally mown; rye and wheat were reaped. But the harvest, as in Roman times, consisted of two operations: the first was to cut the ears, the second to remove part of the straw for thatching: the rest of the stubble was either grazed, or burned, or ploughed in.

The crops were wheat, rye, oats, barley, beans, pease, and, in smaller quantities, flax and hemp. Of grain-crops rye was the chief; it is the hardiest, grows on the poorest soils, makes the toughest straw. Rye was then the bread-stuff of the peasantry. It was generally mixed with wheat-flour. Bread so made was called maslin.* Wheat and rye were often sown together. Tusser condemns the practice, 'lest rye tarry wheat till it shed as it stand'; but it prevailed in Yorkshire in 1797 as a cure for mildew. By itself wheat was seldom sown. Barley was the drink-corn, as rye the bread-corn, of the Middle Ages; drage† was the commonest and best sort for malting. Oats were extensively cultivated in the North; but they were grey-awned, thin, and poor. Little manure was used. In enclosed farms all the dung produced was thrown on the 'infield;' the 'outfield' was neglected. Horses were scarcely used in agriculture. Oxen cost less, are shod only on the forefeet, do more on hilly ground; their gear and winter keep is less expensive: they are 'mannes meat when dead, while the horse is carrion.'

* Lat. 'mixtilio.' Harrison, 'miscellin.' Yorkshire, 1797, 'maahelson.'

† Lat. drageum, dredge: bigge; bere barley.

In the Middle Ages the monks were the pioneers of agriculture. The 'strenuous idleness' of a baronial aristocracy revolted from farming. This contempt for bucolic life is illustrated by heraldry. Sport, war, religion, supply its emblems: agricultural implements and products are disdained till, like the garb of the Washbournes, the haywains of the Hays, the scythe of the Sneyds, they have been ennobled by martial use. The monks studied agriculture by the light of Varro and Columella. But their influence was sometimes opposed to progress. Corn was indispensable to monasteries, and its growth was often compulsory on monastic tenants. Thus the 'fat vale' of Evesham was cut up into arable parcels, so small and scattered, that no tenant could lay his holding down to grass. That their love of ale induced monks to compel the cultivation of barley where oats were more profitable, is probably a slander. From 1350 onwards the relations of owner and occupier assume a modern aspect; leases became common; villeinage and serfdom disappear: out of the Black Death and the French wars arise tenant farmers, copyholders, free wage-earning labourers. The first half of the 15th century most nearly realized the peasant's dream of Arcadia. Rural life in the preceding period must be studied, not in the holiday scenes of Chaucer, but in the realistic pictures of Longland. Between 1389 and 1444 the wages of agricultural labourers doubled: harvests were plentiful; beef, mutton, pork, became their food: sumptuary laws attest their prosperity: the standard purity of the coinage was steadily maintained.

The end of the Wars of the Roses synchronized with a great agricultural and social change. The old organization of society was broken up; land was regarded not as a source of power but of wealth; the new commercial spirit did not multiply retainers, but recognized that 'the foot of the sheep turns sand into gold.' Forfeitures, the extinction of baronial families, the suppression of the monasteries, threw the land into new hands, and severed the link with the old tenantry. After 1400, a tendency had set in towards small convertible arable farms: tenants withdrew from the common farm of the township and exchanged their scattered strips for compact tenements of from 30 to 120 acres: landlords found self-farming unprofitable, when agricultural services were commuted for money and the Black Death had raised the rate of wages, and they divided their demesnes into small holdings let on lease. From 1460 onwards, commercial interests combined with social changes to give this tendency a new direction. The growth of woollen manufactories raised the price of English wool, which commanded the market at home and abroad. Wool was easy of transport, little liable to damage, subject to no duties.

Baltic

Baltic corn, on the other hand, competed successfully with English grain in foreign markets; as a merchandisable commodity corn was liable to every tax and damage. Arable farming was expensive and uncertain; sheep-feeding sure and cheap. Tillage gave way to pasturage. Landlords withdrew their demesnes from the common farm, or evicted their tenants, and converted their land into parks or sheep-walks where only a shepherd found employment. They encroached upon and enclosed the commons by force or connivance with the principal commoners. The purchase of common rights must have been rare, for in the reign of Edward VI. the Statute of Merton was re-enacted. Tenants were encouraged to consolidate their buildings, to exchange open fields for separate farms, to divide the common pasture with the landlord. Legislation failed to compel landowners to limit their flocks and maintain their farm-buildings: statutes were evaded or exemptions purchased. Still more vain was the quaint pedantry of the law, which gave arable land the precedence over all other lands, conferred privileges on beasts of the plough above other beasts, voided bonds to restrain tillage. 'Depopulatores agrorum' were denied the benefit of clergy, sanctuary, or Christian burial. In spite of every effort, England remained till the 18th century the sheep-feeding country she had become under the Tudors.

Practical agriculturists such as Fitzherbert saw the advantages of enclosures both to landlord and tenant: advanced free-traders might agree with Raleigh that England, like Holland, could be wholly supplied with grain from abroad without troubling the people with tillage. Many, however, looked no further than the immediate distress which these changes produced. Wage-earning labourers were thrown out of employment, tenant farmers were evicted from their holdings; crowds of small yeomen, copyholders, and cottars, who had eked out their livelihood by the produce of the stock which they maintained on the commons, were ruined. John Rous, the monk and antiquary of Warwick, was the first to protest against the conversion of the country into a wilderness, traversed only by shepherds and their dogs. Pole, Brinklow, More, Bacon, Strype, declaimed against a system which Latimer and Gilpin denounced from their pulpits. The cry of the people disturbed the learned quiet of Ascham, reached the ears even of Somerset and Edward VI. Their distresses broke to the surface in the numerous agrarian insurrections of the century. The sweating sickness claimed its thousands; famine, rot, and murrain, prevailed continuously. The high prices of necessities, combined with the loss of commons and bad seasons, drove the small proprietors

proprietors over the narrow border which separated them from starvation. Rents rose exorbitantly, till, for farmers at rack-rent, existence was a misery. There was an ominous growth of middlemen, 'leasemongers, who take groundes by lease to the entente to lette them againe for double and tripple the rente,' who battened on the earth-hunger of the people. Even those labourers who found employment worked for less wages than they received in the preceding century. They were compelled to accept the rate fixed by the employers; the arguments were whipping, branding, the galleys, or death. Thousands besides 'poor Tom' were whipped from 'tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprisoned.' Violent changes in the coinage aggravated distress. As silver flowed in from America, money fell in value, but wages rarely followed the rise in prices. The labour-market was glutted; guild jealousies excluded peasants from trade. The poor-laws were passing from voluntary almsgiving to the compulsory support of the poor. There was no substitute for monastic bounty. Shakspeare drew no fancy picture, but one of which 'the country gave him proof and precedent,' of the 'bedlam beggars' who

'from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.'

Meanwhile large farmers profited by the high prices of agricultural produce. While Latimer laments the degradation of small yeomen who, like his father, had farms of 'three to four pounds a year at the uttermost,' Harrison describes the rise of substantial farmers and the middle classes, and the chimneys, the beds, the pewter, which for the first time appeared in their houses.

With the Tudor period begins the agricultural literature of England. Besides Fitzherbert and Tusser, there were Turner, Gooze, Sir Hugh Plat, Plattes, Markham, and others. 'Mayster Fitzherbert's Boke of Husbandry' was 'imprynted in 1523,' and in the same year appeared his 'Boke of Surveying.' The reputed author, a judge of the Common Pleas, treated his subjects in the most practical manner. His theory of the origin of the fluke in sheep survives in a more scientific form at the present day. Tusser embodies his experiences in doggerel verse, without any invocations of Pomona or Ceres. In his own life he illustrated the difficulty of combining the practical farmer with the contemplative poet. 'He spread his bread,' says Fuller, 'with all sorts of butter, yet none would

ever stick thereon.' His book was long recognized as a useful guide to farmers. In 1723, Lord Molesworth proposed that schools of agriculture should be established, in which 'Tusser's work should be taught to the boys to read, to copy, and get by heart.' Clover and artificial grasses were unknown to Tusser and Fitzherbert: the former mentions turnips as 'a kitchen garden root to boil or butter.' Both advocate enclosures, and instance Essex and Suffolk to prove the superior cultivation under the newer system. Tusser's testimony is the more valuable, as he was an Essex man and a Suffolk farmer. The proverbial 'Suffolk stiles' seem to point to the early extinction of parish fields; but both counties partly owed their pre-eminence to the possession of some of the highways between the Netherlands and London. Chaucer's merchant demand that the sea be kept clear between Orwell and Middleburgh.

At the end of the seventeenth century the prospects of agriculture seemed brightening. As Hartlib, the friend of Milton and pensioner of Cromwell, puts it, 'ingenuities, curiosities, and good husbandry, began to flourish.' 'The soil,' says Harrison, 'had growne to be more fruitful, and the countryman more painful, more careful, and more skilful for recompense of gain.' Wheat averaged 'on the well-tilled and dressed acre' twenty bushels. Improved means of communication facilitated progress; increased attention was paid to manuring. New materials for agricultural wealth accumulated, especially through the revival of gardening. Since the wars of the Roses this art had nearly expired. Herbs, fruits, and roots, which had been plentiful in the fifteenth century, had died out, or were thrown to the pigs. Even in 1650, Hartlib says that gardening was hardly known in the North and West of England. Onions, cabbages, carrots, parsnips, 'colleflowers,' were chiefly imported from Flanders; though Piers Plowman could command the two former vegetables, they were now rare except about Fulham and the Suffolk coast. Carrots were called Sandwich carrots, after the chief place of their cultivation. Turnips were scarcely grown except in gardens near London. Potatoes were still exotics, and luxuries of the rich. Both turnips and clover are urged on English farmers by Elizabethan writers. Googe, who knew the Low Countries, calls clover 'trèfle de Bourgogne,' and, after Heresbach, supposes it to be a Moorish grass, brought in by the Spaniards. In the same author's mention of a car armed with sharp sickles may be traced the first hint of the reaping-machine.

The Civil War checked agricultural progress. Husbandry, if it did not decline, languished. It was a period of extreme distress.

distress. In 1651 Blith says that the poor farmers 'lived worse than in Bridewell;' Hartlib adds, that but for foreign supplies the people must have starved. Wheat rose rapidly, till in 1648 it stood at 85s. the quarter. This rise was due, not only to the deficiency of harvests, but of arable land. Hartlib calculates that, in England and Wales, not more than four million acres were under tillage. While beef and mutton also rose to 3½d. per pound, daily wages without food advanced only 1d. upon the 3d. of 1444.

On the other hand, the work of preparation continued uninterruptedly. To Sir Richard Weston, of Sutton in Surrey, formerly Ambassador in the Palatinate, belongs the credit of the first successful cultivation of turnips and clover. As Brillat Savarin valued a new dish above a new star, so Young regards Weston as a 'greater benefactor than Newton.' He did, in fact, give bread to millions. Blith and Markham followed him, but it was long, as the latter says, before clover emerged from 'the fields of gentlemen into common use.' Hartlib urges the adoption of roots, and clover, and the folding of sheep, 'after the Flaunders manner,' as a means of improving sandy commons. Worlidge and Houghton, at the close of the century, speak of these pivots of English agriculture as already established in some parts of the country. Drainage was ably discussed by Blith in 1641 and 1652. As remedies for agrarian distress, he suggests the employment of more capital, the abolition of 'slavish customs,' the extinction of 'vermine,' the recognition of tenant-right, but, above all, the necessity of drainage. Blith deals not only with surface-water, but the constant action of stagnant bottom-water. No drain could, he said, touch the 'cold spewing moyst water that feeds the flagg and rush,' unless it was 'a yard or four feet deep,' provided with proper outfalls. His views are sound and advanced on a general scheme for drainage, in which landowners should be compelled to join for 'the commonwealth's advantage.'

When Blith wrote, the drainage of the Fens was a question of importance. The Fen district was seventy miles long, in places thirty miles broad, and covered 680,000 acres. This was not land which had been under water since the Flood. Thorney was, in the time of William of Malmesbury, rich in vineyards and orchards, well wooded, productive, 'a very paradise of pleasure and delight.' The drainage works of the Romans had been carried on by the monks of Thorney, Crowland, Ramsey, Ely, Spinney. But latterly they had fallen out of repair. The river-beds were foul, the channels choked; the streams continually overflowed their banks. Twice a day tides

drove back the fresh water, and prevented the discharge of the upland streams. The outfalls of the rivers silted up so rapidly, that in 1635, at Skirbeck Sluice, near Boston, a smith's forge and tools were found buried under sixteen feet of deposit. Moreton's leam, a cut from Peterborough to Denver, the first modern drainage-work, commemorates the famous Bishop of Ely. In 1630 the Earl of Bedford, with thirteen gentlemen adventurers, undertook to drain the southern fens. Though the Bedford level was the most completely executed work, the appliances could not cope with the rainfall of a wet season. Windmills were used to raise the waters of the interior districts to the level of the main river; Hartlib speaks of a 'Holland mill for dreynyn set up at Ely and kept by a certaine Frenchman.' But these clumsily-constructed mills were inadequate. Other parts of the fens were in the same way partially reclaimed: others remained untouched till the present century. In some parts the works were never completed, or fell into decay, or were carried out by persons whom Blith characterizes as 'mountebank engineers.' In many districts the mills and embankments were destroyed by the fenmen. The following stanza is quoted from the doggerel poem of some fen Tyrtæus:—

'Come brethren of the water, and let us all assemble,
To treat upon this matter which makes us quake and tremble;
For we shall rue it, if 't be true, the Fens are undertaken,
And where we feed in fen and reed, they'll feed both beef and mutton.'

It is somewhat curious that foreigners should have taught the English the treatment of water. The Dutch drained our fens; irrigation, warping, canals, are all foreign importations. Before the Revolution the country, as has been seen, possessed the means of recovering its strength, and indefinitely increasing its productiveness. New methods of cultivation were studied, new crops introduced from abroad. Turnips offered winter keep for cattle; with cultivated grasses, they supplied the means of enriching sands now profitable only as rabbit warrens: the same discoveries prevented the waste of land by exhaustive cropping and subsequent idleness under fallow. Drainage had been more practically discussed than it was destined to be again till the time of Smith of Deanston. The burdens of feudal tenures had been removed. But farmers were slow to profit by their improved position or to adopt new methods. No one, as Hartlib says, dared attempt innovations, lest he should be called 'a projector.' Little advantage was taken of the discoveries of experimental farmers; no general improvement

ment was effected on the agriculture of the Georgics: no grazier formed a truer standard of shape than Virgil or Columella.

The gigantic strides by which agriculture has advanced within the present century dwarf previous progress into insignificance; but the change between 1700 and 1800 was astonishing. While population doubled itself, the number of persons engaged in agriculture decreased not only relatively, but, up to 1770, actually. Before the end of the reign of George III. more than five million acres of land were enclosed. England not only produced food for a population that had doubled itself, and grain for treble the number of horses, at a greatly reduced expenditure of labour, but during part of the period was, as M. de Lavergne says, the granary of Europe. From 1700 to 1764 the standard of living among all classes was considerably raised. Population increased more slowly than the productiveness of the soil; poor-rates fell below the figures of the preceding century; real wages were higher than they had been since the reign of Henry VI. Harvests were continuously prosperous; wheat, in spite of large exports, averaged, between 1713 and 1764, 34s. 11d. a quarter. There was little civil war or tumult, no rapidly increasing class of artizans, no glut of the labour market. Living improved among all classes. Instead of 'Martylmas beef,' the salted carcasses of half-starved oxen, fresh meat was eaten by the peasantry. Wheat bread ceased to be a luxury of the wealthy; rye was now chiefly grown as a forage crop. The oaten loaves of Lancashire only survived in the proverb 'that's noan jannock.' In 1760 wheat was the bread stuff of five-eighths of the population. The only set off to agricultural prosperity was the cattle plague which visited England three times during the period. Here the only remedy was to slaughter infected animals: the Government, paying one-third of the value, expended 135,000*l.* in a single year. The period was tasteless, coarse, and apathetic; but it was the golden age of the English peasant.

The next half century witnessed a complete change. The Poor Law of 1733 had checked population. Cottages were razed to the ground, lest they should become 'nests for beggars' brats.' But no impediments could resist the effects of the prosperity of the previous period, or of the development of trade. Population sprang up with a bound; war raised necessities to famine prices; bread, meat, cheese, beer, candles, were trebled; only clothing was cheapened. Probably a great change in climate took place after 1764. The harvests were as unprosperous as they had previously been favourable; the imports of grain exceeded

ceeded the exports. In no part of the country did the purchasing power of wages rise with prices. The allowance system set a premium on large families, and so fostered the evil it was designed to alleviate. It was now that the South fell hopelessly behind the North. Before 1770 the rate of wages was lower in the North than the South; now the position was reversed. Wages remained stationary in the South, eked out by mischievous allowances, while in the North they followed, though irregularly, the rise of prices. The introduction of machinery threw crowds of artisans out of work; the enclosure of commons again ruined thousands of small freeholders and copyholders. After 1814 the heavy fall of prices produced severe distress among landlords and tenants. Two years later the Board of Agriculture sent a circular letter throughout the counties to ascertain the state of the kingdom. The answers show that landlords reduced their rents 25 per cent., struck off arrears, gave farms rent free for a year; that still great quantities of land were thrown up; that improvements were at a standstill, live-stock decreased, and the country was filled with gangs of depredators; that everywhere 'bankruptcies, seizures, executions, imprisonments, and farmers become parish paupers,' were numerous. It is an extraordinary proof of the elasticity of the country that within ten years the social balance was restored.

The exertions of men like Townshend, Bakewell, Young, and Coke, enabled farmers to meet the wants of a growing population. With their names is associated the agricultural progress of the century. Within the period in question there grew up a class which earned high wages and could afford to purchase farm produce. But for this class agriculturists would have remained content with satisfying their own wants. The crisis at home and abroad gives peculiar interest to the advance of agriculture. England was sharing in that industrial movement which culminated politically in the rise of the new republic of America, and the downfall of the ancient monarchy of France. It is more exciting to watch the political earthquake on the Continent; but it is more satisfactory to trace the peaceful operations of Nature by which the face of society was changed in England. To measure the influence of agriculture upon the two movements is impossible; but here, at least till the close of the century, there was no gap between it and the general advance of industry.

After the English Revolution a new stimulus had been given to arable farming. The exportation of British wool was forbidden, and home manufactures could not take up the supply.

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At the same time duties were laid on foreign wheat, and bounties were offered for the export of corn. Farmers were thus attracted back from pasture to tillage. The wars which ravaged the Continent, and prevented foreign nations from sowing or harvesting their crops, completed what domestic policy initiated. It was at this crisis that Lord Townshend began the Norfolk, or four-course, system of husbandry, long the model for all other counties.

Hitherto Suffolk and Essex had afforded the best examples of English farming. Suffolk was famous for its breed of Suffolk Punches, short compact horses, of about fifteen hands high, properly of a sorrel colour, unrivalled in their power of draught. It was famous also for its dairy produce, especially its cheese, 'so hard that pigs grunt at it, dogs bark at it, but none dare bite it.' The mystery of its interior fired Bloomfield to sing of the Suffolk cheese which—

'Mocks the weak effort of the bending blade,
Or in the hog trough rests in perfect spite,
Too big to swallow and too hard to bite.'

The southern part of the county was chiefly held in small farms, cultivated with the care and neatness of '*la petite culture*.' Hollow drainage was practised earlier in Suffolk and Essex than elsewhere. The drains were wedge-shaped, filled with hazel boughs, bullocks' horns, ropes of twisted straw, stones or peat. Crag, a calcareous shelly mixture of phosphates, was extensively used in the eastern part of Suffolk, to fertilize the soil. The depth and size of the pits prove the antiquity of the practice. Ploughing was economically conducted: two horses only were used: oxen were unknown: 'no groaning ox is doomed to labour there' is the evidence of Bloomfield. The absence of oxen is an incidental proof of the early enclosure of the county and of the prevalence of farmers rather than peasant proprietors. Yet, even in these favoured counties, successive corn crops were raised till the land ceased to bear, or weeds overpowered the cereals. Crabbe, himself a native of Suffolk, describes how—

'Rank weeds that every care and art defy,
Reign o'er the land and rob the blighted rye.'

Little effort was made to restore the fertility of the soil: roots were practically unknown; artificial grasses seldom, if ever, sown: scarcely any manure was used. The impoverished land was left to recover itself as best it could to grass. In the north-west corner of Suffolk tracts of moor and heath, alternating

nating with blowing sands and rabbit-warrens, were interspersed with scanty patches of arable land, choked with weeds, in various stages of exhaustion.

Lord Townshend's estates were situated in Norfolk, then covered with rush-grown marshes, or sandy wastes where a few sheep starved, and 'two rabbits struggled for every blade of grass.' The brief but exhaustive list of its productions is 'nettles and warrens.' Six hundred thousand acres of Lincolnshire were either fen or wold. From Sleaford to Brigg, 'all that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town,' was a desolate moor over which a land lighthouse, Dunstan pillar, guided travellers. There were no fences for miles, but the furze-capped sand-banks which enclosed the warrens. The high ground running from Spilsby to Caistor was similarly a bleak unproductive heath. From the edge of the wolds to the sea was a boggy wilderness. Both counties were as much additions to the profitable dominions of England as any warlike conquests. Young, in 1760, describes the effect of Townshend's Norfolk husbandry on a district near Norwich :—

'Thirty years ago it was an extensive heath without either tree or shrub, only a sheep-walk to another farm. Such a number of carriages crossed it, that they would sometimes be a mile abreast of each other in pursuit of the best track. Now there is an excellent turnpike road, inclosed on each side with a good quickset hedge, and the whole laid out in inclosures and cultivated in the Norfolk system in superior style. The whole is let at 15s. an acre, ten times the original value.'

It was not till the close of the century that this description of the improvements effected by the Norfolk system applied to the whole of the county. Still later was it before the methods which turned Lincoln heath from a rabbit-warren to a sheep market were generally adopted in Lincolnshire.

Among the improvements adopted by Townshend was the practice of marling. In ancient leases in Normandy tenants covenanted to marl. In England the practice had died out, owing, as Fitzherbert thought, partly to 'ydlenes,' partly to want of confidence between landlord and tenant. Markham says that marl was once largely used, since trees 200 or 300 years old grew in spent marl pits, but that it had been discontinued after the wars of the Roses. Farmers believed that marl was 'good for the father, bad for the son,' till Townshend proved its value on the light sands of Norfolk. The tide of fashion set once more in its favour: and farmers found another proverb for their purpose—

'Ho

classed turnips with rats among Hanoverian novelties, and refused their assistance. Nor was it possible to introduce roots or grasses among open-field farmers on land which was common from August to Candlemas. But as the immense benefits of green crops became more evident, the work of enclosure was accelerated. Besides the land enclosed by Act of Parliament, thousands of acres were enclosed piecemeal by interchange among individual occupiers, or by agreement and redistribution in separate parcels among the whole body of commoners.

The discoveries in the art of stock-breeding made by Bakewell, of Dishley in Leicestershire, produced even more startling results. Before his day the English farmer, like the Lord Chancellor, took his seat on the woolsack. British wool commanded the highest prices: it had been the chief object of agriculturists for three centuries. Sheep as a wool-producing animal had long been studied in England. But our farmers gained a start over other agriculturists by their readiness to detect coming changes. When Louis XVI. was forming his flock of merinos at Rambouillet to improve French fleeces, English sheep-farming took a fresh departure, which had for its object, not wool, but butcher's meat.

Bakewell was an agricultural opportunist, 'un homme de génie qui a fait autant pour la richesse de son pays que ses contemporains Arkwright et Watt.' He saw that the day was near when meat would be more valued in the ox than draught, or in the sheep than wool. He succeeded in producing beef and mutton for the million. Visitors gathered from every part of the world to learn from him what are now axioms of stock-husbandry. In appearance he resembled the typical yeoman who figures on Staffordshire pottery, 'a tall broad-shouldered stout man of brown-red complexion, clad in a loose brown coat and scarlet waistcoat, leather breeches, and top boots.' In his kitchen he entertained 'Russian princes, French and German royal dukes, British peers, and sight-seers of every degree.' He never altered the routine of his daily life. 'Breakfast at eight; dinner at one; supper at nine; bed at eleven o'clock: at half-past ten, let who would be there, he knocked out his last pipe.'

Before his day no true standard of shape was recognized. 'Cattle,' wrote Culley in 1809, 'were more like ill-made black horses than an ox or a cow.' The favourite type were the gaunt Holderness breed, because they offered most space for the laying on of flesh. Oxen were prized for their power of draught: parish bulls were selected for those qualities which in Obadiah's pet were alleged to be wanting. No attention, except, as

Hartlib

Hartlib allows, in Lancashire and the Northern counties, was paid to breed: it was a promiscuous union of nobody's son with everybody's daughter. Thus misshapen wall-sided beasts were scattered all over the country, and prizes were offered for the animal with the longest legs. Similarly sheep were leggy unthrifty animals, valued mainly for their wool. Bakewell's experiments were, it is said, made on the 'old Leicestershire' or Warwickshire sheep crossed with the Ryeland. Marshall thus describes the 'true old Warwickshire' ram:—'His frame large and loose; his bones heavy; his legs long and thick, his chine as well as his rump as sharp as a hatchet; his skin rattling on his ribs like a skeleton bound in parchment.'

With these unpromising materials Bakewell in 1750 began his uphill task. He discovered the principle of selection. He only used those rams and ewes that possessed the qualities which he wished to reproduce. As these qualities were perpetuated, the breed was formed. His object was to breed animals which weighed most in the best joints, and quickest repaid the food they consumed. 'Small in size and great in value,' or the Holkham toast of 'symmetry well covered,' was his motto. The great merits of his new Leicester sheep were their fattening propensities and early maturity. While other breeds required three or four years to fit them for market, the new Leicesters were prepared in two. Those who tried the Dishley sheep found that they thrived where others starved, that while alive they were the hardiest, when dead the heaviest. Bakewell realized a large fortune. In 1755 he let his rams for the season at 16s. each: in 1789 a society was formed to extend his breed of sheep, which hired his rams at 6000 guineas for the season.

Bakewell raised the new Leicesters to the highest pitch of perfection. But this was not all. His breed was best suited to the plains, but was ill adapted to hills or mountains. He had, however, shown the way in which breeds might be improved; imitation was easy. In a less immediate sense he was the creator, not only of the new Leicesters, but of the South Downs and the Cheviots. Before these civilized breeds, fitted for the plain, the hill, and the mountain, native races, like the Northumberland 'mugs,' the foresters of Nottingham, the Morfe common sheep, died away. But gradually supporters rallied round other varieties. Bakewell's weapons were turned against himself: native sheep of other districts were improved by crossing with the Leicesters or the South Downs; and, though to these two breeds precedence will always be given on historical grounds, it may be questioned whether they have not been rivalled both in beauty and utility.

In

In cattle breeding Bakewell was less successful. It was his material, not his system, which failed. He endeavoured to found his typical race on the Westmoreland cattle, the purest breed of the Craven Longhorns. But Bakewell could not produce the same results which he had developed in the new Leicester sheep. His cattle were good milkers, and little more. But it was by his example and practice that other breeds with better natural qualities were improved. Thus the Teeswater or Durham Shorthorns, both as dairy and meat-producing cattle, jumped into the foremost place. Similarly Tomkins took up and improved the Hereford cattle. By a pardonable anachronism Scott has assigned to the Laird of Killancureit, 'a bull of matchless merit brought from the county of Devon (the Damnonia of the Romans, if we may trust Robert of Gloucester.)' But the Devon cattle were only known as draught oxen for the plough in the days of Waverley.

Bakewell's success and the increasing demand for butchers' meat raised up a host of imitators. Breeders everywhere followed his example: his standard of excellence was gradually recognized. The foundation of the Smithfield Club in 1793 did much to promote the improvement of live stock. In 1740 the average gross weight of cattle sold at Smithfield Market was 370 lbs., and that of sheep 28 lbs. By the close of the century the weight of both was doubled. But local prejudices were hard to overcome; it was years before farmers ceased to value the shape and proportions which gratified the taste of their ancestors. The 'John Trot geniuses' of farming were hardly convinced even by interviews with the Shorthorns or New Leicesters which were paraded through the county. The formation of herds became a favourite pursuit of the wealthy. Flora MacIvor might herself have lived to see the day when country gentlemen were breeders of cattle without being 'boorish two-legged steers like Killancureit.' The subsequent history of cattle-breeding, especially of the 'Shorthorns,' we must pass over as scarcely within the limits of our present subject.

Before 1780 the Eastern counties and Leicestershire had alone profited to any substantial degree by improvements in agriculture or stock breeding. The character of the farmers, the size of their holdings, the small number of open fields, the terms of land-letting, will explain the keenness of the spirit of progress. Young and Marshall agree that, in these counties, farms were large, and landlords and tenants enterprising. The farmers in Norfolk occupied 'the same position in society as the clergy and smaller squires;' in Lincolnshire 'many had mounted their nags and examined other parts of the country'; in Leicestershire

cestershire they 'had travelled much and mixed constantly with one another.' Throughout these districts farmers were well educated, and possessed sufficient capital and confidence, though generally only holding at will or from year to year, to expend large sums of money on their land. Elsewhere agriculture languished. The West was still the Bœotia of English farming. The greater part of the fens were still undrained. Though many farmers in the North were masters of from 5000 to 40,000 sheep, and tenants of farms from 500*l.* to 2000*l.* a year, they still milked their ewes, and were ignorant of the nature of a fold. Half England was cultivated in very small farms, or by small peasant proprietors, or on the common field system. The Vale of Pickering, in Yorkshire, was farmed by the township, the common sheep-walks and pastures were overrun with bushes and weeds, the arable fields incessantly ploughed for an unvarying succession of crops, the meadows mown year after year without intermission or amelioration. At Naseby, a few pasture enclosures surrounded the mud-built village; the open fields, tilled on the Trinity system, were crossed and re-crossed by paths to the different holdings, uneven, filled with cavernous depths of mire: the common pastures were rough, full of furze, rushes, and fern. Bosworth Field, in 1785, was in wheat, as it had been three centuries before. In Oxfordshire and the neighbouring counties the common field system extensively prevailed. At Aston Boges, in Oxfordshire, the customs of the manor, 'used time out of mind,' were confirmed in 'ye 35th yeare of Queen Elizabeth, ano. dom. 1593.' The rules of cultivation which they laid down were carried out in the present century by the Sixteens, representatives chosen one from every four of the sixty-four yardlands into which the manor was divided. In 1797 Rothwell, in Northamptonshire, contained 3000 acres: 600 acres were small enclosures near the village: the remaining 2400 acres were in three district fields of 800 acres each, partly arable, partly meadow, divided into 80 yardlands cut up into parcels, and scattered over the fields. Stewkley, in Buckinghamshire, was at the same time surrounded by three extended fields, one fallow, one wheat, one beans. There were 104 yardlands of thirty acres each. The main roads were rendered invisible by the drift ways to the various properties. The Cotswolds, from Broadway to Tetbury, and from Birdlip to Burford, lay unenclosed. Farmers were poor, ignorant, spiritless: holdings were small, wages low. On common fields it was impossible to introduce green crops, or to profit by the discoveries of Bakewell. Young had some reason for the conclusion that the 'Goths and Vandals of open-field farmers must die out before any complete change takes place.'

In

In Essex and Suffolk leases for terms of years, with clauses as to management, were not unknown. But even landlords entertained prejudices against leases, because of the supposed want of reciprocity. In 1810 Young found many Oxfordshire landlords who never gave leases, because 'they told the farmer when he might begin systematically to exhaust the land.' Agreements, voidable on either side at six months' notice, were the rule in the country. Where a good understanding existed between landlord and tenant, leases were not indispensable. But if tenants at will lost confidence, as in Yorkshire at the close of the century, 'good farming ceased, for fear the fields should look green, and the rent be raised.' Enterprise was impossible without certainty of return for outlay. Tenants-at-will adopted the routine of the district, and plodded along in the beaten track trodden by their ancestors. The Berkshire saying

'He that havocs may sit,
He that improves must flit.'

expressed the popular belief that, if the tenant improved his land, he would be forced either to leave his holding or pay a higher rent. Leases for lives were the usual form, when the tenure was not at will or from year to year. But their utility was marred by the absence of any clauses of management or provision for the maintenance of buildings. In Devonshire leases were, as Fitzherbert advises, for three lives; but the landlord was often obliged, as the third life drew to its close, to put himself in as sub-tenant to save his farm buildings from irreparable ruin.

Still greater obstacles to agricultural progress were presented by an inert mass of local prejudice and an obstinate adherence to antiquated methods. The open-field system provided sufficient for the occupiers who required nothing more. Where land was enclosed, the ignorance of the farmers made the dissemination of new ideas difficult. Not only could few read or write, but they entertained a not unjustifiable contempt for book farmers. Few agricultural writers had had the practical experience of Fitzherbert; most wrote as if they had never travelled beyond the sound of Bow Bells. Sometimes their books were too systematic or too general; sometimes their promises were so extravagant as to give literary agriculturists the reputation of quack medicine vendors. Ridiculous and valuable suggestions are intermixed. Here is the remedy, suggested by Hartlib or his editor Beati, for flukes in sheep. 'Take serpents or (which is best) vipers: cut their heads and tayles off and dry the rest to powder: mingle this powder with salt, and give
a few

a few grains of it so mingled to sheep.' Bewildered agriculturists fared ill between the bad scholarship, the inexperience, and the incorrect chemistry, which was offered them in the name of science. In practice experimental farmers had often failed. Like ancient alchemists, they starved in the midst of their golden dreams. Tusser, teaching thrift, never throve. Gabriel Plattes, the corn-seller who boasted that he could raise thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, died in the streets for want of bread. Jethro Tull, instead of gaining an estate, lost two by his horse-hoeing husbandry. Arthur Young failed twice in farm management before he began his invaluable tours.

Difficulties of communication impeded agricultural progress. Under the open-field system, the neighbourhood had no interest for the village; drift lanes to closes were alone important. Like ancient geographers, they knew their own district, while to all beyond they applied the description of impassable wastes or horrid sands. Some of the great highways were in good repair. Turnpike roads had been established in 1663; and in the reign of George II.—

' . . . no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country or the town.'

Yet, in the eighteen miles of turnpike road between Preston and Wigan, Young 'measured ruts four feet in depth and floating in mud only from a wet summer,' and passed three broken-down carts. Essex in the time of Fitzherbert was famous for its bad roads. In the eighteenth century, it worthily maintained its reputation. 'A mouse could barely pass a carriage in its narrow lanes,' which were filled with bottomless ruts, and often choked by a string of chalk waggons buried so deep in the mire that they could only be extricated by thirty or forty horses. Norfolk possessed such natural capacity for good roads, that Charles II. suggested it should be cut up to provide highways for the rest of the kingdom. Yet even in this county Young found 'not a yard of good road.' In remoter or more backward parts of England roads were impassable except for well-mounted horsemen or waggons drawn by twelve horses. In narrow country lanes bells on the team were not an ornament but a necessary warning. Farmers of one district knew the practices of the next as little as those of Kamtchatka. Outside their limited range were only—

' Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.'

This extreme isolation was a formidable obstacle. Yet the
days

days when Gloucester seemed in 'the Orcades,' and York was a Pindaric flight from London, had advantages. In 1800 it took fifty-four hours for 'a philosopher, six shirts, his genius, and his hat upon it,' to reach London from Dublin.

Traditional practices were agricultural heirlooms, which farmers guarded with jealous care: ocular proof of the superiority of new systems failed to wean them from the routine of their ancestors. Hartlib complained that in Kent he had seen 'four, six, yea, twelve horses and oxen to one plough;' nor were the teams diminished a century later. By immemorial custom in Gloucestershire, two men and a boy, with a team of six horses, were employed for ploughing. Mr. Coke sent a Norfolk ploughman into the county, who, with a pair of horses and a Norfolk plough, did the same amount of work in the same time. But though the annual expenses were thus diminished by 120*l.*, it was twenty years before neighbours profited by the lesson. In 1780 a Norfolk farmer settled in Devonshire, where he cultivated turnips on the newest methods. His crops were larger and finer than those of other farmers; yet at the close of the century none had followed his example. Young, in 1768, says that clover and turnips were unknown in many parts of the country. Clover was not sown in Northumberland before 1752, turnips did not appear till eight years later. The first root-crop in Cumberland was grown in 1793. Even where turnips were cultivated, drill husbandry was unheard of; broadcast sowing still prevailed; hoeing was hardly practised out of the Eastern Counties. As to Jethro Tull, Young adds, 'farmers knew not that such a man existed.' In Devonshire, till nearly the end of the century, the spade was of the shape known to cardplayers, and crops were carried, or 'led,' from the fields, packed in crooks arranged on the backs of horses. When Davies wrote his report on Wiltshire in 1811, turnips were almost unknown, though sheep were the sheet-anchor of the agriculture of the county. In 1812 Strickland surveyed the East Riding of Yorkshire. In that year wheat had reached 122*s.* the quarter: but much of the land was still in open fields. Irish farmers at the end of the eighteenth century still used sledges, still sowed their potatoes broadcast, still 'walked backwards before their teams, striking them in the face when they wished them to advance,' still 'drew their plows and harrows by their horses' tails.' 'Indignant reader,' exclaimed Young, 'this is no jest of mine, but cruel, stubborn, barbarous truth.' Yet in 1634 an Act was necessary in England 'agaynst plowynge by the taile.'

The useful work of studying the agricultural practices of England,

England, and disseminating the results of scientific experiments, was undertaken by Arthur Young. His name is ignored in many works on agriculture, notably in the article in the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' France has better appreciated his merits. In the phrase of M. Lesage, his latest translator and editor, she has made an adopted child of his work. Young was born in September, 1741, at Bradfield Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds. His father was a prebendary of Canterbury. From Lavenham School he passed, at the age of 17, into a wine merchant's office at Lynn. On the death of his father, in 1763, he returned home as his mother's bailiff: but his experiments proved so unsuccessful that he was removed from the management of the estate. From various causes he failed twice in farming on his own account, before he devoted himself to those tours, in the course of which he has drawn his spirited sketches of England, Ireland, and France. He first visited France in 1787, on the invitation of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, whose two sons had been partly educated in his neighbourhood at Bury St. Edmunds. Young was a man of keen observation and considerable culture, familiar not only with the writings of English agricultural writers, but with those of De Seres, De Châteaueux, and Du Hamel. He possessed great talents for description, but little power of generalization. His arguments in favour of corn-bounties, and his depreciation of science, prove him to have shared the prejudices of the day. Yet he was one of the most enlightened and useful pioneers of agricultural improvement that the century produced. His enthusiasm is always genuine, if it is sometimes extravagant, as when he praises the plumpness of Rubens's female portraits with the eye of a grazier, or remarks of a fine Correggio, 'A fine picture is a good thing, but I had rather it had been a fine tup.' In 1793 he was appointed secretary to the new Board of Agriculture. He died in London in February, 1820, having been for ten years totally blind.

When Young commenced his tours, few counties had changed their external features or agricultural practices for centuries. Hitherto the slow increase of a rural population had been the sole incentive to improvement. Watt, Arkwright, and others, changed the condition of society with the suddenness of a revolution. Population was advancing by leaps and bounds; a market was opened for agricultural produce. The farmer lay down at night confident that he could supply his family with food; he woke in the morning to hear the clamour of crowded manufacturing cities for bread and meat. Self-sufficing agriculture was

an anachronism. How was the new condition to be met? Arthur Young was ready with his answer. 'Large farms and large capital' was his interpretation of the problem set by the manufacturer to the agriculturist. He proclaimed a crusade against open fields. As a practical farmer, the sight of good land yielding poor crops gave him pain; but he had better grounds for his hostility. Without a common agreement among a large body of small suspicious and ignorant independent proprietors, alternate husbandry could not be adopted by the open-field farmer; turnips and clover, the philosopher's stones which turned sand into gold, were beyond his reach. Where all interest was in common, no private person would drain, or reclaim wastes. The pastures on which the live-stock of the township fed generated the rot; promiscuous herding propagated infectious disorders. On every common were crowded together half-starved horses, cattle, and sheep, a disgrace to their respective breeds, a fruitful cause of disease, because no individual farmer could improve his breed of live-stock. Not only was the arable land badly tilled, but the wastes and commons were a standing reproach, from a productive point of view, to the rural economy of the country. It is not surprising that Young should have demanded a general system of enclosure.

His crusade against the old common-field system was assisted by other causes. It required little to turn a peasant proprietor into a wage-earning labourer. Thousands of the rural population were attracted from agriculture to manufacture; the small farmer no longer had the aid of his family in the cultivation of the soil. He could not afford to pay wages. Formerly he had no need for money; home production satisfied his domestic wants; exchange or mutual accommodation supplied whatever he could not fashion for himself. Wealth only existed in its simplest forms; natural divisions of employment were not made, because only the rudest implements of production were used. The rapid development of manufacture caused its complete separation from agriculture; the application of machinery to manual industries completed the revolution in social arrangements. The farmer and the artizan became mutually dependent; barter no longer sufficed; money was absolutely necessary. Hitherto the rude implements required for the cultivation of the soil, or the household utensils needed for the comfort of daily life, had been made at home. The farmer, his sons, and his servants, in the long winter evenings carved the wooden spoons, the platters, and the beechen bowls; plaited wicker-baskets; fitted handles to the tools; cut willow teeth for rakes and

and harrows, and hardened them in the fire ; fashioned ox-yokes and forks ; twisted willows into the traces and other harness gear. Travelling carpenters visited farmhouses at rare intervals to perform those parts of the work which needed their professional skill. The women plaited the straw for the neck-collars, stitched and stuffed sheepskin bags for the cart saddle, wove the straw or hempen stirrups and halters, peeled the rushes for and made the candles. The spinning-wheel, the distaff, and the needle, were never idle ; coarse home-made cloth and linen supplied all wants. The very names of spinster, brewster, baxter, webster, showed that the women spun, brewed, baked, and wove for the household. The cheapness of manufactured goods encouraged the dependence of the farmer on the manufacturer ; the separation of the two industries was essential for the perfection of both. The gigantic increase of the population, together with the withdrawal of a large part of the labouring classes from agriculture, demanded the utmost development of the resources of the soil. Small farmers and peasant occupiers were picturesque obstacles to improvement, whose removal was necessary and inevitable.

At the same time, facilities of transport and communication were increased and improved. Hitherto the charges for the conveyance of heavy goods had been practically prohibitive. Except in the summer, farmers were confined to the nearest markets and deprived of the stimulus of competition. The impassable condition of the roads led to the widest differences in the prices of neighbouring districts. Meat varied with the distance from London ; within fifty miles of the capital it was 4*d.*, beyond that limit 2*d.* ; as the distance increased prices fell. Farmers at Horsham were glad to take five farthings a pound for mutton. Between 1760 and 1780 all the main roads were repaired, while Brindley's construction of the Bridgewater Canal established a canal mania, only paralleled by the railway mania of this century. At first new means of communication depressed the wage-earning labourer. Wages were generally low where food was cheap ; increased facilities of transport equalized the price of meat, bread, cheese, butter ; but wages were slow to follow the rise of prices.

Drainage was insisted upon by Young as a necessary preliminary to agricultural improvement. But in this direction farmers were baffled. Except in Suffolk and Essex, the ordinary method of draining was to throw the land into ridges from two to four feet high. As the headlands were similarly thrown up, pools of water were dammed up in the furrows. The height of the ridges was often extraordinary. In Gloucestershire, while

Marshall stood in a furrow, a man of middle height, crossing the field towards him, was lost to sight in every furrow. But this practice served other purposes besides drainage. On grasslands it provided a variety of herbage. But it was also employed on light chalky loams where it was not required for warmth or dryness, because in common fields continually fallowed, if the lands had lain flat, the soil would have been run together like lime by a 'pash' of rain. The injury done to land by water passing through the soil and reappearing in the shape of springs was admirably dealt with by Elkington. His services in tapping springs were in great request in the Midland Counties, where his crowbar was compared to the rod of Moses. He received a Parliamentary grant of a thousand pounds; but his success so largely depended on experience, that his secret perished with him. Through-drainage as a science was not understood till Smith, of Deanston, in 1830, demonstrated its principles. Ten years later Josiah Parkes brought his practical and scientific knowledge to bear on the subject, and the necessary appliances were simultaneously provided by Reade's cylindrical pipes, and Scrogg's machine for their manufacture.

Between 1780 and 1814 agriculture received an extraordinary stimulus from the high prices of farm produce, and the increased demand consequent on a growing population and an improved standard of living. Napoleon became the Triptolemus of the farmer. The stoppage of foreign grain supplies, war prices, the corn-laws, made land a profitable investment for capital. Even the fall of prices in 1814 only excited agriculturists to renewed efforts. Great landlords took the lead in improvement. New implements were tried; labour was economized by the inventions of Small and Meikle; cattle shows and ploughing matches were held throughout the country; prizes were offered to local breeders; farmers' clubs and provincial societies were established. In 1723 a society of 'Improvers in the Knowledge of Agriculture' had been formed in Scotland; in 1777 the Bath and West of England Society was instituted, the Highland Society in 1784, the Smithfield Club in 1793. In the latter year Pitt, at the instigation of Sir John Sinclair, created the Board of Agriculture with Young as secretary. 'Farmer George' contributed articles under the signature of Ralph Robinson to Young's 'Annals of Agriculture,' kept his model farm at Windsor, and experimented in stock-breeding. So far Byron's epigram may be accepted—'A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn.' Lord Rockingham at Wentworth, the Duke of Bedford at Woburn, Lord Egremont at Petworth, and crowds of other landlords, followed the King's example. Fox
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in the Louvre was lost in consideration whether the weather was favourable to his turnips at St. Anne's Hill. Burke was seen by Young experimenting on carrots as a field crop on his farm at Beaconsfield, though he directed his sarcasm against the Duke of Bedford's devotion to agriculture. Nor were the clergy less enthusiastic. An archdeacon, finding the churchyard cultivated for turnips, rebuked the rector with the remark—'This must not occur again.' The reply, 'Oh, no, sir! it will be barley next year,' proves that the eighteenth-century clergy were at least zealous for the rotation of crops.

Large farms and large capital found in Mr. Coke of Holkham their most celebrated champion. In 1776 he came into his estate with 'the King of Denmark' as 'his nearest neighbour.' The refusal of a tenant in 1778 to accept a lease at an increased rent threw a quantity of land on his hands. Excluded by his politics from Court and Parliament, he thenceforward devoted himself to farming. His energy was richly rewarded. It is stated that the rental of the Holkham Estate rose from 2200*l.* in 1776 to 20,000*l.* in 1816.

When Mr. Coke took his farm in hand, not an acre of wheat was to be seen from Holkham to Lynn. The sandy soil grew nothing but rye. No manure was purchased; the little muck that was produced was miserably poor: a few Norfolk sheep and half-starved milch cows were the only live-stock. He determined to grow wheat. He marled the land, purchased large quantities of manure, trebled his live-stock. At the end of nine years his object was attained. He saw that on land like that of Norfolk muck was everything. The Flemish saying applied equally to the Eastern counties 'point de fourrage, point de bestiaux; sans bestiaux, aucun engrais; sans engrais, nulle récolte.' In 1772 the value of bones as manure had been accidentally discovered by a Yorkshire fox-hunter, who was cleaning out his stable. Coke profited largely by the discovery. He also introduced into the country oil-cake and other artificial foods, which, with roots, enabled the Norfolk farms to carry increased stock. Under his advice and example stall-feeding was extensively practised. Cattle and sheep were sent up half-fed to the Norfolk fairs, to be bought by graziers and fattened for the London market. On 'Bullocks' Hill, near Norwich, during the great fair of St. Faith's, were assembled drovers of every county, with Galloway Scots, Lowland Scots, Highlanders, and Skye cattle, besides beasts from less remote districts. The grasslands, on which the beef and mutton of our ancestors were raised, were deserted for the sands of the Eastern counties; the metropolis drew its meat supplies from Norfolk. The cattle
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were sent up to Smithfield under the care of drovers, who took a week on the journey. The busiest time of the year was from April to June. The quantity of animals fattened on nutritious food gave the farmer the command of the richest manure, fertilized his land, and enabled him not only to grow wheat, but to verify the maxim, 'never to sow a crop unless there is condition to grow it luxuriantly.'

Coke also improved the live stock of the country. On his own estate, after patient trial of other breeds, he adopted South Downs and North Devons. But his efforts were not confined to the home farm. Early and late he worked in his smock frock, assisting his farmers to improve their flocks and herds. Grass lands were wholly neglected till he gave them his attention. If land wanted seeding, farmers threw indiscriminately on the ground a collection of seeds, drawn at haphazard from their own or their neighbours' ricks, containing as much rank weed or rough grass as nutritious herbage. It was a mere chance whether the farmer aided the sour or the sweet grasses in the struggle for existence. Stillingfleet, in 1760, distinguished the good and bad herbage by excellent illustrations of the kinds best calculated to produce the richest hay and sweetest pasture. Coke was the first farmer who appreciated the value of the distinctions. During May and June, when the grasses were in bloom, he gave his botanical lessons to the children of his tenantry, who scoured the country to procure his stock of seed.

Convinced of the community of interests between owner, occupier, and labourer, Coke stimulated the enterprise of his tenants, encouraged them to put more capital and more labour into the land, and assisted them to take advantage of every new invention or discovery. His farm-buildings, dwelling-houses, and cottages, were models to other landlords. By offering long leases of 21 years, he guaranteed his tenants a return for their outlay and energy. At the same time, he guarded against the mischief of a long unrestricted tenancy by regulating the course of cultivation. In all the leases of his estates he inserted covenants for the adoption of the Norfolk system of husbandry. Though clauses of management were then comparatively unknown, his farms commanded the competition of the pick of English farmers. Even Cobbett, in spite of his prejudices against landlords, was compelled to admit the benefits which Coke's tenants derived from his paternal rule. 'Every one,' he wrote in 1821, 'made use of the expressions towards him which affectionate children use towards their parents.'

One great obstacle to improvement remained. Farmers of the eighteenth century lived, thought, farmed, like the farmers of the
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sixteenth. The Holkham sheep-shearings did much to break down traditions and prejudices. These meetings began in 1778, in Mr. Coke's own ignorance of farming matters. He annually invited small parties of farmers to his house to discuss agricultural topics and aid him with their advice. In 1818 open house was kept at Holkham for a week: hundreds of persons assembled from all parts of Great Britain, the Continent, and America. The mornings were spent in inspecting the farms and the stock; at three o'clock six hundred persons sat down to dinner; the rest of the day was spent in toasts and speeches. Among the pupils was Erskine, who abandoned the study of Coke at Westminster Hall to gather the wisdom of his namesake at Holkham. At the sheep-shearings were collected practical and theoretical agriculturists, farmers of different districts, breeders of every stock. The Duke of Bedford, Lord Egremont, and other landlords, established similar meetings in different parts of the country.

Since 1820 modern farming has advanced with gigantic strides. Vast capital has been expended on farm buildings and drainage; new tracts of land have been brought into cultivation. Steam and machinery have lightened the toil, lessened the cost, and increased the amount of production. Systems of cultivation are better adapted to the requirements of soil and climate; more live-stock is kept, and it is both better bred and better fed. The farmer's resources of crops, winter food, manures, appliances, are infinitely increased. New means of transport and communication bring markets to the remotest door. But the chief improvement has been the diffusion of intelligence and education; the work inaugurated at the Holkham sheep-shearings has gone on apace. The 'rough-shod race' no longer despise science. Bucolic life was the pastime of the town, the relaxation of statesmen, the inspiration of poets; but farmers neither asked nor allowed scientific aid. Now good farming combines scientific knowledge with practical experience. The dawn of the new era was marked in 1812 by Davy's Lectures before the Royal Society, and the adoption by that body of the motto, 'Science with Practice.' Progress does not depend on chance-directed discoveries by unlettered rustics, but on experiments conducted by the rich and learned. History shows that unaided agriculturists have by sheer doggedness conquered most formidable difficulties. Foreign competition is a more insidious foe than the open revolt of nature's 'wayward team;' but the forces arrayed on the side of English agriculture are now indefinitely multiplied. Within the last century mechanists, capitalists, architects, geologists, chemists,

chemists, physiologists, botanists, have been enlisted on the side of the farmer. The agricultural progress of the present century is, in fact, summed up in the application of science and capital to the cultivation of the soil.

The last seventy years have not been uniformly propitious to farmers. Between 1815 and the abolition of Protection, five Committees enquired into agricultural distress; the losses consequent on the bad seasons between 1828 and 1830 equalled the present disasters. From 1846 to 1879 no proposition was laid before Parliament to enquire into the state of agriculture; the cultivated area and the value of land steadily increased. This prosperity is claimed by the Manchester School as their achievement. If so they were disappointed in their expectations. Free Trade was not designed to benefit agriculturists. Mr. John Morley, in his 'Life of Cobden,' admits that the Anti-Corn Law League was partly organized by millowners in revenge for the Factory legislation of the country party. The 'Ten Hours' Act' suppressed a system which was worse for women and children than negro slavery, and nightly converted factories into brothels. The light thrown by its chief leaders on the origin of the 'holy war' against Protection casts suspicion on its principles and promises. The principle of Free Trade has not proved 'eternal in its truth and universal in its application;' the promise has failed, that foreign nations will take an equivalent for their grain in our manufactures. England alone among nations practises Free Trade: our home markets are flooded with foreign produce: our goods are refused abroad. It is possibly true that all the American professors save one preach Free Trade; the nation remains Protectionist in spite of its *doctrinaires*.

Since 1875 agricultural distress has been severe and continuous. Its reality is beyond doubt. The fact has to be faced, that landlords have suffered heavily, that farmers have lost their capital, that large tracts of land have fallen out of cultivation. The explanation which traces the misfortunes of farmers to extravagant living is no less trite than inadequate. In 1651 their misery was attributed to their 'high stomachs;' at every subsequent crisis the cry has been revived with the solemnity of a revelation. Nor is the depression due to failure in ability or enterprise. Acre per acre, the British farmer produces more from the soil than his foreign rival. Nor is it explained by undue extension of corn-growing to home lands which ought not to have been ploughed up. The wheat area of England has enormously decreased, and the diminution is still greater if the whole acreage under corn is taken

taken into consideration. The causes of the present, as contrasted with previous depression, are partly old and partly new. A succession of bad seasons has often produced widespread distress, and necessitated changes of front which can only be accomplished with heavy loss. But more serious than bad years is the new element of foreign competition, to which must now be added the hostility of the Government.

To relieve existing suffering two classes of remedies are suggested, the one agricultural and practical, the other social and theoretical. The first class treats depression as temporary, the last as chronic.

The margin of profit on the staple produce of agriculture is almost nothing: the modern problem is low prices. Landlords and tenants are scared away from further outlay by the sense of insecurity fostered by the attitude of the Government; farmers have lost their capital already invested in their holdings. Wheat-growing does not pay: the keeping of more stock on arable land will not at present prices repay the expense of the artificial food: the re-conversion of tillage to pasturage has, it is said, glutted the milk-market; meat-farming suffers from the competition of America and Australia. Added to these difficulties is the heavy burden of local taxation; labour is dearer and less effective: men must be employed where boys will suffice; railway companies carry foreign goods at preferential rates, which compel the English farmer to pay part of the bill for carriage of his foreign competitor. Such are some of the difficulties by which agriculturists are confronted. Many remedies have been proposed, the results of wide and limited experience. Each suggestion, fortified by instances of success, is recommended for the adoption of the country at large. Investments in fish-farming or jam-making at the best afford only local relief. As to this large class of remedies all that can be said is that the farmer must sit loosely to routine, and welcome assistance from whatever quarter it comes. In the face of past losses and present prices, landlords must be prepared for a considerable and probably permanent reduction of rents. No general cure for the present distress exists except favourable seasons, the curtailment of production by the shifting of capital, and the diminution of foreign competition. High farming at present prices is waste of money: agriculture cannot hold its own by intension against extension. Under existing circumstances English farmers must rely on those commodities in the production of which they are naturally protected. But it is not wise wholly to abandon the growth of wheat. Prices are abnormally low from overproduction. Already the wheat areas of Russia, India,

India, and America, are being reduced. If trade revives, freight will be dearer; and corn, from the distance which it travels and the low price which it realizes, cannot stand the rise. Moreover the climate of America and of India renders wheat-growing, somewhat speculative and risky. Yet it cannot be denied that the slight natural protection of cost of carriage and hazardous climate will avail little against the enormous forces which Canada will soon bring into play. The outlook of the farmer is as a wheat-grower gloomy. Bulky, perishable articles of food, which can only be imported at high rates, must always yield a profit to farmers. Even of this advantage the unfortunate agriculturist is deprived by the extraordinary charges imposed by railways on home produce. In the best qualities of beef and mutton English farmers still hold a natural monopoly. On a wise selection of fast-feeding breeds depends the early maturity of animals; but, if we are to hold our own against Texas and Mexico, the best blood of the best breeds must be kept in the country. Science may cheapen the foods and improve the methods which accelerate the marketable condition of stock. But first-class stock will prove a profitless investment, should the Government successfully refuse to stamp out disease and prevent its re-importation. Besides beef and mutton, farmers can still rely for profit on lamb, veal, milk, butter, the best qualities of cheese, hay, straw, forage-crops, and vegetables. In 1884, butter, eggs, cheese, poultry, bacon, and hams were imported from abroad to the value of thirty millions sterling. In the ten years from 1863 to 1872 only about 27,000 foreign horses came into the country; during the following decade the number rose to over 197,000. In these and similar directions our farmers should be able to defy foreign competition. Some change in the size or tenure of holdings will be necessary. Large tenancies may hold their own. But moderate holdings will be more profitably cultivated either by wage-earning, profit-sharing labourers, under experienced farm managers, or subdivided into farms of from 60 to 100 acres, which the tenant and his family can till with their own hands. In the latter case an outlay on dwellings and farm buildings is necessary, which it is idle to expect so long as the Government sanctions Communistic attacks on the present land system. If seasons improve, the prospects of agriculture are encouraging enough. No natural symptom exists that the present system has failed. Labourers have suffered least from agricultural depression. Their average earnings and the purchasing power of money have risen: good and suitable house accommodation at convenient distances from work is generally provided. On the other

other side, labour has so deteriorated in quality, that technical education is needed in rural districts; nor from educational and philanthropic restrictions can married labourers reap the full advantages of their position. If good gardens or allotments or cow-land were universal, the condition of the labourer would be still more prosperous. On the practical side of the question agriculturists, whether landlords, tenants, or labourers, have nothing to fear if they are allowed that freedom from interference, without which no industry can succeed.

This fundamental condition of prosperity is absent. Among many panaceas for agricultural distress, the creation by law of a subsidized class of peasant proprietors is urged with the greatest persistency. To this theory reactionary Radicalism is pledged, and experience is diametrically opposed: designed to redress the imaginary wrongs of a class, it rather aggravates than cures the true disease. Socially, the accumulation of land or of gold in few hands is an evil, and the existence of small industries an advantage. If it can be shown that the difficulty and expense of the transfer of land obstruct the natural growth of peasant proprietors, let the obstruction be removed. Its removal is on other grounds desirable. But the destruction of large estates and the creation of a class of small owners is a more than doubtful experiment of the Legislature. Peasant proprietorship cannot be revived without a return to an extinct social system. Reduce population by one-half, revive domestic industries, make the farmer independent of manufacture—in a word, restore the conditions of self-sufficing agriculture, and the peasant proprietor may still thrive. Under the present conditions of production, when crops must be sold as commodities for money, it is only under exceptional circumstances that he can maintain his ground. Small poultry, dairy, fruit, or vegetable farms near large towns, or the market-gardens of Guernsey and Jersey, with their peculiar advantages of soil, climate, and position, afford a comfortable livelihood. Elsewhere small owners are worse off than wage-earning labourers, and are rapidly dying out. The 'Estatesmen' of Westmoreland are almost extinct; on the rich soil of the Isle of Axholme the proprietors linger on because their land is mortgaged beyond its present value; on the Welsh Borders and in the New Forest their lives are a miserable struggle. From France comes the same report. Peasant proprietors cannot contend against present prices: they no longer invest their savings in land, but in Government securities. In the Pays de Waes, the best example of Belgian farming, small landowners lump their properties together, and let them in one large tenancy. The hard fare and filthy

filthy homes of the French peasantry, even in the favoured district of the Limagne, are far below the standard of comfort of the English labourer. In Germany and Italy commissions have recently inquired into the miserable condition of the peasantry. In Silesia, famine-fever is endemic; in Baden, semi-starvation is the rule; in Italy, the 'pellagra,' a consumption of the bowels from overwork and bad food, decimates the population. The effect of a peasant proprietary on the productiveness of land is disastrous. The production per acre in the South of France, where peasant owners are most numerous, is far below that of the northern departments, where large farms are the rule. The Report of the late Agricultural Commission shows the same result in this country. Peasant-owners put little capital into their holdings; manure is seldom purchased: their methods of cultivation are backward: their land is cropped to death; their stock scanty, ill-fed, and ill-bred. Unable to economize production by the use of science, slow to accept improvement, they raise the minimum crop at the maximum cost: they suffer first by bad, and profit last by good, seasons. 'Deduct,' wrote Arthur Young, 'from agriculture all the practices that have made it flourishing in this island, and you have precisely the management of small farms.' This observation is still, in the main, true of English peasant proprietors. It applies also, though not in the same degree, to very small tenancies. Lord Tollemache stipulates with his smaller tenants that they shall supplement farming with trade. If peasant proprietors borrow money to effect their purchase, they pay 5 per cent. for the use of land which the tenant farmer rents at 3 per cent., and frequently even less, with his capital still at his disposal.

All improvements in English agriculture have been effected by private capital and enterprise. In these days of competition, farming must advance or retrograde. Peasant proprietors cannot conduct expensive experiments, or invest money in the improvement of stock. In France the State maintains a staff of inspectors, makes money-grants in cases of fires, cattle disease, or damages from storms, distributes State-premiums, offers prizes at shows, conducts experiments, supports agricultural societies, provides its 'Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers,' its agricultural schools at Montpellier, Grignon, and Grandjouan, its veterinary schools at Toulouse, Lyons, and Alfort; keeps its stallion stables in various departments, its sheepfolds at Tingry and Rambouillet, its Durham cattle farm at Corbon. If the present system is abolished in England, the State must not only undertake the expenditure of the landlord, but make the outlay of the farmer, and purchase, or at least stock,

stock, the land. Peasant proprietors have become costly exotics, which in their present surroundings can only be reared at great expense to the taxpayer, with the result of a loss to the community in the general productiveness of the land, and a deterioration in their own standard of comfort. Their establishment, as an experiment, is rather a matter for private enterprise than State-interference. If these tender plants are to be exposed on any part of the six million acres which have fallen out of cultivation, the result is inevitable. These lands are the margin of cultivation, which cannot be farmed with profit. To ask labourers to live on them is to ask of them an impossibility.

The establishment by law of peasant proprietors is the chief theoretical remedy proposed for the relief of agricultural distress. But, behind all legislative changes in the legal and social relations of owners and occupiers, looms the serious question of 'compensation or confiscation.' Land may be treated as private property, held so as not to prejudice the public welfare, but not to be taken from the owner without fair compensation; or it may be distinguished from private property, and the principles which apply to private property held inapplicable to land. On which line is future land-legislation to proceed? Wild talk about State-ownership, ransom, and natural rights, societies to nationalize the land, heroic remedies of illogical half-disciples of Mr. George, are in themselves of little importance. But when the air is filled with vague threats, when agriculture is struggling with formidable difficulties, the attitude of the Government is unusually significant. It is at this crisis that a prominent member of the Cabinet strikes a blow at the credit of the largest and most important of our home industries. Mr. Chamberlain's language, tacitly endorsed by the silence of the Government, is allowed to permeate society to the infinite danger of agricultural interests. But natural rights are edged tools; those who pander to the lawless passions of the mob do so at their peril. If labourers are stimulated to assert their so-called right to a part of the land, workmen will not be slow to claim with equal justice the lion's share in the profits of the capitalist. Whatever construction is placed on Mr. Chamberlain's object, his menace constitutes an unprincipled betrayal of his ministerial trust, for which, in this country, it would be hard to find an adequate parallel.

ART. IV.—*The Relations between Religion and Science.* Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford in the Year 1884 on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A., Canon of Salisbury. By the Right Rev. Frederick, Lord Bishop of Exeter. London, 1884.

THE Christian Apologist of the nineteenth century has a difficult path to tread. On the one side of him lie the opposing, but equally rationalistic, systems of Gnosticism and Agnosticism; on the other is spread out the dangerous haze of Mysticism. If he endeavours to please all by making a division of territory, however satisfactory to himself, between the spheres of Reason and Faith, the mystical and rationalistic elements in human nature fall apart, and their champions range themselves against one another in battle array. If he emphasizes the omnipresence of God, and the unity of His purpose in nature and revelation, he is trembling on the verge of Pantheism; if he insists on the separation of the Creator from His creation, he is open to the charge of Deism. If he lays stress on the antithesis between the moral and the physical, he is not only charged with accepting an unphilosophical dualism, but he also finds himself in a practical difficulty when he attempts to bring together the separated spheres. If, refusing to accept the dualism, he interprets the physical in terms of the moral, he is the champion of an exploded teleology, a Schoolman born out of due time; while, if he interprets the moral in terms of the physical, he is at once branded as a fatalist, if not something worse.

One thing, however, would seem to be clear. He is the avowed enemy of Materialism, whatever that means, and the champion of the reality of spiritual forces and beings. This at once implies an opposition between Matter and Spirit, which a little while ago would have been generally understood, and as generally accepted. But the wall of partition is cracking at all points. Theology is shaking itself free from the last fetters of Manicheanism. Science, under the guidance of Evolution, is becoming spiritual in an ever-widening spiral. A new Pantheism, claiming to be the last word of reason, boasts that it can gather up into itself the old distinctions, and give a more perfect synthesis than religion or Revealed Theology has ever given. On all hands it is agreed that the old Materialism is passing away, and the old artillery, which was once used against it, has mainly an antiquarian interest.

Yet the controversy with Materialism is as real as ever, whether in the practical or in the speculative region. Like
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its opposite idealism, it denotes rather a tendency than a theory, a tone of mind rather than a philosophical system. It is not a particular view of matter and its relation to spirit; it is the unavowed and often unconscious attempt to explain the higher in terms of the lower, and to ignore or treat lightly all that constitutes the difference. Idealism, on the other hand, is the attempt to explain the lower in terms of the higher, and incidentally to treat the lower as if it had but a relative existence, and must perish in the using.

It is clear that, in this broad distinction, the Christian Apologist is necessarily on the side of idealism. But idealism has almost as evil a sound as Materialism. If hitherto it has been somewhat of an exotic on English soil, it is naturalized in Germany, and in its effects on Christian faith it is as fatal as Materialism itself. More than this, the popular saying that 'extremes meet' is nowhere more clearly verified than in the fact that, while Germany is showing some remarkable transitions from idealism to Materialism, the converse process is no less observable in England. To call Mr. Herbert Spencer a Materialist is to ignore the advance which he has made on Hume and Comte. The 'Unknowable' is as essential a part of his system as the 'Absolute' is of Hegel's. Comte's law of the three stages is being exactly reversed. Positivism is rapidly giving way to metaphysics, even in the mind of the unmetaphysical Englishman. Who shall say that metaphysics will not melt into theology?

In this curiously transitional and, as it seems to many, incoherent phase of thought, it is not to be wondered at that Christian Apologists should take different views as to the side from which the chief danger comes. Some still feel most keenly the dangers of that materialistic and positivist view of the world, which is already passing away. Others imagine, not without reason, that the controversy is really with much that still remains of eighteenth-century Deism, which can not only claim on its side much of the language of science, but also a good deal of respectable Apologetics. Others, again, see in the near distance a greater danger than all, a false system which is all the more subtle because it has in it so much that is true; an idealism which has strange affinities with its opposite; a Pantheism which is as anti-Christian as Materialism itself; which fascinates by its promise of philosophical unity, and draws away the life-blood from high and noble effort by its implicit denial of free will. It is impossible to arrange these three anti-Christian views in anything like a serial order, not merely because, as a fact, we find them co-existing, but because they

they are not in the same plane. Materialism and Pantheism pass into one another, but behind both lies the system—if it can be called a system—of Deism, which makes absolute the separation between God and the world on the one hand, and between the moral and the physical on the other. It is a religion of gaps. And the *nemesis* on it is seen in the modern attack on Personality and Freewill. '*Dépersonnaliser l'homme, c'est la tendance dominante à notre époque,*' and for this either Materialism or Pantheism will serve.

Now it is a curious fact, that the year which has just closed has witnessed the publication of three books, all in their way remarkable, though for very different reasons, all professing to deal with the difficulties to religious belief suggested by the present predominance of physical science. The first is Professor Drummond's '*Natural Law in the Spiritual World*'; the second, the Duke of Argyll's '*Unity of Nature*'; and the third, Bishop Temple's *Bampton Lectures*. It is only with the last of these that we propose specially to deal. But its value as a contribution to its subject will be best seen by contrasting it, in certain points, with the other two books we have mentioned. Bishop Temple is mainly concerned to meet difficulties arising from Materialism, to assert the reality of supernatural facts and a spiritual world, in the face of what has been proved, and much more that has been assumed, by positive science. His mission, therefore, is to contrast the moral and the physical, and to show the supremacy of the former. Professor Drummond, on the other hand, is concerned mostly with the dangers which arise from the sharp separation of the two worlds; from the practical Deism which is inherent in much of the modern science, even when it is not avowedly anti-Christian, and which has too often been accepted by Christian Apologists. He sees clearly that such a dualism is no longer possible. His work then is to bring the two separated spheres together, and he does so by a great assumption, the assumption of the absolute identity of law physical and moral, by which he imagines that he rescues theology from chaos and lawlessness.

Finally, the Duke of Argyll, by far the most philosophical of the three, sees ahead the great danger into which English thought is drifting—the danger of being so carried away by the conviction of the unity of nature as to lose sight of the lines which Nature herself has drawn; a danger which in its extreme form we may call Pantheism, though it take the varying shapes of Eleaticism, or Stoicism, or Spinozism, or Hegelianism, or Spencerianism, or disguise itself in the ancient robe of Eastern religions.

religions. It would, of course, be easy to play off one Apologist against the other, and make them mutually destructive. That is always possible. St. James only contradicts St. Paul when we forget that they were opposing different dangers. Yet it is worth noticing that Bishop Temple, in his opposition to Materialism, is constantly on the verge of that very Deism against which Professor Drummond is writing; and Professor Drummond, in vindicating the unity of the moral and the physical world, is involved in the very danger against which the whole of the Duke's argument is directed. The attitude of the three writers towards evolution is very characteristic. Bishop Temple accepts it, but suggests limitations and safeguards. And yet, if anything is killing the old Materialism against which the Bishop is fighting, it is the doctrine of development. Professor Drummond not only accepts evolution, he is carried away by it. For him it sounds the death-knell of Deism, and carries us on, without a break almost, from the physical to the moral, from earth to heaven. Finally, the Duke is in very imperfect sympathy with evolution as now commonly understood, mainly because his philosophical hold of the truth of the unity of nature, including man, makes him sensitive to the danger of substituting for unity a false and unreal uniformity, in which differences are not harmonized but ignored.

Having said so much by way of introduction, we proceed to the examination of Bishop Temple's *Bampton Lectures*. No one can read them through, without feeling that in the new Bishop of London the Church of England possesses one whose clear and definite hold of the great facts of morals and religion is at least equalled by his fearless championship of them. Though, to use a modern phrase, he is in touch with the great movement of thought which has evolution for its watchword, he is yet uncompromising in his defence of the moral law and the fact of revelation. Indeed, he is so strong on this side, that he could afford sometimes to deal even more tenderly with some of these views, too often identified with the Materialism with which they happen to be associated. The style of the lectures is admirable for the purpose. Clear and clean-cut, both in expression and in thought, it reveals at every turn the analytical tendencies of the mathematician. But the lectures are not only lucid, they are sometimes eloquent, especially when, in following his great master Kant, the writer speaks of the majesty and the universality of the moral law, and the supremacy of Conscience. Taken as separate sermons, these eight lectures would, any of them, under any circumstances be called remarkable. But a treatise 'sawn into lengths' for pulpit purposes

necessarily labours under great disadvantages, and these Bishop Temple's ingenuity has not entirely overcome. His scheme is a simple one, and at first seems workable. His subject being 'The Relations between Science and Religion,' he treats the related terms separately, and then the relation, whether of sympathy or opposition, which subsists between them. Thus the first lecture treats of the origin of Science; the second, of the origin of Religion; and the third, of the collision between the two. The next four lectures deal with Evolution, and here again we have first a chapter on evolution in the physical world; then a chapter on evolution in religion, including the successive revelations of God; and then two chapters dealing with the collision between Revelation and Evolution on the one hand, and between Science and Miracles on the other. The final lecture is, of course, a summary and conclusion.

But this plan, clear as it looks in outline, is open to considerable inconveniences. Though the Lecturer does not fetter himself by his texts, but merely uses them as mottoes, the desire to give something of completeness to each separate sermon compels him to travel over the same ground more than once. Thus the titles of Lectures IV. and VI. are identical, except that the word 'conflict' in the former is replaced by the word 'collision' in the latter. There is also, and for the same reason, a loss of artistic finish, because, in stating separately the elements of the problem, he constantly shows his hand, so that, when the solution is given in a subsequent chapter, it has lost something of its freshness and force. But these are minor matters after all, and there are few Bampton Lectures which are not open to the same objections.

The Lectures fall into two parts, the first three dealing with the relations of the physical and the moral, and the rest with the problems suggested by Evolution. It is plain, however, that the solution of the first and wider question carries with it the solution of the narrower one, which is at present most prominently before the world. It will, therefore, be better to follow the Bishop's order in our examination of the Bampton Lectures, though it may be necessary to devote more attention to the earlier question than to the later.

I. By Science the Bishop explains that he means that which of late has claimed to monopolize the name, almost to the exclusion of mathematics, metaphysics, and theology, namely, Physical Science. This includes all those inductive enquiries which presuppose the belief in the Uniformity of Nature, not merely in the sense in which every one presupposes it in his daily

daily life, but as a basis for so-called scientific conclusions. What then justifies this presupposition of Science? It is, of course, no new problem, and, as Bishop Temple says, it has never been so clearly put as by him who first stated it, David Hume. And what is his answer? Blank scepticism. We have no right to make the assumption, but we make it, and shall go on making it. The one thing that is clear is, that experience can never justify its own presuppositions; and the attempt to do so involves us in a circular argument. In the Bishop's strictures on Hume we do not get beyond the criticism which was admirably made by Dr. Mozley in the *Bampton Lectures* of 1865, and in a well-known article in the 'Dublin Review' by Dr. Ward rather more than ten years ago. It is wonderful that, after Hume's clear statement of the question, John Stuart Mill could be trapped into the circular argument. Yet with a strange illogicality he maintained that, though scientific induction cannot prove the Law, the informal and generally worthless 'inductio per simplicem enumerationem' can. The obvious reply to this is, that, even if the circular argument had been avoided—which it clearly has not, since every inference, formal or informal, presupposes the Law—the strength of a chain is that of its weakest link, and therefore, if Mill's account were true, the certainty of scientific conclusions would be a delusion. Professor Bain practically returns to the Humist position, and argues that the belief in the Uniformity of Nature is a good working hypothesis, and is justified by results. 'Without it, we can do nothing; with it, we can do anything.' 'We can give no reason, or evidence, for this uniformity.' ('Ded. Log.' pp. 273, 274.) It is an assumption which we instinctively make, and on the whole it works well, whether it is absolutely true or not. But here we are at once involved in this difficulty. The certainty of any given scientific conclusion depends upon the certainty of some law of nature; that upon the general truth of Nature's Uniformity, 'the ultimate major premiss' of all scientific reasoning, and that is an assumption. The earth rests upon an elephant, the elephant on a tortoise, and the tortoise on—nothing! But the weakness of all such criticism of the empirical position is that it convinces nobody. It is like the arguments of the 'good Bishop of Cloyne,' of which Hume said, they 'admit of no answer and produce no conviction.' Hume's account, or Mill's, may be wrong; but a criticism which reduces physical science to an absurdity is of little value.

Hume's answer being rejected as inadequate, the Bishop proceeds to examine the answer of Kant. But in the transition

the Law of Causation has somehow replaced the Law of Uniformity, and the two things, we would submit, are not identical. Here Bishop Temple introduces an ingenious illustration, which is worth quoting :—

‘There is a well-known common toy called a kaleidoscope, in which bits of coloured glass placed at one end are seen through a small round hole at the other. The bits of glass are not arranged in any order whatever, and by shaking the instrument may be re-arranged again and again indefinitely, and still without any order whatever. But however they may be arranged in themselves, they always form, as seen from the other end, a symmetrical pattern. The pattern indeed varies with every shake of the instrument, and consequent re-arrangement of the bits of glass, but it is invariably symmetrical. Now the symmetry in this case is not in the bits of glass; the colours are there, no doubt, but the symmetrical arrangement of them is not. The symmetry is entirely due to the instrument. And if a competent inquirer looks into the instrument and examines its construction, he will be able to lay down with absolute certainty the laws of that symmetry which every pattern as seen through the instrument must obey.’—p. 13.

The application to the philosophy of Kant is obvious, and as a popular illustration it is excellent. To read *into* nature the symmetry and order, on which science rests, is clearly not the same thing as to read it *in* nature. Yet unless it is *in nature* as well as *in our thinking*, that is to say, unless it is true objectively as well as subjectively, it is clear that we have not met the challenge of Scepticism. It is only a re-statement of the problem, to say that the common sense of ordinary people rejects the conclusions both of Hume and Kant, because ordinary people do not mean by causation invariable sequence, nor by the Uniformity of Nature something which does not exist outside them.

What answer, then, has the Bishop to give? If Kant has not answered Hume, Hume is in possession of the field, and Scepticism is triumphant. No, says the Bishop,—

‘this is the answer to the question, Why do we believe in the Uniformity of Nature? We believe it because we find it so. Millions on millions of observations concur in exhibiting this uniformity. And the longer our observation of Nature goes on, the greater do we find the extent of it. . . . We believe in the Uniformity of Nature because, as far as we can observe it, that is the character of Nature.’—p. 28.

This is worthy of Dr. Johnson, but it is far behind Dr. Mozley or Dr. Ward. If this is all that the Uniformity of Nature rests on, it is indeed futile to appeal to it against Miracles, but it is also

also futile to appeal to it in support of Science. Experience being only of the past, the 'millions on millions of observations' can only prove that Nature has been uniform within the limits of our observation. They can account for the prejudice, but they cannot justify the belief. Hume's question is therefore unanswered still. Nor does it help matters to say that the action of the human will lies at the root of cause. For the question is not where the conception of cause comes from, but what right we have to read it into those sequences which experience records. Of course, if we knew that the processes of nature were the result of a will analogous to ours, or if we could reduce will to a mode of omnipresent force, the actual correspondence between the world of thinking and the world of being would be both explained and justified. But neither Hume nor Kant has done more than state the problem for us, though in very different terms, and Bishop Temple has merely repeated the common-sense answer of Reid, while his explanation of cause as will revives the old view of Bishop Berkeley.

It seems almost a pity that the Bishop should have touched such a great metaphysical question, if he was not prepared to pursue the question farther. For those who have gone so far with him will hardly be content to take the matter as settled in his way. If Kant's solution is not final, has Kant said the last word? What has been the verdict of subsequent speculation? What answers to the problem have been attempted since? It is eighty years since Kant died; a hundred since the publication of the '*Critique of the Pure Reason*.' And even those, who in modern days have raised the cry of 'Back to Kant,' mean by it, apparently, not that Kant's solution is final, but that a reaction is setting in against certain developments of his teaching.

Yet on the whole, notwithstanding his criticism, the Bishop accepts Kant as the basis of his Apology, though he supplements, or supersedes, the Kantian metaphysic by a kind of Scotch philosophy of Common Sense. And when he passes from Metaphysics to Morals he follows his great master very closely.

'The order of phenomena,' he says, 'is not the highest revelation of God, nor is the voice of Science the only, nor the most commanding, voice which speaks to us from Him. . . . There is within us a voice which tells of a supreme Law unchanged throughout all space and all time, which speaks with an authority entirely its own; which finds corroboration in the revelations of Science, but which never relies on these revelations as its primary or its ultimate sanction.'—pp. 37, 38.

Correlating with the Moral Law is the 'power or faculty we commonly call conscience,' which acts through the will.

'The

'The will is the man. It is the will that makes us responsible beings' (p. 46). 'It is the will whereby the man takes his place in the world of phenomena' (*ibid.*). 'It is then to the man, thus capable of appreciating a law superior in its nature to all phenomena, and bearing within himself the conviction of a personal identity underlying all the changes that may be encountered and endured, that is revealed from within the command to live for a moral purpose and believe in the ultimate supremacy of the moral over the physical. The voice within gives this command in two forms; it commands our duty and it commands our faith. The voice gives no proof, appeals to no evidence, but speaks as having a right to command, and requires our obedience by virtue of its own inherent superiority.'—p. 47.

It commands our *duty*, and duty implies holiness in ourselves, justice to our brother man, tenderness to all sentient beings, and the right use of created things for the purposes of the moral life. But it commands not only our duty, but our *faith*. If it were merely a higher kind of physical law it could not claim our reverence. It might even be our duty to disobey it, to assert our supremacy over it. But this cannot be so.

'In claiming our reverence as well as our obedience, in making its sanction consist in nothing but the fact of its own inherent majesty, the Moral Law calls on us to believe in its supremacy. It claims that it is the last and highest of all laws. The world before us is governed by uniformities as far as we can judge, but above and behind all these uniformities is the supreme uniformity, the eternal law of right and wrong, and all other laws, of whatever kind, must ultimately be harmonized by it alone. The Moral Law would be itself unjust if it bade us disregard all physical laws, and yet was itself subordinate to those physical laws. It has a right to require us to disregard everything but itself, if it be itself supreme; if not, its claim would be unjust.'—p. 53.

This reminds one of the fine passage in Kant's 'Critique of the Practical Reason':—

'*Duty!* Thou sublime and mighty name, that hast in thee nothing to attract or win, but challengest submission; and yet dost threaten nothing to away the will by that which may arouse natural terror or aversion, but merely holdest forth a Law; a Law which of itself finds entrance into the mind, and, even while we disobey, against our will compels our reverence; a Law in presence of which all inclinations grow dumb, even while they secretly rebel; what origin is there worthy of thee? Where can we find the root of thy noble descent, which proudly rejects all kinship with the inclinations?'—*Werke*, vol. viii. p. 214.

This absolute supremacy of the Moral Law, the Bishop argues, carries with it the hope of immortality, in order that the

the individual may share in its ultimate triumph; and it possesses the distinctive mark of personality, that is, a purpose and a will. For 'the supremacy of the moral over the physical involves, in its very nature, an intention to be supreme,' and hence we are led on to the belief that the Moral Law is the expression of a Personality, which is not our own, but above us.

'And thus as we ponder it, this Eternal Law is shown to be the very Eternal Himself, the Almighty God. . . . He does not make that law. He is that law. Almighty God and the Moral Law are different aspects of what is in itself one and the same. To hold fast to this is the fullest form of faith. To live by duty is in itself rudimentary religion. To believe that the rule of duty is supreme over all the universe is the first stage of Faith. To believe in Almighty God is the last and highest.'—pp. 58, 59.

All this is, in itself, very fine. But we are now face to face with that difficulty, which has made the philosophy of Kant the starting-point for such opposite developments. The sceptical question has not been answered, and may at any moment reappear. For though the Bishop speaks of will as the basis of morality, and therefore of religion, and also as the origin of our conception of power which underlies the relation of cause and effect, it is plain that will is the *essence* of the one, and only the *interpretation* of the other. Conscience carries us on to God. 'Science by searching cannot find out God.' My moral nature, then, must solve the problems which to my intellectual nature are insoluble. 'Nature conceals God'—'Man reveals God' are the well-known words of the Kantian Jacobi. 'Were it not for the voice speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart,' says another Kantian, Cardinal Newman, 'I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist, when I looked into the world.'—'Apologia,' p. 377.

But such a severance between reason and conscience is as fatal as the admission that a thing may be true *secundum fidem*, though false *secundum rationem*. The gap rapidly widens, and men have to choose between a faith which overrides reason, and a reason which destroys faith. At first, and for a little while, they are conscious of the struggle so vividly expressed by one who declared himself 'a heathen with the understanding, but a Christian with the spirit.'

'There is a light in my heart, but when I seek to bring it into the understanding it is extinguished. Which illumination is the true one, that of the understanding, which discloses, indeed, well defined and fixed shapes, but behind them an abyss; or that of the heart, which, while indeed it sends forth rays of promise upwards, is unable to supply the want of definite knowledge?'

But

But the question 'Which illumination is the true one?' is one which must be answered. And if the saint and mystic choose one alternative, there is at least something to be said for the Agnostic who claims for reason the knowable, and leaves the unknowable to Faith.

Even one who, like the Bishop, has adopted the former alternative, finds himself at once in a difficulty when, as a Christian Apologist, he attempts to deal with the relation to one another of the two separated spheres. It is clear that if Science demands uniformity and even, by implication, necessity, while morality and religion demand freedom, there is at least an apparent conflict between them. This conflict the Bishop tries to get rid of by a compromise, which consists in a more precise division of territory between the spheres of necessity and freedom. And the first condition of a compromise is that it should be such as could be accepted by both parties. It was almost impossible to bring the whole controversy within the limits of a sermon without sacrificing something of that clearness, which usually characterizes the Bishop's style. And we are not quite sure that we understand him rightly. But the compromise seems to be this. First, the sphere of freedom must be allowed to be much narrower than is commonly supposed. The determinist is right in saying that our will is often determined when we think it free. The sense of responsibility and the 'direct consciousness of being free' cannot, indeed, be put aside as 'illusions,' but 'there is no irresistible reason for claiming freedom for human action, except when that action turns on the question of right and wrong' (p. 85). We are actually free, and conscious of our freedom 'when, at the call of duty, in whatever form, the will directly interferes' (*ibid.*).

'The will, though always free, only asserts its freedom by obeying duty in spite of inclination, by disregarding the uniformity of nature in order to maintain the higher uniformity of the Moral Law. The freedom of the human will is but the assertion in particular of that universal supremacy of the moral over the physical in the last resort, which is an essential part of the very essence of the Moral Law. The freedom of the will is the Moral Law breaking into the world of phenomena, and thus behind the free will of man stands the power of God.'—p. 90.

And what behind the world of phenomena? Physical force, apparently, which 'in the last resort' has to give way to moral force. Yet behind the physical force, too, must lie the power of God.

It is extraordinary that the Bishop should imagine that such a compromise would help matters. Even supposing the defenders

defenders of free will would consent to these limitations, they would still be contending for what the determinist cannot allow. 'Science,' we are told, 'is not able, and from the nature of the case never will be able, to prove that the range of fixed law is universal, and that the will never does interfere to vary the actions from what, without the will, they would have been' (p. 91). True, 'Experience concludeth nothing universally,' as Hobbes said long ago. And Science has not proved, and cannot prove, that the uniformity of nature is an universal law; but it can create a strong, and increasingly strong, presumption in its favour. And the narrower the territory supposed to be excepted from this uniformity, the greater the hope that some day there will be no excepted territory at all. But if, on the other hand, in one single act the will is free, the theory of determinism is false. We gain nothing, therefore, by limiting the sphere of freedom to a comparatively small area. It is the story of the Sibylline books over again. We offer less and less, but we always demand the same price, viz. an exception to the Law of Uniformity, and an admission that a natural science of man is impossible. And we have only to read Herbert Spencer's account of Will to see that, from his point of view, such a compromise has only to be stated to be at once rejected. It is no question of more or less. It is a question of the existence or non-existence of something besides physical necessity. 'Psychical changes,' he says, 'either conform to law or they do not. If they do not conform to law, this work, in common with all works on the subject, is sheer nonsense; no science of Psychology is possible. If they do conform to law, there cannot be any such thing as free will' (Psych. ii. 503). What we call will is only the resultant of all the forces acting upon us, and it follows invariably the line of least resistance. The 'illusion' of freedom is due to the fact, that the complexity of these forces makes the result to us incalculable. We *seem* to be free.

Bishop Temple sees that he is here dealing with a parallel* difficulty to that which underlies the scientific objection to Miracles, a question which he is to deal with in a subsequent lecture. But his treatment of that subject is prejudged by his Kantian view of the relation of the physical and the moral. The immediate difficulty, however, which suggests itself is,—If all this rests on the appeal to consciousness, why is it that, while Bishop Temple subordinates the physical to the moral,

* The parallelism is, however, much less perfect than the Bishop thinks. The wildest champion of free will allows that there is much in the physical world over which man's will has no power. But no one, who is not a Deist, could say the same of the world in relation to God.

Herbert Spencer refuses to recognize the moral as anything but a mode of the physical? There must be a reason why that which, for the Bishop, is the basis of morality and religion, is for Herbert Spencer a mere 'illusion.' What reason is there?

The answer we have already given by implication. No philosopher can accept the Kantian dualism as final. The metaphysical and the moral elements in that system are in imperfect cohesion. Unless we are content to take one side of the dualism and ignore the other, we must go on to some higher synthesis in which the existing dualism is transcended. If we follow Kant's lead, we may indeed sacrifice the physical to the moral. But it is a tremendous risk. For we at once provoke, from the side of science, a reaction against the supremacy of that order, in which alone God is said to reveal Himself, the human conscience and the human will. If the Kantian metaphysic fails to give a basis for an objective science of nature, is it any wonder that, in days of great and real scientific progress, such a system should be discredited even on its moral side?

Here then, again, as in the former question, we feel that Bishop Temple has done little to help us. The problem before the world is to bring together into a unity that which is now separated into a dualism, without destroying the real distinction which exists between the separated parts. And the Bishop has merely emphasized the separation. But if, as of course the Bishop holds, God is not only 'behind the free will of man,' but also and no less 'behind' the forces of nature, there is at least a probability that Kant has made the opposition far more absolute than it is. The history of philosophy is full of instances of such exaggerated antitheses. Indeed, it seems as if man could not realize a distinction till he has hypostatized the distinguished terms, and set them over against one another. And the moment that is done, it has to be undone; and the attempts to undo it are many and various, and only after much of wasted effort do men reach a point at which they can grasp a higher unity. All through the Bampton Lectures we yearn for a fuller recognition of the truth which underlies Pantheism, the unity of God's purpose throughout the physical and the moral world, and the immediateness of His action in both. And yet every discovery that is made in science is bringing out more perfectly the unity of man with nature, tracing in ever clearer outline the steps which lead upwards from inorganic matter to the creature which can think, and will, and worship. With his splendid grasp of the greatness of man's moral nature, Bishop Temple might fearlessly have taken hold of all this, which is so often claimed for Materialism and Pantheism. He might have dared

dared to say that the physical and the moral are different only in degree, because the regularity of physical nature is itself part of a moral purpose, is so claimed and appealed to again and again in the Bible. The physical and the moral world would then have been represented, not as two opposing spheres of which one dominates the other, but as the less perfect and the more perfect revelation of the moral nature of God, of which the lower leads on to and prepares for the higher, without the tremendous gap which Kant created. It is just this claim of continuity which gives Professor Drummond's book its fascination. People forget his Calvinistic doctrine of conversion, and his implicit denial of free will, in the unity which seems to bind together earth and heaven; just as men forget the loss of freedom implied in accepting the system of Herbert Spencer, or the strange Eastern philosophies which are now attracting so much interest.

The temper of the age demands unity at any price. And the demand is surely a just one. What answer has Christian philosophy to make? Here we believe the Duke of Argyll has done more than any one else to meet the Agnostic position. Man has his place in the unity of nature. He and the external world are in correspondence. He assumes that nature is intelligible, and he finds that he can interpret it. He takes for granted its kinship with himself, and he finds likenesses which cannot be accidental. He trusts nature and finds it true. He expects unity, and if he does not find it, he sees that it was because he fancied that the only unity was a mechanical uniformity, and he rises to the higher quest. He learns the interaction of the parts of nature upon one another. He sees not only the higher dependent on the lower, the animal on the vegetable, but the lower dependent on the higher. He sees how in himself the moral rules the physical, while yet the physical is the basis of the moral. He knows himself to be a part of nature, and yet he is greater than nature. His greatness, as well as his littleness, in regard to her, is summed up in the words *Homo naturæ minister et interpres*. This is well brought out in some little known verses on this text by Sir John Herschel. Speaking of the order and beauty of nature before man was, he asks—

'Yet what availed, alas! these glorious forms of Creation,
Forms of transcendent might—Beauty with Majesty joined?
None to behold, and none to enjoy, and none to interpret!
Say, was the Work wrought out? Say, was the Glory complete?
What could reflect, though dimly and faint, the Ineffable Purpose,
Which from chaotic powers Order and Harmony drew?
What but the reasoning spirit, the thought, and the faith, and the
feeling?

What

What but the grateful sense, conscious of love and design?
 Man sprang forth at the final behest. His intelligent worship
 Filled up the void that was left. Nature at length had a soul.'

In Bacon's language the *Interpretatio Naturæ* is the *Regnum Hominis*. If man can interpret Nature, he is greater than Nature: if Nature can be interpreted, it is a rational unity in actual harmony with the conscious reason of man. Here we get something like a rational justification for our reasonings about objective truth; and an answer to the challenge of scepticism. We come to see that

'Mind has no "moulds" which have not themselves been moulded on the realities of the Universe—no "forms" which it did not receive as a part and a consequence of its unity with the rest of nature. Its conceptions are not manufactured; they are developed. They are not made; they simply grow. The order of thought under which the human mind renders intelligible to itself all the phenomena of the Universe, is not an order which it invents, but an order which it simply feels and sees. And this "vision and faculty divine" is a necessary consequence of its congenital relations with the whole system of Nature—from being bone of its bone, flesh of its flesh—from breathing its atmosphere, from living in its light, and from having with it a thousand points of contact visible and invisible, more than we can number or understand.'—'Unity of Nature,' p. 151.

This bringing together of man and nature in no way weakens the argument from Conscience to God, on which Bishop Temple and Cardinal Newman lay such stress, and yet it cuts through many of the popular arguments about 'anthropomorphism' in the interpretation of Nature. And it can claim, as we shall see, the whole weight of evolution on its side, even more entirely than the Bishop does. This, however, belongs more properly to the latter half of our subject.

II. Dr. Whewell used to say that every great scientific discovery went through three stages. First, people said, 'It is absurd.' Then they said, 'It is contrary to the Bible.' And finally they said, 'We always knew it was so.' Now all these views are to be found in the present day as to the truth of Evolution. There are some who seem to think that ridicule is the only weapon which need be used. There are many devout people, who honestly believe that evolution contradicts the Bible; and there are a considerable number of the clergy, Roman as well as Anglican, who have almost persuaded themselves that they knew it all along, and that Moses and Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas had more than hinted it. Bishop Temple has certainly outgrown the two earlier stages. He freely and frankly accepts evolution as an adequate and intelligible ac-

count

count of the 'creation of form' as distinguished from 'the creation of matter,' to use Haeckel's phraseology. Of the creation of matter, or what theologians call 'primary creation,' science knows nothing. Haeckel, Tyndall, Darwin, Spencer, might all have been quoted on this point. But evolution proposes to account for secondary creation, and more than this claims to have won over to the side of secondary creation much that has been conventionally spoken of as primary. This the Bishop states well and clearly:—

'We all distinguish between the original creation of the material world and the history of it ever since. And we have, nay, all men have, been accustomed to assign to the original creation a great deal that Science is now disposed to assign to the history. But the distinction between the original creation and the subsequent history would still remain, and for ever remain, although the portion assigned to the one may be less, and that assigned to the other larger, than was formerly supposed. However far back Science may be able to push its beginning, there still must lie behind that beginning the original act of creation—creation not of matter only, but of the various kinds of matter, and of the laws governing all and each of those kinds, and of the distribution of this matter in space.'—pp. 106, 107.

The whole question, then, is narrowed down to the *modus creandi*. And here we have to choose between the old theory of 'special creations' and the new theory of evolution. And it may fairly be argued that for theology and for religion it is a question profoundly unimportant, while from a scientific point of view there is not a vestige of evidence for special creation, that is to say, for the creation of species with no intelligible relation to one another, and there is not only analogical evidence for the creation of species by evolution, but there is the actual creation of new forms by evolution going on before our eyes. Even for the purposes of ordinary life the theory of evolution has one advantage, which Mr. Ruskin points out in a characteristic passage:—

'Whether,' he says, 'your Creator shaped you with fingers, or tools, as a sculptor would a lump of clay, or gradually raised you to manhood through a series of inferior forms, is only of moment to you in this respect—that, in the one case, you cannot expect your children to be nobler creatures than you are yourselves—in the other, every act and thought of your present life may be hastening the advent of a race which will look back to you, their fathers (and you ought at least to have attained the dignity of desiring it may be so) with incredulous disdain.'—'Aratra Pentelici,' 1879, p. 99.

But evolution is quoted as having shaken what is called the old argument from design.

'If

'If animals were not made as we see them, but evolved by natural law, still more if it appear that their wonderful adaptation to their surroundings is due to the influence of those surroundings, it might seem as if we could no longer speak of design as exhibited in their various organs; the organs, we might say, grow of themselves, some suitable and some unsuitable to the life of the creatures to which they belonged, and the unsuitable have perished and the suitable have survived.'—p. 111.

The Bishop then proceeds to rehabilitate the teleological argument, and to maintain that even Paley's statement would be strengthened if it were discovered that the watch picked up on the heath is not only marvellously adapted in all its parts, but capable of producing, in due time, a better watch than itself. But the inherent Deism of Paley's illustration, which Bishop Temple himself notices, makes it an unfortunate one to use, and we are not sure that in the Bishop's resetting of it the Deism is not more pronounced than it is in Paley himself. We are told that, whether in the case of special creation or evolution,

'the creative power remains the same; the design with which that creative power was exercised remains the same. God did not make the things, we may say; no, but He made them make themselves. And surely this rather adds than withdraws force from the great argument. It seems in itself something more majestic, something more befitting Him to whom a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years, thus to impress His will *once for all* on His creation, and provide for all its countless variety by His *one original impress*, than by special acts of creation to be perpetually modifying what He had previously made.'

The latter part of this argument is Hume* pure and simple, and it might be none the worse for that if it were not that, in the words we have italicized, Hume's Deism reappears. It is one thing to speak of God as 'declaring the end from the beginning,' it is another to use language which seems to imply, however little it was intended, that God withdraws Himself from His creation, and leaves it to evolve itself, though according to a foreseen and fore-ordered plan. Yet surely that is no unfair inference from the passage we have quoted, or from the

* It is impossible not to believe that the Bishop had in his mind the following passage: 'It argues surely more power in the Deity to delegate a certain degree of power to inferior creatures, than to produce everything by his own immediate volition. It argues more wisdom to contrive at first the fabric of the world with such perfect foresight, that of itself, and by its proper operation, it may serve all the purposes of providence, than if the great Creator were obliged at every moment to adjust its parts, and animate by His breath all the wheels of that stupendous machine.'—'Enquiry into Human Understanding,' § 7.

following paragraph, with which this part of the argument concludes: 'What conception of foresight and purpose can rise above that which imagines all history gathered as it were into one original creative act, from which the infinite variety of the universe has come and more is coming yet?' It is of the first importance that a Christian Apologist should not use language which seems to invest the world with a power of self-unfolding, for it is this, more than any theory of evolution, which contradicts the belief in God. But, for the matter immediately under discussion, the argument from design, though it is quite true that the old argument must be reset, it is equally true that evolution makes the argument infinitely stronger than it has ever been. The Bishop is right in maintaining that 'what is touched by this doctrine is not the evidence of design, but the mode in which the design was executed' (p. 114). But instead of saying, as he does, that 'the stress of the argument is shifted back from the visible adaptation to the original properties impressed on matter from the beginning' which made such adaptation possible, we should maintain that every adaptation, however minute, is in itself a new proof of purpose, design, and plan. The elimination of chance in modern scientific enquiry throws us back at every point on the *rationality* of nature, in all its parts. And, if we could get rid of the old crude views, associated with the word in unscientific days, this is what a teleological account of nature means. As long as men believed—if they ever did believe—in a 'fortuitous concourse of atoms,' the creed they held was implicitly atheistic. But it was also in the strict sense irrational. For if it is a paradox, it is also a truism, that to banish teleology from the interpretation of nature is to make a science of nature impossible. It was by a true instinct that Bacon, in his hatred of the 'rational' method of Aristotle, threw himself into the arms of the Atomists. But if modern science had followed his lead, the system of Darwin and Spencer would have been as impossible for science as that of Hegel. We have only to compare the Empedoclean account of the 'origin of species' with that of Darwin to see that the latter view is penetrated through and through with that very 'rationalism' with which Bacon charged the schoolmen. Yet even the Empedoclean view can hardly be stated without bringing in the notion of design, for the simple reason that adaptation already implies it. The monstrous births happened by chance, bulls with human faces, and so on. Yet the law of their survival was a rational law—'wherever all the parts came together, just as if it had happened by design, these,

these, because they were suitably adapted, chanced to survive, while the others perished, and perish still.* Compare this with Darwin, and in a moment we see that by the elimination of chance, which is the great triumph of modern science, the whole process of development is assumed to be rational. An organ which exists, exists because it has a function, a work to do; if it has no function it is at once obsolescent. If an organ is 'rudimentary,' it is because it is a 'remnant' or a 'germ,' i.e. it has a reason in the past or in the future. This teleological aspect of evolution, of which the Bishop says nothing, has been admirably worked out by the Duke of Argyll ('Unity of Nature,' pp. 279-289):—

'Whether,' he says, 'the theory of development be true or not, it is a theory saturated throughout with the ideas of utility and fitness, and of adaptation, as the governing principles and causes of the harmony of nature. Its central conception is that in the history of organic life changes have somehow always come about exactly in proportion as the need of them arose' (p. 282). 'The theory of development is not only consistent with teleological explanation, but it is founded on teleology and on nothing else.'—p. 289.

This is quite consistent with the fact that evolutionists repudiate teleology, which is associated in their minds with all that is opposed to an honest interpretation of nature; but the moment they forget their polemic they become teleological. It has been pointed out in a review of the Duke of Argyll, that 'perhaps the most remarkable instance of the contradiction existing between a materialist's hatred of theology, and an evolutionist's faithfulness to nature, is to be found in Haeckel's 'History of Creation.' On p. 19 (Eng. Translat.) we find the words: 'I maintain with regard to the much talked-of 'purpose in nature,' that it really has no existence but for those who observe phenomena in animals and plants in the most superficial manner.' And yet on p. 5 of the same work, in the formal distinction between organic and inorganic, we are told that—'We designate as *organisms*, or *organic bodies*, all *living creatures* or *animated bodies*; therefore all plants and animals, man included; for in them we can almost always prove a combination of various parts (instruments or organs) which work together for the purpose of producing the phenomena of life.'

If a science of nature is possible, nature must be intelligible, and if intelligible then rational. And we are at least carried

* Arist. 'Phys. Ausc.' ii. 7.

on with irresistible force to the conclusion, that its ultimate explanation must be spiritual, not material. This is why Materialism is giving way to Pantheism. And 'le Christianisme s'il veut triompher du panthéisme, doit l'absorber.'

It would have been interesting to have had from the Bishop a fuller treatment of evolution as applied to the spiritual nature of man. This would have seemed to be a natural and necessary connecting link between evolution in the physical world and the evolution of religious knowledge. Yet it is hardly touched upon except when the limits of evolution are spoken of. No doubt 'man's dignity consists in his possession of the spiritual faculty, and not in the method by which he became possessed of it' (p. 187). But considering the hold which the teaching of Herbert Spencer has over some minds, and the fear exhibited by others when evolution is applied to such problems, a few words of warning and reassurance would not have been out of place. And therefore we make no apology for quoting the following words from Dr. Martineau:

'The uneasiness so often manifested lest the theory of Evolution should eat away the very basis of human duty has no justification, except in the general prevalence of the very confusion of thought which it exemplifies. We have long been familiar with the process of growth in organisms, with the weaving and discrimination of tissue and the modification of brain; and the extension of the process of development from the thread of the single animal life to the chain of species introduces no disturbing problem: it supplies new chapters of natural history; but changes not a word in the eternal law of right.'

—*Types of Ethical Theory*, Preface, p. xiv.

The Bishop seems to hold the Creationist view (p. 186), that when the body was prepared for it the soul was infused 'by a direct creative act,' which science cannot yet disprove; and he finds a parallel in the introduction of life, which science cannot yet prove to have been evolved from inorganic matter. But if Creationism is true, it needs resetting as much as the teleological argument does, in the face of the scientific doctrine of evolution; and it seems a pity to associate it with the question of the origin of life, and still more to revive, even as a possibility, the idea once thrown out by Sir Wm. Thompson, that life might have been brought to the earth on a meteoric stone! As for the question of the origin of life, enough *odium scientificum* has gathered round it, but it is quite a modern idea to make it of theological importance. The greatest of the Schoolmen took vivification by putrefaction as a matter of course. So did Bacon, the father of modern science. To-day, however, science finds the evidence, so far as it is known, against it;

and Professor Drummond stereotypes the present view, and finds in it a scientific basis for Calvinism.*

There is, however, one point on which Bishop Temple is quite clear, though he rather states than proves it, viz., that 'the principle of the Moral Law, its universality, its supremacy, cannot come out of any development of human nature, any more than the necessity of mathematical truth can so come' (p. 180). Here we touch one of the burning questions of the day, and we regret that the Bishop has been obliged to treat it so briefly. But it is easy to suggest questions which might fitly have been discussed under the heading of the Relations between Science and Religion; and the wonder is that Bishop Temple has got so much into a course of eight sermons without the help of notes or appendix.

But if the Bishop has but lightly touched the question of the origin of the spiritual faculty in man, he has admirably traced the evolution of moral truth. Here he is quite at his best. Many popular fallacies he cuts through by the quiet remark, that a regular growth in knowledge is not commonly used as an argument against its substantial truth (p. 129), and *pari ratione* the fact that there has been a development in religious belief is no argument to show that the belief thus developed has no real foundation. 'The pure subjectivity of Religion, to use technical language, is no more proved by this argument than the pure subjectivity of Science' (p. 132). Yet there is a difference between Science and Religion which is of absolute importance. It is a difference of tone and temper, rather than of anything else. Science, in proportion as it approaches perfection, discards everything but the claim to have read nature truly; Religion, the higher and the purer it is, the more fearlessly it claims to rest on a Divine Revelation. Science has its thinkers; Religion its prophets and its priests. The language of Science is

* The history of the belief in spontaneous generation is as instructive as it is interesting. Till a century ago everybody accepted it. The French Materialists then discovered that it might be used as a new argument for Materialism. Theologians fell into the trap and, instead of denying the inference, denied the fact. In the present day men of science have discovered that whether it is an argument for Materialism or not, so far as the evidence goes, *it is not true*. And some few theologians have discovered that whether it is true or not is absolutely *unimportant to theology*. It is curious to find Rosmini arguing that 'spontaneous generations would never prove that matter was dead; on the contrary, they would clearly prove that it was alive' (*Psych.* book iv. c. xiv.). While 'as for Pantheism, it is altogether indifferent whether we admit that the animate substances in the universe are more or fewer, some or all. So long as we admit that they are created, and therefore altogether distinct from the Creator, Pantheism is excluded' (ch. xv.). On the whole he inclines to believe that the language of the Mosaic cosmogony favours spontaneous generation, and that the Spirit brooding upon the face of the waters is an implicit denial of the existence of 'dead' matter.

'we can see that the teaching in its successive stages was a development, but it always took the form of a revelation. And its life was due to that fact. As far as it is possible to judge, that union between Morality and Religion, between duty and faith, without which both religion and morality soon wither out of human consciences, can only be secured—has only been secured—by presenting spiritual truth in this form of a revelation' (p. 144). 'At first sight it seems to follow that, being an evolution, it may well be no more than the outcome of the working of the natural forces. But look closer and you see the undeniable fact, that all these developments by the working of natural forces have perished. Not Socrates, nor Plato, nor Aristotle, nor the Stoics, nor Philo, have been able to lay hold of mankind, nor have their moral systems in any large degree satisfied our spiritual faculty. Revelation, and revelation alone, has taught us; and it is from the teaching of revelation that men have obtained the very knowledge which some now use to show that there was no need of revelation' (p. 158). We find it impossible to assert that, by any working of human thought, this morality could have been obtained by the spiritual faculty unaided.'—p. 146.

What the evolution was, is seen in the progressive morality of the Old Testament, always pointing towards the Gospel finally revealed. If the logical order is from Duty to God, the chronological and historical order has been from God to Duty. Hence the imperfection of even revealed morality in its earlier stages.

‘The reverence for God required then was as great as the reverence required now. But the conception of the holiness, which is the main object of that reverence, has changed; has in fact been purified and cleared. And the change is traceable in the Old Testament. The prophets teach a higher morality than is found in the earlier books. Cruelty is condemned as it had not been before. The heathen are not regarded as outside God’s love, and the future embraces them in His mercy, even if the present does not. Conscience begins to be recognized and appealed to. Idolatry is not merely forbidden, its folly is exposed; it is treated not only with condemnation, but with scorn. Individual responsibility is insisted on.’—p. 140.

Yet, in spite of the growth observable in the Old Testament, the revelation of the Gospel is so much higher, that it seems absolutely new. It is not merely a widening of area, a lengthening

lengthening out of the moral horizon; it is a new morality, a new view of human nature in its relation to God through the Cross of Christ; an authoritative affirmation of that which man craves after, the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body, 'sealed by the Resurrection of our Lord, ever since then the historical centre of the Christian Faith.' Finally, in it those two truths, of which in the Old Testament we can trace dim and shadowy outlines, and of which we may see hints even in the speculations of heathen philosophy, the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity, and of the Incarnation, are clearly set forth. And it is in the Christian form, and only in that form, that these doctrines have appealed to the spiritual nature of man.

But the claim to a revelation carries with it the belief in miracles. Progress in spiritual knowledge has been the work, not of great philosophical thinkers, but of men who claimed to be Prophets and Apostles inspired by God, and professed to prove their mission by the evidence of supernatural powers. 'And the teaching of the Bible cannot be dissociated from the miraculous element in it which is connected with that teaching.' Not only in the Old Testament, but in the New, 'the miracles are embedded in, are indeed intertwined with, the narrative' (p. 153). Particular miracles may be held to be insufficiently attested, but—

'the exclusion of the miraculous element altogether is not possible without a complete surrender of the position taken up by the first Christian teachers' (pp. 154, 155). 'It is not possible to get rid of miracles nor the belief in miracles from the history of the Apostles. They testify to our Lord's Resurrection as to an actual fact, and make it the basis of all their preaching. They testify to our Lord's miracles as part of the character of His life. It is necessary to maintain that they were mere fanatics with no claim to respect, but rather to the pity which we feel for utterly ignorant goodness, if we are to hold that no miracle was ever wrought by our Lord. It is difficult to maintain even their honesty, if they preached the Resurrection of our Lord without any basis of fact to rest on. No man who is not determined to uphold an opinion at all hazards, can question that St. Paul and St. Peter believed that our Lord rose from the dead, and that they died for and in that belief' (pp. 207, 208). 'The Jesus Christ presented to us in the New Testament would become a different person if the miracles were removed. And if He claimed to possess and exercise this power, the evidence becomes the evidence of one who must have known and whom we cannot disbelieve.'—p. 209.

If Bishop Temple had done nothing in the Bampton Lectures but give expression to his own clear and definite belief in the Resurrection

Resurrection of Jesus Christ and the essential relation of miracles with the great moral revelation of Christianity, he would have reassured many and earned the gratitude of the Christian world. But he has done more, perhaps more than he is himself aware. He has shown us the Resurrection as the culmination of a series of revelations of the moral nature of God; and, though miracles must hold a subordinate place as evidences, as compared with the assent of the reason and the conscience, he has shown us how impossible it is to take the moral revelation as a discovery round which a kind of miraculous halo has grown. And in doing this he has 'rehabilitated,' to use a modern phrase, the miracles of the Old Testament. For, if the Resurrection is a fact, it does more than overthrow the *à priori* argument against miracles. It shifts the whole balance of probability. The amount of evidence requisite for proving any fact depends upon the inherent probability of the fact. And if the culmination of the spiritual evolution of man is a miracle, it is *à priori* probable that the earlier stages of that evolution should show signs of the same character. If the Old Testament Revelation points forward to the New, the Gospel throws back its supernatural light upon the Old.

All this makes us regret the more that the Bishop's *rationale* of miracles is so inadequate. The sharp severance between the physical and the moral, which shows itself all through the Bishop's arguments, and at times becomes almost deistic, makes the reconciliation of Science and Miracles almost hopeless. It helps nothing to reduce miracles to as small a number as possible, though this method is often tried, and the Bishop himself is not quite free from it. Mr. Matthew Arnold's criticism of this method, which we remember to have read somewhere, is that it is like saying that science forbids us to believe that Cinderella's pumpkin was changed into a chariot-and-six, but it might have been changed into a one-horse chaise. Here, as we argued in the matter of the freedom of the will, physical uniformity claims the whole ground, and looks upon no concession as worth having unless it be a concession of the whole; and the very terminology, which the Bishop unfortunately adopts, is as irritating to the theologian as to the man of science. A miracle, whatever it is, cannot be an 'interference.' Yet this word is used again and again. The man of science is not unnaturally jealous of any 'interference' with the orderly processes which he observes, and registers, and interprets; and the theologian does not believe that there is anything with which God can 'interfere.' Can God 'interfere with' the Moral Law? No, because it is the revelation of His own nature. He cannot
interfere

interfere with Himself. Can He then 'interfere with' physical law? Clearly not. For physical law is also a revelation of Himself. It is the orderly method by which He acts. Are there then no miracles? Yes, but miracles are not the cataclysmal irruptions of the moral into the domain of the physical. 'Nature,' says Aristotle, 'is not full of episodes like a bad tragedy.' If 'Order is Heaven's first law,' it is also its last.

It is not that we require from an Apologist a new 'theory' of Miracles, but we may, and do, require of him that he should fairly face the present conditions of the problem. The mechanical view of nature, which has dominated physical enquiries for the last two hundred years, from Bacon to Comte, from Descartes to Kant, is now passing away with the Deism which was its theological counterpart. And the new view, which the remarkable progress in biological investigations has fostered and spread, if not avowedly teleological, is at least implicitly so. Of the mechanical view, with its defiant rejection of teleology, Dr. Martineau speaks as a view 'difficult to harmonize with any moral theory of life.' And the difficulty, perhaps, made it necessary in the past to explain Miracles as the neutralizing of physical force by moral force. But it never was theologically true. It never found any countenance in the Bible. And it could not but enlist against itself the more philosophical students of nature. Certainly, whether such an explanation was necessary or not in former days, it no longer appeals to men. The assumptions with which we approach the question are changed, and the change is entirely in the direction of making the fact of Miracles more intelligible. It is possible now to take hold of the truth which, though it is as old as monotheism, appears as a new discovery in the nineteenth-century science, the truth that the physical and the moral are not 'sundered as with an axe,' but have a common source; that though the moral is higher than the physical, the difference is one of degree and not of kind; and therefore that there is a moral purpose even in the so-called uniformity of Nature—a truth which the older teleology in a crude and anthropomorphic way had seized—while, in what we call the moral world, there is law and order and rationality, as much as in that world which we call physical. Of course Bishop Temple would not deny this. Indeed, in his closing lecture, he says plainly that 'the physical and spiritual world are one whole, and that neither is complete without the other' (p. 246); and that 'it would be a serious difficulty if things physical and things spiritual were cut off from one another by an absolute gulf' (p. 234). But this does not prevent him from constantly speaking of the physical order, as if God had somehow

somehow delegated His powers to subordinate forces, reserving only to Himself the right of veto on their exercise; while even His exercise of that power is 'exceedingly rare, and for that reason need not be taken into account in the investigation of nature' (p. 229).

Consequently the Bishop does not avail himself of all that evolution is doing to prove the unity of God's work in nature and in grace by bringing together the separated spheres. This is not to destroy the difference between them, though Materialists will eagerly so interpret it. In one sense, indeed, it does make a miracle seem less miraculous, because it shows the distinction between the natural and the supernatural to be less absolute than we once supposed. Yet long ago Bishop Butler, whose firm belief in God's immediate action in nature kept him from the Deism of his day, maintained that 'natural' could only mean '*stated, fixed, or settled*,' while that which we call supernatural or miraculous might be, to perfect knowledge, 'as natural as the visible known course of things appear to us.' Here, as in many other great questions, it is possible so to state the problem as to make a solution practically impossible. And those who follow Kant in exalting the moral at the expense of the physical, find themselves in a double difficulty;—they fear all those enquiries which seek to trace the physical basis of man's moral nature; while yet they are compelled, unless they abandon miracles, to bridge over somehow the gap which they have made.

The truth we have yet to realize is that neither in nature alone, nor in conscience alone, have we a perfect revelation of God. Each is complementary of the other. The natural order, '*the stated, fixed, and settled*' has its purpose, not only that man may adapt himself to his physical environment, but that he may recognize miracles when they happen, and realize that he is in the presence of an order of being higher than the physical order. If everything were haphazard, if there were no uniformities, there would be nothing miraculous, though much might be unusual. On the other hand, if we had only physical uniformity to argue from, God's nature would be revealed as mechanical, not moral; or rather, we should not be able to infer the existence of anything but Force.

The mistake of the older teleology was the assumption, that all that we know of God, His goodness, and His Personality, no less than His rationality and power, might be discovered from the physical world; and unconsciously men came to read into nature what was revealed only through the higher development of Conscience. But at least they did not make the mistake of giving up the physical world, as though it were but a tissue

of

of mechanical forces, which it was the glory of man, in his Personality, to triumph over. They had seized the truth that everything which is, is a revelation of God: they had not seized, what our age has grasped so firmly, the truth that God's revelation of Himself is gradual and progressive.

The old, and still common, explanation of a miracle, as the intervention of a higher law, is good and true, in so far as that it assumes a kinship between the miracle and the uniformity which it supersedes; only it too often has had for its result the making of the miracle mechanical, like the uniformity, instead of making the law moral, like the miracle. But the higher and truer view of nature, which is now supplanting the old, must in time put an end to the mechanical theory. Miracles cannot much longer be spoken of as 'interferences.' They are revelations of a higher life; the prophecies, as it were, of a new stage in the development of creation. They have their analogue all down the scale of being. When the vegetable takes up into itself and assimilates inorganic matter, we do not say that the organic interferes with the inorganic. Perhaps some day we shall know, that here too we have stereotyped a false antithesis. When the insect fertilizes the flower, we do not say that the animal world is interfering with the vegetable. And when a miracle forces upon us the consciousness, that what we call the physical order must be interpreted by, and find its final explanation in, that higher revelation which, in a special sense, we call the moral,—or when He Who took Human Nature into God breaks the bonds of death because 'it was not possible He should be holden of it,'—we have no more right here than in the other cases to speak of 'interference.' God, who is omnipresent in nature and in grace, cannot interfere with Himself.

If Christianity is to hold its own as a true philosophy of the universe, it must abandon explicitly and implicitly the Kantian dualism. Let science prove to us, as it is proving every day, the rational cohesion of all the parts of nature which fall under its ken; let morals and religion contend, fearlessly as the Bampton Lecturer has done, for the reality of the spiritual world and its supernatural revelation; and the Christian Apologist will have an easier task before him. It will be his to show, not merely that the orderly method and the Divine purpose do not contradict one another, but that each implies the other, and is incomplete without it; that we have already glimpses of a unity which is higher than uniformity; that there is, if without irreverence we may use the phrase, a *communicatio idiomatum* between the physical and the moral, that seen in the light of God they are the convex and concave of Truth, and both alike, though in different degrees, 'the vision of Him Who reigns.'

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'SINCE the sixteenth century,' says one of the most recent historians of 'Geneva and Lake Lemman,' 'the interest of our history has lain entirely in the region of ideas and social progress, in the development among us of letters, science and art, and in the more and more complete expansion of our Democratic institutions. The whole evolution of Geneva is summed up in two names—Calvin and Rousseau; Protestantism and Democracy are its two poles. Akin to France in language, law, and habits of life, in the instinct of equality and in precision and accuracy of thought, French-speaking Switzerland has yet known how to keep at bay all those French elements which were incompatible with her religious and political principles. On the other hand, the influence of Protestant solidarity has produced a striking likeness between her manners and ideas and those of England, Scotland, America, and Holland; her social evolution may be said to be the epitome of that of Protestantism in general.'

It is indeed as the head-quarters of great ideas that Geneva has made her mark on history. Since the days when she adopted the Calvinistic reform with enthusiasm, as her natural and logical defence against the House of Savoy, down to the days of Rousseau and on to those of Madame de Staël—the part played by Geneva in the history of European civilization has been one of moral and intellectual influence, with which considerations of politics have had comparatively little to do.

Roughly

Roughly speaking, there have been three periods at which the vitality of Genevese thought, and the characteristic mission of the little State as an experimenting ground of ideas, have been specially brought home to the consciousness of Europe. The first period, of course, was that of the Calvinistic reform. Under Farel and Calvin, Geneva developed a theocratic system which impressed the world of the Renaissance by its austere realization of a narrow but lofty ideal; and during the whole of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the town represented to many a distant French or German or English Protestant one of the sacred cities of the faith, an oasis of Protestant purity rising amidst the wastes of Catholicism. In vain did the House of Savoy, at the close of the sixteenth century, bring the whole force of its power to bear on the nest of heretics which polluted the neighbourhood of a Catholic country; in vain did Louis XIV. weave the toils of a far-reaching policy round the tiny Republic, which saw herself forced by him to tolerate the celebration of the mass within her walls for the first time since 1535. The final defeat of the House of Savoy in 1602, when its famous attempt to possess itself of the city by the surprise of the Escalade was foiled by the courage of the citizens, delivered her from the first danger, while the English revolution of 1688, which seated the champion of Protestantism on the throne of James II., secured her political and religious independence against the menacing advances of France. Thenceforward the little State was free from external attack on the ground of religion. Her Calvinism was not to be destroyed from outside. It fell to pieces from within.

With the eighteenth century Geneva entered upon quite another phase of development. The Calvinistic system of government had ceased to work, and was being gradually shaken off. The absorbing interest of the population in certain narrow and exclusive religious ideas was giving place among its leading minds to interests of a freer and more philosophical nature, interests which ultimately found their chief spokesman in Rousseau, and were to exercise a still more widespread influence on the modern world than the ideas of the Calvinistic reform had exercised over the sixteenth century. Rousseau's connection with Geneva, and the many other contributions both in men and theories which the little State made to the origins of the French Revolution, combined to give Genevese ideas once more a leading part in the general development of Europe. By a strange irony, Geneva herself was one of the first victims of the great movement which she had helped to start. France repaid her, both for Rousseau and for Necker, by the fraudulent

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act of annexation by which, in 1798, the city passed into the hands of the Directory and became an integral part of the French Republic.

It is with the third period that we are concerned in the present sketch. After the recovery of her political independence in 1814, Geneva, for about a quarter of a century, became again one of the centres of the intellectual life of Europe. All the leading ideas of the Restoration found expression and illustration in her political and social activity, from 1814 to 1840; among her statesmen she counted men of European reputation like Rossi and Sismondi, while her brilliant society formed a meeting-ground for the cultivated classes of England, France, Germany, and Italy. The influence, indeed, of this third period of prosperity has neither been very general nor very lasting. Its brilliancy has not availed to prevent Geneva herself from disavowing the principles on which she was founded, and its social and political speculations have been eclipsed or forgotten in the rapid march of European thought and history. But still, during these twenty or thirty years, Geneva was brought into general and fruitful contact with the countries round her; her thought played a part in European thought which it has now entirely ceased to play, and her upper class, her institutions, her religion, excited an interest far more widespread than any which is now bestowed upon them. The object of this paper is to recal some of the leading features of this last period of Genevese influence in Europe. We shall study it best in the lives and thoughts of some of the eminent men whom it produced; and when we have followed its history up to 1841, a rapid sketch of the men and principles of that modern Geneva which has now so completely effaced and superseded the Geneva of 1814, will enable us to realize still more clearly, by force of contrast, the spirit of the earlier epoch.

For since 1846 the Geneva of history may be said to have ceased to exist. The traditions of the place have lost that assimilative force which for so long enabled the Calvinistic state to mould the foreign elements introduced into her after her own pattern and infuse them with her own spirit. Geneva, in the language of one of her critics, has ceased to be '*une grande petite ville*,' and has become '*une petite grande ville*;' that is to say, a town like any other, with a rich self-indulgent upper class, a flourishing middle class, and a turbulent democracy of the ordinary Continental type. Certain traces of the past still remain indeed; the old family houses in the upper town still shelter something of the sobriety, the religious feeling, the science, which made Geneva great. The National Church still

still maintains its hold on the sentiment of the people, even where it has lost its sway over their belief; and as education spreads, we see the evolution of a certain antiquarian and literary tendency, towards regilding here and there some of the ruined idols of the past. But practically the city of Calvin and Rousseau, and even the city of Sismondi, has ceased to be. Its disappearance gives a special and pathetic interest to the years we are about to describe.

Geneva passed into the possession of the French Republic in March 1798. A period of national collapse followed. The population declined rapidly; the town for some years wore an air of desertion and decay; while in the place of the Genevese workmen, who had carried their industry into foreign countries, a Savoyard and Catholic proletariat gradually invaded the place. But the ancient life of the Republic was still preserved among a certain ring of old families, who, during the whole of the French occupation, contrived to maintain the Church, the Academy, the College, and the Sociétés de Bienfaisance, within their exclusive direction and control, and who kept up between themselves and their French masters a social barrier which nothing could break down. It was owing to their tenacity and their patriotism that, when the time of deliverance came, the old Geneva was found capable of revival and restoration.

At last, after sixteen years of foreign rule, the moment of enfranchisement arrived. In the last days of December 1813, news was brought to Geneva of the neighbourhood of a body of Austrian troops, forming part of the allied army which had crossed the Rhine a few weeks before. The chiefs of the French administration, together with the garrison, immediately evacuated the place, and on the last day of the year, the Austrian commander with his men entered the gates, and French sway over Geneva was practically at an end. On New Year's Day, 1814, a provisional government, chosen from old functionaries of the Republic, announced itself to the town, and proclaimed the recovered freedom of Geneva. Very nearly eighteen months, however, of fluctuating hopes and fears, of negotiations with the Powers, and of bargainings with the Swiss Confederation,—admission into which was a matter of life and death to the newly restored Republic,—passed away before the bold act of this New Year's Day was to be fully ratified by circumstance. In the first place, the Austrian General gave himself aristocratic airs towards the defenceless little State which had welcomed him as its saviour. He formed a military administration of his own, which showed itself so wholly determined to ignore the existence of the native Provisional Government, that the chiefs
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of it were forced after a few weeks to withdraw from an unequal struggle, and even to place their resignation in the hands of their master. The course of events, however, in this great moment of European history, was all in favour of the 'fragile political entity,' which, after having been merged for half a generation in the great mass of the French Empire, was still as ready as it had ever been to assert its individuality in the face of Europe. A turn of the war withdrew the Austrian General and his soldiers from the town, and the Provisional Government, which had been in some sort re-constituted towards the end of April, threw all its energies into obtaining a body of Swiss federal troops to replace their quondam deliverers. They addressed a demand to the Diet for such troops before the departure of the Austrians, and the Diet, aware that the Allied Powers were prepared both to recognize the independence of Geneva and to press the admission of the Republic into the Helvetic Confederation, was not slow to meet the Genevese requests.

On the 17th of May, the Austrians departed, the town was garrisoned by the National Guard, and the Provisional Government, 'Messieurs les Syndics,' assumed full authority, both within the town and in the Communes outside the walls. 'The old Geneva,' says a Swiss historian, 'had risen again, her citizens had once more a country; the memories of the past were joyfully appealed to; and the restoration of the ancient customs of the town became the object of all. Public respect was once more paid to the Sabbath, and the great bell of the town which had been used in former centuries to proclaim to Geneva the retreat of her enemies, as it rang out in the evening air, stirred in all hearts the chord of liberty.'

A fortnight later, a body of the Fribourg militia, commanded by Colonel Girard, arrived at Geneva as the military agents of the Confederation. The town which saw in their arrival a pledge of her admission on equal terms into that Swiss league of which she had never been anything more than the *protégée* or the humble ally, received them with the wildest demonstrations of joy.

'Geneva,' wrote an eye-witness, 'is drunk with happiness. The 1st of June saw the entry among us of a little Helvetic garrison from Fribourg, the heralds of the union of Geneva with Switzerland. It is impossible to describe the delight and transport of the Genevese. All were under arms; one could see nothing but triumphal arches, from Cologny, where the Swiss landed, to the Hôtel de Ville. Nobody stayed at home, every child was in the streets. It brought the tears into my eyes to see a corps of children ranging from six years

years old to twelve,—a little troop armed with bows and arrows, and some of them in Mameluke dress, many of them quite small, and as handsome as little cupids,—here a company of Lancers, there another of Grenadiers, and three rosy-faced urchins with big sabres on tiny horses, playing colonels. Sisters and mothers were looking on, all in their Sunday best; joy and hope shone on every face, while every bell rang and every cannon thundered.'

Meanwhile the serious and practical difficulties of the situation were being grappled with simultaneously by the Genevese deputies to the Congress of Paris and by the envoys of the restored Republic at Zurich, then the head-quarters of the Helvetic Confederation. The general drift of European policy at the moment was favourable to the Genevese claims. The Allies wished to establish a compact and neutralized Switzerland as a barrier between France and her neighbours, and Geneva was necessarily the key of the Swiss western frontier. It was therefore to the interest of the Powers, not only to sever Geneva from France, but to see her united in some more solid and permanent fashion than had ever yet been the case, to the main Swiss fabric. But to these geographical and political reasons of the moment Geneva was able to add others more honourable to her individually. Her unique past, the memory of her struggle for religious freedom, the reputation of her upper class,—all these combined to plead her cause and to interest the leading men of the political situation in her claims. On the other hand, the nineteen cantons which had formed the Swiss Confederation since 1803, were not particularly anxious to admit Geneva into their circle. Her history during the eighteenth century had been one of perpetual political disturbance, and the aristocrats of Berne and Zurich were afraid of the influence which the keen, restless Genevese spirit might exercise on the balance of class power throughout the Confederation; while the Catholic cantons had no wish to see the Protestant element in the Diet reinforced by the representatives of the city of Calvin.

However, step by step, the negotiations were carried forward. Geneva, hoping thereby to make herself more acceptable to the Confederation, endeavoured, for the most part unsuccessfully, to obtain an increase of territory from the Allies in Congress, and the Provisional Government kept up at the same time a pressing correspondence with the Diet. As the intentions of European policy became plainer, the tone of the Diet towards Geneva grew naturally more complaisant. Guarantees of order and stability were asked for in the shape of a new Genevese Constitution; a constitution of a moderately aristocratic type was accordingly

accordingly drawn up, submitted to popular election, and carried by an enormous majority. Then, when the Helvetic Confederation had first formally settled its own terms of union in a new Federal Pact, the three new cantons of Neuchâtel, Valais, and Geneva were admitted *de jure*, though not as yet *de facto*, in September 1814. During the nine months which followed, the perils of the Hundred Days served to bind Geneva still more closely to the rest of Switzerland. The town was protected by a federal garrison sent thither in March 1815, and towards the end of April, the deputies of the new canton were at last allowed to take their places in the Diet. Four months afterwards, when Europe had been finally delivered from Napoleon, the new Switzerland celebrated her birthday in the cathedral of Zurich. On the 9th of August, 1815, every Swiss deputy took the following oath of allegiance to their common country :—

‘ We swear to observe the alliance of the Confederation loyally and perpetually, and to sacrifice thereto if necessary our bodies and our blood and our possessions ; to assure by all the means in our power the prosperity and advantage of our country and of each particular canton, and to avoid all that might harm either ; to live amongst ourselves as brothers and confederates in good as in evil fortune ; and to accomplish all that duty and honour require from faithful allies.’

Such was the solemn compact which symbolized the resurrection of Switzerland from the state of partial servitude to which the Napoleonic Empire had reduced her. To Geneva, her entry into the Confederation was a source of unmixed satisfaction. For centuries she had been the protected ally of Berne or Fribourg. She was now their political equal, and a future of peaceful and regular development seemed assured to her. The little town of 30,000 inhabitants, with a yearly income of about a million francs, had excited all through the crisis of the Napoleonic downfall the interest of cultivated men all over Europe, and the history of the twenty-five years which followed the restoration of the Republic was to provide abundant justification for this widespread sympathy. Genevese society had never been so brilliant, and Genevese ideas during this quarter of a century had a vogue and currency in Europe which is now hard to realize. If in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Geneva had been the metropolis of the Reformation, occupying within the limits of Protestantism a position analogous to that of Rome itself, and in the eighteenth century, a hotbed of political theory—after 1814 the dream of her leading men was to make of her a pattern State, to use her as a laboratory of constitutional and social experiment. The problems of representative government in its
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different degrees and proportions, the eternal difficulty of how to combine the maximum of individual liberty with the maximum of public welfare, the value of the utilitarian theory as applied to the different branches of modern life, the secrets of economical progress, and the relation of the State towards the child it has to educate and the criminal it is forced to punish,—these were the kind of subjects which fed the flame of Genevese discussion during the active and fruitful years which followed the restoration of the Republic.

The Government, indeed, was aristocratic in temper and in composition, having the fear of the Holy Alliance perpetually before its eyes, and holding literature and the press under a censorship more or less strict, according to the political necessities of the day. Sismondi, fresh from his efforts to help Napoleon in the Hundred Days, not as Napoleon, indeed, but as the only possible representative of liberal ideas in the face of a reactionary Europe, threw himself into opposition to the party which 1814 had brought to the front, and with the help of Rossi, Dumont, and others, succeeded ultimately in indoctrinating Genevese public life with that tone of moderate liberalism which prevailed in it from 1825 to 1846. A Liberal Opposition was needed, for in 1815 class distinctions were for the moment revived with fresh strength. The air seemed to be still hot with the passions of the eighteenth century, and although the *representatives* and the *natives*, to use the eighteenth-century names for the bourgeoisie and the proletariat, had now, thanks to the Revolution and the Constitution of 1814, obtained a considerable share of political power, yet the real government of the State had fallen once more into the hands of those old aristocratic families, who, after a last brilliant period of rule, were to be finally swept out of power by James Fazy and the Radical Revolution of 1846. The Genevese aristocracy had grave weaknesses and defects, which became more and more apparent as the older men who had helped to bring about the Restoration died off, and their sons, who had been brought up under the cramping influences of the French period, attempted to take their places. But during these first remarkable years all that met the eye was a Genevese upper class, as intelligent as it was rich and well bred, numbering among its ranks critics, historians, philanthropists, jurists and men of science, and keeping up incessant communication with every intellectual centre in Europe.

The social atmosphere of Geneva indeed was almost oppressively intellectual. The modern reader at any rate is roused to an impulse of half-sarcastic revolt when, in the course of one
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of Charles de Bonstetten's admiring descriptions of the life of those days, he comes across the sentence—'Here one can never feel a moment's emptiness; *there are so many lectures to be attended!*' One must remember, however, that the idea which the words call up is characteristic of the whole European situation. The classes which had been driven out of power by the Revolution, had everywhere returned to power; but nothing could undo the effects on the European mind of the stormy period which had just closed; it was still necessary, even in those countries where the aristocratic reaction was strongest, to govern by the help of ideas, as well as by the help of physical force, and everywhere men were eager to theorize, to formulate the principles of the new epoch, and to reconcile, here in a more Conservative, there in a more Liberal sense, the requirements of order with the requirements of liberty. The lecturing attitude, the pose of the doctrinaire, came naturally to the thinkers and politicians of the time. In France, this political doctrinairism came finally into power with Louis Philippe; but in the little Republic of Geneva it found full expression and free play from the beginning of the Restoration period. 'A meeting-point of nations,' writes the Swiss biographer of Bonstetten, speaking of Geneva in 1815,—'a point of contact for men and minds of the most different type,—the town presented a faithful although a softened reflection of all the new tendencies awakened by the Restoration throughout Europe:—and one of the most marked of these tendencies was a didactic tendency.

However, Bonstetten's letters—he was an eye-witness of the period throughout—are full of testimony to which not even this slight demur can be taken. Writing from Geneva in 1816, he says:—

'There is here a life, an energy, which does one good. Nowhere can one find more enlightenment or a more true Republican spirit than in this little State. If the twenty-one other cantons were like it, we should see Athens and Sparta over again. . . . The activity, the movement, the good-humour one sees here, tempt me to become Genevese. The magistrates of the older Republic, now become councillors, are, like the French *émigrés*, full of prejudice; but they will yield in time to those who are more enlightened, and behind them is a younger generation full of life.'

And in another of his delightful letters, written about the same time to his Danish friend Frederica Broun, he declares in a tone of still greater warmth—

'at Geneva everything thrives, everything advances with giant steps. The education given is excellent, the youth of the place studious and well behaved. . . . Everything that thinks and writes in Europe

passes through our magic lantern. Princes and Grands Seigneurs abound. Many people indeed prefer Geneva to Paris; what is scattered and dispersed in the great city is found here, as it were, in essence. Geneva is the world in a nutshell.'

The chronicler, indeed, has but one fault to find with the life of the Restoration. It is carried on, the German in him complains, at too high pressure. 'It is like a perpetually unclouded sky, knowing nothing of the gradations of dawn or evening. Think or die—is the Genevese motto.'

To describe this brilliant and varied society in detail would be impossible within our present limits. We must be content with singling out three representative members of it. Rossi, the Italian immigrant whose career embodies one of the most romantic stories of the century; Sismondi, historian and philanthropist, at once the friend of England and the supporter of Napoleon against what he believed to be the deadly forces of a blind reaction; and Charles de Bonstetten, whose life began before the Seven Years' War and ended after the accession of Louis Philippe;—upon these three figures we may perhaps pause a little. But for the rest we can only recal a string of honourable names—Dumont, the friend of Mirabeau and the editor and translator of Bentham, who had returned from England with ideas and sentiments of the purest Whig type; D'Ivernois, who had been, during his English exile, the associate of Pitt, and who on his return to his native town tried to bring a cultivated and kindly Toryism to bear upon its politics; the two Pictets, founders of the '*Biographie Britannique*,' which became later on the '*Biographie Universelle*;' De Candolle, the great botanist, whose airy French ways were balanced by an insatiable passion for work, by a scientific inventiveness and thoroughness, and by a power of rousing the interest and enthusiasm of his pupils, which have left a deep mark on the history of European science; and last, but not least, the refined and dignified Madame Necker de Saussure, the heir of two famous names, and distinguished even in that earnest and cultivated society for the serious enthusiasm and the intellectual force which she threw into her work, both as a writer on questions of social reform and as a practical philanthropist.

The whole temper of the place indeed was active and serious. Large questions, political, social, or philosophical, occupied the forefront both of public and of private life. The philosophical bases of law, and the new methods of historical interpretation which the Germans were bringing into prominence, the ideal relations of the State towards the individual both in his civil and religious capacity, the vast prospects of physical science;—
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these were the topics upon which the men and even the women of Geneva spent their energies by preference, during these strenuous years.

Pure *belles-lettres*, which had never found a favourable home in Geneva, did not indeed count for much in this intellectual revival. A few obscure poets, mostly of the school of Béranger, gathered round the gay and kindly Petit-Senn, known to the Geneva of two generations, partly as the poet of family festivals and patriotic occasions, but still more as the rich and soft-hearted patron of all the young dabblers in letters whom the town and neighbourhood produced. An account of these poets and their works may be found in the conscientious study which M. Marc Monnier has lately devoted to modern Genevese verse ('*Genève et ses Poètes*'); but they are not worth our recapitulation here, for they made little mark, and had no influence on the general development of Geneva. Töpffer was only a boy at the time of the Restoration, and the brilliant opening of Victor Cherbuliez's career, which is all that Geneva can claim, as well as the grace and wit of Marc Monnier, and the delicate gravity of Amiel, belong to the period subsequent to 1846.

Nor, in these early years, were religious questions much to the fore. The Genevese Church, like every other national institution, had profited by the general revival of patriotic energy brought about by the Restoration. Still it was regarded mainly as a national possession, as something bound up with and supporting the life of the State. The tremendous doctrinal controversies of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century were things of the remote past. A sort of Christian Unitarianism, deeply tinged with Puritan feeling, represented the dominant religious temper of the place. Cellerier and Diodati, men of pure life and tender hearts, kept the flame of a warmer piety alive within the range of their influence, and served as pioneers of the Evangelical Revival, which began in 1819, and reached its highest point between 1830 and 1840. But, on the whole, the tendency both of pastors and people within the Calvinistic Establishment was, for many years, rather towards moral and philanthropic than theological speculation. There was a general avoidance of dogmatic questions, a general wish to make the ground of common action afforded by religion as large and as indeterminate as possible. The progress of the Revival movement did indeed disturb the state of things, and stirred up a certain amount of angry religious controversy. But the religious controversies of Geneva have in this century lost the power they once possessed of rousing a European echo. The numbers under the sway of the *Oratoire*, or church of the

Réveil, have been throughout insignificant. The *Réveil*, no doubt, developed a certain number of effective preachers and ardently religious men, but perhaps the only moment when it came into contact with the broad stream of religious interest in Europe was the moment when Professor Scherer seceded from it in 1847, and by the publication of his book, '*La Critique et la Foi*,' so famous in the circles of Continental Protestantism, and the foundation of the '*Revue de Strasbourg*,' brought into view opinions, which, as Lord Acton has lately pointed out, are as important in the history of modern belief as any known to the century. But the history of M. Scherer's opinions does not belong properly to Geneva. His connection with the *Oratoire* was a short one; before it he was a pupil of Vinet, and since it came to an end, he has become a French Senator, and one of the best of French critics. There are a few other names of interest in the modern religious history of Geneva. Ernest Naville, both as preacher and thinker, commands our respect, and has found readers outside his native country, and in an exhaustive study of the town's religious development since 1814, we should find much to interest us in men like Bungener and the younger Cellierier. But still, broadly speaking, the interests of the whole period have not been primarily religious or literary. They have been political and social. And therefore it is with the politicians and the men who were not only men of letters, but men of wide social interests and reputation besides, like Sismondi and Bonstetten, that we shall do best to concern ourselves if we wish to realize the course, whether of the brilliant Restoration period, or of the time of varied political change which has succeeded it.

It may be well to recal, in the first place, under what exceptional moral conditions all the political and social activity of the Restoration was carried on. The size of the place—the town itself was then a good deal smaller in point of population than the Oxford of the present day—made it impossible for the ambition of the many able men gathered together in it to find any adequate material reward. No money was to be made out of politics,—Rossi at the height of his Genevese political reputation made an income of barely 200*l.* a year; the power and influence to be gained were purely local, and offered very little temptation to personal egotism; and the democracy as yet was contented and well in hand, and it was nobody's interest to flatter it. So that the atmosphere of public life was exceptionally pure and clear; the leading men of the place, if they were deprived of the training afforded by the difficulties and complexities of government on a larger scale, were yet protected from its temptations

tions and its feverish competitions, and they conducted the business of their little country with a high-mindedness and a confidence in the efficacy of great principles which cannot but win our sympathy, whatever may be the comments which the irony of time has attached to the Restoration period. All this Genevese uprightness and seriousness, and all the new intellectual energies of the time were curiously summed up in the career of Rossi, in whom, Italian and Catholic as he was, the renewed Republic found a representative of all that was best and worthiest in her ancient manners. Pellegrino Rossi was born at Carrara, in the Duchy of Modena, in 1787. His career at the University of Bologna recalls in brilliancy and rapidity those of some of the great legal celebrities of the Middle Ages, and long before the downfall of Napoleon he had made himself a considerable reputation both as advocate and professor throughout the Romagna. Like so many of the better class of Spaniards under similar circumstances, he saw in the French rule over Italy the only means of regenerating his country. After the subsidence of the worst ferment of the Revolution, those English constitutional ideas, which had so deeply influenced the French eighteenth century, re-emerged, and they entered largely into all the new administrations inaugurated by the Napoleonic conquest. To the more intelligent Italians they seemed to carry the promise of a new world in them, and the young Rossi, gifted as he was with the true Latin tenacity and seriousness, adopted them with an unhesitating faith. Moderate constitutionalism, a society in which all should be free and equal before the law, but in which the government should fall by natural right and selection, and by the adoption of a few necessary safeguards, into the hands of the intelligent and cultivated—this was Rossi's ideal, as it was Sismondi's. He lived for it with singular consistency of purpose, and he died a martyr to it.

After Murat's unlucky expedition in 1815, Rossi found himself so deeply compromised at home by his connection with the French cause, that, after a few weeks of hiding in Naples, he saw that nothing remained to him but exile. Circumstances drew him to Geneva, where he already possessed friends, and he arrived there in 1816 at the age of twenty-nine. For about three years after his arrival, he lived a life of solitary study, in a little house outside Geneva, winning the sympathy of the neighbours, and of a constantly increasing circle of Genevese friends, by the combination in him of a rare warmth of feeling, with a certain antique austerity and single-mindedness. He was reading largely in political economy and jurisprudence, teaching himself German, and making himself master of French; but at the

the same time he found time to translate the 'Giaour,' and to disappear for occasional spells of hunting among the mountains, an amusement in which he seems to have taken a northerner's pleasure. In 1819, however, it became evident, both to himself and his friends, that the time had come for him to make a public appearance at Geneva. He announced a course of lectures on Roman Law. The course was the great success of the year. Not only was it crowded by the older men, who, remembering the barrenness of the legal teaching of the past, were delighted with the breadth and modernness of Rossi's historical method, but by the ladies and fashionable society (if one may apply to it so frivolous an epithet) of the town. The young Italian, with his grave classical beauty of feature, with his manner at once easy and deliberate, and the foreign accent which gave a sort of piquancy to his French, took the sympathy of the place by storm, and, within a few weeks after the completion of his course, he was appointed Professor of Roman Law in the Academy. It was the first time that a Catholic had been admitted to a Chair in that Academy, which had been for centuries the armoury of Protestantism, and it was not done without opposition. But Rossi was a man born to conciliate opposition, and, having once found an entrance, his success was certain. The following year he was naturalized, and elected a Deputy to the Representative Council. Thenceforward he became one of the most considerable men of the little State in which he had thus found a country.

Among the various legislative matters over which Rossi exercised a decisive influence during the years from 1830 to 1833, we may mention a new marriage law, rendered necessary by the addition of a certain number of Catholic communes to the Republic in 1816; a number of different reforms in the criminal law, the re-establishment of the jury-system, which had prevailed under the French administration, and was now restored by the efforts of the opposition, and so on. Rossi's most important work, however, was done as a lecturer and as a speaker. He did not possess originality, in the true sense, but he was endowed to perfection with that sensitiveness and pliancy of mind which enables a man to take up the ideas of others, to re-arrange and improve upon them, and to put them into finer and clearer shape. His lectures introduced the Genevese world to all that was best and most fruitful in the legal science of the day, and in his speeches the practical politics of the moment were treated in a large speculative way, which no modern debating assembly is likely to put up with again, but which was exactly suited to the needs and expectations of the society to which

which the speeches were addressed. One of Rossi's old friends and political colleagues, M. Huber-Saladin, published some years ago an interesting description of the oratorical performances in the Representative Council before 1841. At that time, M. Saladin tells us, the public were not admitted to the sittings of the Council, nor were the speeches reported, except in a very short official way. The Council itself was of a type rare among representative bodies. It contained about two hundred members, drawn almost entirely from the wealthy and cultivated class of the town and neighbourhood. The general level of intelligence in it was exceptionally high. The men of business in it were also, generally speaking, men of culture, and it contained a large professional element. Looking back upon it, it seems to have combined the excellences of a first-rate municipal council, supposing such a thing were possible, with the tone of a university convocation. The pressure of affairs behind the debates was sufficient to ensure them a large amount of practical reality, but not enough to deprive them of a certain speculative, philosophical air, which makes a curious impression upon the modern reader, fresh from the hurry, the bustle, the personalities, of recent parliamentarism. The atmosphere of such a body was no doubt favourable to doctrinaires, but they must be doctrinaires with some stuff in them, and a real solidity of acquirement. A mere rhetorician had little chance with men who had practically no constituents to flatter, and no personal interests to serve. Rossi's position in the Council seems to have been always one of pre-eminence. There were other good speakers in the house; Dumont, Sismondi, Bellot, were also practised debaters and men of wide intelligence; but the peculiar combination of gifts in Rossi, and perhaps the touch of personal romance about him, placed him—such at least is M. Saladin's belief—at the head of them all.

In 1833 so great had his influence become, that Geneva could find no worthier son of native blood to represent her in the Federal Crisis of that year. The old Switzerland which had been momentarily revived in 1814 was now finally breaking up. 1830 had shaken Swiss society to its foundations; in Berne, Zurich, Fribourg, and many of the oldest cantons, the revolution had triumphed; in others its success was still doubtful; while the League of Sarnen held together those cantons in which the spirit of Catholic or Conservative resistance to the modern world was strongest. Geneva headed a middle party of moderates, and Rossi, as the representative of Geneva, played the part of arbitrator between the different hostile interests involved, with energy and conviction, and at first with good prospect of success.

success. It was necessary to strengthen the central power, and, while leaving the principle of cantonal self-government untouched, to ensure a greater uniformity of political rights throughout the Confederation. At that time there was no uniformity and no common life anywhere.

'The twenty-two cantons,' says Mignet, 'of which Switzerland was then composed, were different in origin, unequal in extent, diverse in organization, and separate in belief; speaking different languages, pursuing contrary maxims, and obeying contrary interests; some Catholic, some Protestant; according to locality either German, French, or Italian; stationary democracies in the central valleys, short-sighted aristocracies in the majority of the towns; here administered by ignorant shepherds, there by haughty patricians, elsewhere by exclusive burgesses; and, according to the form of government in vogue, excluding from office in one place the very class of citizens who ruled in another. Such was the position of this inharmonious, heterogeneous Republic, of this federation, as weak as it was quarrelsome.'

Evidently this was a state of things which rendered the Switzerland of 1833 equally unable to cope with revolution at home or with hostility abroad. The new Federal Pact was drawn up under a strong sense of urgency at Lucerne, and Rossi was by universal consent allowed a leading part both in the drafting of the Pact and in the advocacy of it before the Diet. His speech, as reporter of the drafting commission, was long remembered and is still quoted.

'You,' he said, addressing the representatives of the Radical cantons, —'whom the spirit of the age animates with all its fire, moderate your ardour. You,' turning to the Conservative cantons, 'who are still obedient to the spirit of your fathers and bound to ancient tradition, rise and consent to walk. Shall the foreigners say of us contemptuously—"the Swiss, some of them old and incorrigible, the others mere undisciplined children—can overthrow but they cannot build up? 1802, 1815 proclaim it, 1833 confirms it." Swiss of the twenty-two cantons, choose which you will, union or schism, honour or shame, the respect of Europe or its contempt! May God, country, and the national honour, inspire you!'

But Rossi's tact, labour, and eloquence, were expended in vain. The Diet indeed voted the new Federal law, but the League of Sarnen and the rural communes of Lucerne would have nothing to do with it; their opposition made the whole negotiation fruitless, and Rossi returned in a state of the deepest discouragement to Geneva, oppressed with a sense of the difficulties and dangers threatening the Confederation. He felt himself powerless to influence the new Switzerland which the

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Diet of Lucerne had revealed to him ; a Switzerland of violent parties and fierce class hatreds, sure to drift at last into a policy of over-centralization as the only means of preserving the national existence. And Geneva itself was growing distasteful to him. The Representative Council was becoming more and more narrowly Conservative ; many of the chiefs of the older generation were already dead, others had fallen into the background ; Sismondi was dying ; and Rossi's keen eye foresaw a revolutionary future for the town, while it also took note of the growing decay and ineptitude of that brilliant upper class which had for so long held the forces of disorder in check. Just at this time of hesitation and difficulty, a small diplomatic commission brought him into contact with certain members of the French Ministry, especially with the Duc de Broglie and Guizot, with whom he had long been on friendly terms. Their warm offers of support and employment in Paris induced him after a while to leave his little country home near Geneva, and to adopt yet another nationality. Geneva parted from him with sincere regret, the Academy bestowing on him the grade of *Professor Emeritus*, and in the autumn of 1833 Rossi settled in Paris. The Chair of Political Economy in the Collège de France, vacant by the death of J. B. Say, the father of the present politician, was almost immediately offered him, to be exchanged, however, very shortly afterwards for that of Constitutional Law.

Rossi's after-career is matter of general knowledge. The period of his Parisian success, in the course of which he became Professor of the Collège de France, Member of the Institute, Member of the Chamber of Peers, and finally French Ambassador to the Vatican, led him gradually onward towards that last striking episode of his life which culminated in his death at the hands of a band of Roman assassins. Rossi's aims, as Pio Nono's constitutional minister, after his connection with France had been severed by the Revolution of 1848, commanded the sympathies of Europe, but his energies were spent in vain ; the tradition of centuries protested against the transference of the ideas of England and Geneva to the counsels of Rome. His mission was doomed to failure from the first. He held his post for two months, denounced by the Republicans as a reactionary, by the Catholic party as a heretic ; and then the natural end followed. On the 15th of November he was to explain to the new Chamber of Deputies how his ministry proposed to reconcile the tradition of the Holy See with 'the benefits and glories of modern civilization.' When the day arrived, Rossi was warned four times that his life was in danger ; for the last time

time on the threshold of the Papal Cabinet whence he was to proceed to the Chamber of Deputies. 'If you go, you are a dead man,' said a priest, catching him by the arm. 'The cause of the Pope is the cause of God,' was the reply, after a moment's pause; 'God will help me.' A few minutes later he had been stabbed in the throat by a band of conspirators lying in wait for him on the steps of the Chamber, and the Revolution was let loose.

Such was the end of a remarkable man, a man of Teutonic beliefs and principles, enforced with Southern fire and tempered with a kind of antique grace. Beside this grave figure, the type of intellectual consistency and respectability, we may now place that of Bonstetten,—Charles Victor de Bonstetten, one of the most mobile and restless of men, by birth a patrician of Berne, by instinct a revolutionist, the friend of Johann von Müller, of our own Gray, of Madame de Staël, of Sismondi and Madame de Circourt, as young at eighty as he was at twenty, and showing from youth to age the same irrepressible delight in life and its accessories. 'My tendency is always to look forward,' he wrote of himself at seventy. 'The mechanism of my mind does not allow it to look backward. Nothing is more false or more unreasonable than the nonsense people talk about old age. In my seventieth year I have not a sigh to waste over my youth. My youthful head seems to me ugly and empty in comparison with my old brain.' Such was the temper of the man at an age when life has lost its savour for most of us, and it was characteristic of him throughout. He played so prominent a part in Genevese society, and represents so admirably the cosmopolitanism which was one of the principal features of the Restoration period, that a rapid sketch of him will be one of the best illustrations available of the function and place of Geneva in European thought and life, during the great period of upheaval and transition covered by the career of Bonstetten. In France, owing to his connection with the circle of Madame de Staël, Bonstetten's is a familiar name, and Sainte-Beuve has made him the subject of two of his most attractive *Causeries*. But in England, beyond the bare fact of his connection with Gray, we know less of him than he deserves.

Charles Victor de Bonstetten was born at Berne in 1745. His parents belonged to one of the six aristocratic families who had for centuries divided between them the political power of one of the most exclusive oligarchies in Europe. It must have been from his mother, one would think, that Bonstetten inherited the vivacity of temperament which later on was to interpose

interpose itself between the young patrician and the duties of his order. His father, at any rate, was cast in the traditional Bernese mould, and, in spite of a great deal of warm affection between them, his son seems to have been a constant source of perplexity and anxiety to him. The boy's childhood was passed at Berne, and was apparently not a happy one, for by the age of fourteen he had taken what proved to be an invincible dislike to his native place, and his father thought it wise to send him away from home. He was sent to a tutor at Yverdon, where he spent three free and happy years, getting up at five in the morning to read, and wandering with his Horace through country lanes, where he more than once came across a man, 'whose pensive air and fiery look struck his young imagination, and whom he afterwards found to be Jean Jacques himself.' No control was exercised over his studies, and he read largely and hungrily, lying on his back in the open air, or perched in the branches of an old quince tree. Thus at Yverdon the foundation both of his intellectual qualities and his intellectual defects was firmly laid. His interest in the whole field of letters was roused and stimulated by the freedom with which he was allowed to wander over it; he learnt to take that pleasure in books, to feel that joy and zest in intellectual exercise, which was one of his strongest after-characteristics, but at the same time his lack of training, and his instinctive avoidance of anything that savoured of drudgery and did not promise an immediate and pleasant return, were preparing in him those mental weaknesses and limitations, which his attempts at serious philosophical work brought so plainly into view in later years.

At eighteen he was sent to Geneva, and put under the charge of the minister Prévost, afterwards the well-known Professor Pierre Prévost. Here some more systematic teaching was attempted by those responsible for him, but Bonstetten would have none of it, or at any rate no more than he thought himself bound to accept out of deference to his father. 'There are certain things,'—he writes with the trenchancy of eighteen, 'which every one says, which every one thinks necessary, and which nobody practises,—to read little and read well, to observe much and think still more.' He was loth to take exercises in French style from M. Prévost. 'In order to form taste,' he declared, 'one must think for oneself; it is ruinous for a man's taste to be always copying other people's thoughts.' In time, as no one could say that he was idle, he was left to himself, and in his little ground-floor room, during his first Genevese winter, he enjoyed his books to his heart's content, reading

reading or learning his Latin poets, delighting in Fontenelle and Madame de Sévigné, above all throwing himself with passion into the study of Rousseau, 'while the north wind howled outside,' and nothing reminded him of the country delights he had left behind him.

Bonstetten passed three years at Geneva, years of which the happiness was only chequered by the dread of having to return to Berne. He became the friend of Moulton, Rousseau's admirer and staunch supporter at Geneva, and in Moulton's house he met the damsel who inspired Gibbon's well-regulated ardours, and ultimately became Mdme. Necker. Moulton took him to Ferney and introduced him to Voltaire, greatly to the annoyance of the lad's distant parent, who presently found himself obliged to send a peremptory order forbidding his son to take part in stage performances at Ferney. This first contact with Voltaire seems to have stirred the young impressible nature of Bonstetten to its depths. It led him to examine the grounds of that religion, for the most part a rationalizing and Deistic Christianity, which he had embraced at Yverdon with youthful fervour and wholeheartedness, and he thus describes the result:—

'After much prayer and many tears I made a treaty with God. I promised Him to seek for truth according to my strength, and to remain all my life faithful to virtue, feeling no doubt that the true religion of all peoples is to be virtuous. Thus did my young heart find peace again.'

One could scarcely find a more characteristic expression of the dominant religious temper of the time as opposed to its Voltairianism.

Meanwhile, although Bonstetten's religious feeling remained proof against the influence of Voltaire, his whole point of view, both political and religious, was being profoundly influenced by Rousseau. The attitude of the Genevese governing class towards his chosen prophet, and, finally, the public condemnation of *Emile* and the *Contrat Social*, roused his liveliest indignation, while the political troubles into which Geneva was plunged during his day afforded him numberless opportunities of displaying the doctrines and sentiments of his master. His relations at Berne began to be seriously alarmed. How was the young revolutionist, whose letters were burning discourses on 'tyranny,' 'liberty,' and the 'rights of man,' who had even gone so far as to doubt the worth of a classical education, and to startle his father with a loftily-expressed opinion that the 'time and trouble employed in learning the ancient languages are out of all proportion to the pleasure and utility which a knowledge of them bestows'—ever to adapt himself to the narrow traditional grooves

grooves of Bernese political life? His father thought desperately of marrying him, of procuring him a diplomatic post in Poland, and finally recalled him peremptorily to Berne. Bonstetten's ardent protests, however, secured him another year of happiness at Geneva, a year principally marked by his friendship with the Christian philosopher and naturalist, Charles Bonnet, under whose influence his admiration for Rousseau seems to have gradually sobered down; but at the end of the year there was no help for it, and he returned to Berne to practise that virtue of obedience which he regarded as 'the vilest sentiment which can infect the soul of man!'

With the revolt and misery of his Berne life we are not concerned. Bonstetten, posing as Werther, to use Sainte-Beuve's phrase, is not the true Bonstetten; certainly not the Bonstetten whom Geneva knew. His father, at last, seeing that the youth was doing no good at Berne, and alarmed by certain wild hints at suicide, wisely gave him leave to travel, and the permission at once transformed the whole current of Bonstetten's ideas.

He went to Holland, where the sturdy national life attracted his sympathy, while at the same time his mobile nature rebelled against the Dutch phlegm and the Dutch orderliness. 'They cannot put up with a joke,' he complains; 'too much gaiety wearies them; if you were to show any liveliness in these beautiful houses and among these precious vases, these smooth carpets, these hangings shining with cleanliness, you would make the master of the house perspire with anxiety.'—The University life took no deeper hold upon him than the general society of the place, and he was soon ready to continue his journey to England. Every student of English letters is acquainted with the delightful story of his friendship with Gray. The sudden apparition of the young and brilliant Swiss among the halls and gardens of Cambridge, his ardent devotion to the great man in whom the flow of poetical imagination seemed to have dried up, leaving behind it only a deep melancholy and an impenetrable reserve; their long evenings over Milton and Shakspeare, Bonstetten's revolt against Gray's sadness, and his characteristic French explanation of it—'Il n'a jamais aimé,'—and on the other hand, Gray's affectionate bewilderment over the whims and eccentricities of his friend,—'the most extraordinary person he had ever met with,' as he confided to Nicholls, their common acquaintance, and the anxiety aroused in him by the morose letters which reached him from Bonstetten, on the return of the latter to Berne—all these incidents and traits of the relationship between them will recur to the readers of Mr. Gosse's monograph
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on Gray or to the students of Sainte-Beuve. Tempting as they are, we must not dwell upon them here.

Nor are we much concerned with the years of official life which intervened between Bonstetten's English visit and his settlement at Geneva in 1801. At the age of thirty we find him surrendering to circumstances, taking up the responsibilities forced upon him by his birth, and assuming office under a German-speaking oligarchy, with a French shrug of the shoulders, and a French sense of the humour of the situation. As Bailli of Nyon, he represented the Berne government among the subject Vaudois during what were for Switzerland the most critical years of the Revolution, and the result was long remembered with bitterness at Berne. It was impossible for Bonstetten, with his mobile impressible nature, and the Rousseau leaven in his composition, to assume that attitude of stern resistance towards the Revolutionary ferment round him, which the Berne patricians expected of one of their caste. He made himself a popular idol; but while the Vaudois adored him, the home government held his conduct to be mere dangerous trifling with his country's interests, and he was recalled from his post in 1792.

He spent the next few years on his property in the Jura, surrounded with friends, and living the life of the seigneur and the man of letters, which suited him best. In 1798 he was once more employed by the Bernese authorities, who, as a last chance, sought to utilize his personal popularity among the revolted Vaudois. But it was too late. Buonaparte was at the gates. With the absorption of Geneva into France, and the formation of the new Canton du Léman, Bonstetten's official life came to an end. He went back to Berne for a while, to find himself torn to pieces between the aristocrats and the party of revolution; and finally, to escape being forced to help in the drafting of the democratic constitution and in the formation of the new Directory which was to replace the government of his own order, he fled from Berne by night, and a few weeks later he had left Switzerland behind him, and entered upon a three years' exile. 'I have withdrawn altogether from affairs,' he writes to his friend Frederica Broun. 'Ces temps d'enfer ne sont pas faits pour moi!' 'At the decisive moment,' says M. Steinlen, whose judgment on Bonstetten as a politician is evidently that of the Bernese Conservative; 'he had failed; like the Genevese in 1792, he had shown "de l'esprit et peu d'énergie," and at the age of fifty-three the only future which remained to him seemed to be that of an obscure old age.

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On the contrary, it was only now that his true career was to begin.'

Three years later Bonstetten returned to Switzerland. Berne as a place of residence was for many reasons impossible. His early memories drew him to Geneva, where society had already re-organized itself under French rule, and where his friend Frederica Broun proposed also to settle for a while. Here he passed the remaining thirty years of his life, a mere spectator of the political activities of the place, in which he never took any personal share, but socially one of the most brilliant members of a brilliant circle. On his settlement there, he seems to have made over his property in the Jura to his son, reserving to himself capital enough to ensure, as he supposed, a comfortable income. An unfortunate investment, however, reduced this capital by one-half. Bonstetten sat for two days in his arm-chair after the news reached him, his eyes fixed on the ground, almost without speaking; then, without a complaint, he reduced his establishment, recovered his cheerfulness completely, and never afterwards alluded to his loss. His *appartement*, which occupied part of a house whose gloomy exterior gave no signs of the pleasantness within, looked out over the Terrace de La Treille, in full view of the Jura and the Alps, and of the two rivers, the Rhone and the Arve, mingling their streams below the beautiful woods of La Bâtie. A sort of tent arranged on the balcony enabled the owner of the rooms to work out of doors during the summer, and here Bonstetten was most commonly to be found, book or pen in hand, or else surrounded by friends, playing the host as he alone could play it, with the manners of the *ancien régime*, and a flow of epigram worthy of one of the most distinguished members of the Coppet salon.

During the early years of his second Genevese residence, he made indeed one of Madame de Staël's regular circle, and after his Italian visit in 1802-3 it was she who listened to the charming book which was the fruit of it—'Un Voyage en Latium'—and who encouraged him to forsake the German, in which he had hitherto composed, for the French idiom, which was so infinitely better suited to his temperament and to the lightness and crispness of all his mental processes. Bonstetten gives an amusing account of this French transformation of his in his letters to Madame Broun:—

'Nothing could be more comic,' he says, 'than the history of my French book; I read some of it from time to time to some of my friends, and am gradually becoming indifferent to the criticisms which I feel I do not deserve. What Necker blames, Sismondi admires;

admires; it is the same with style as it is with dress. "For heaven's sake, don't use such a word, or you are lost; if you are to write French, you must say so and so." This French is a diabolical language! Some day I shall write on the two languages among which I have lived. The attention which the French give to style is exaggerated. It is more a matter of fashion than of reason.'

His letters to Madame Broun are full of sketches of the Coppet world. We see that, like many others of Madame de Staël's admirers, he disliked Schlegel and Benjamin Constant; but his visits to Coppet were none the less assiduous and none the less fruitful on that account.

'I have just come back with Müller from Coppet,' in 1804 he writes, 'having spent two days there, and I am feeling perfectly stupid, shaken altogether out of my ordinary tranquillity of mind, tired out by a debauch of intelligence. There is more intellectual enjoyment to be got out of a day at Coppet than out of a year anywhere else. The good Sismondi is completely bewildered. He confessed to me yesterday that everything and everybody outside Coppet seemed to him to be sunk in crass ignorance. I consoled him as best I could. He wants to go to Germany to see great men for himself, but I advised him rather to go to Greece!'

In the latter years of the life at Coppet, Bonstetten suffered, however, as Sismondi did, from the deepening irritability, the growing sombreness, of Madame de Staël, and some of his letters contain curious accounts of the various shifts by which Corinne at different times sought to defend herself against her circumstances. *A propos* of the mysticism which invaded the Coppet household about 1808, he writes to his friend:—

'Nothing is more changed than our Coppet world. You will see all these people will become Catholics, Boehmists, Martinists, above all, Germans, thanks to Schlegel.—When Madame de Staël is alone in her carriage, she reads mystical books.—If Geneva turns mystical, I am off to Paris or Sicily!'

In 1812 Coppet was suddenly forsaken by its mistress, and for some time her old home knew her no more. The events of 1814, however, restored her to Geneva, to freedom, to sovereignty, and Corinne passed two more brilliant summers beside the mountains which had sheltered her exile,—'no longer humiliated, proscribed, struggling in the grip of the eagle, but *fêted* by the great, sought after by kings, and directing, as it seemed for the moment, the whole intellectual movement of the age.' Bonstetten joyfully resumed his old place beside her, but it was not for long. The pressure of public misfortune had been removed, only to be succeeded by that of private grief. M. Rocca

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was dying; Madame de Staël was soon seen to be herself fatally ill. In the autumn of 1816 Bonstetten saw her for the last time, on her departure for Paris.

'I still see,' he says, writing to Madame Broun after her death, 'the place in her salon where she took leave of me before starting for Paris. I was gay and happy, and offered her my hand, saying, "Au revoir." But she gave me a look in return so deeply sad, that as I went away I debated with myself whether I should not go back to her. I decided, however, that she was probably thinking of my advanced age, and that she might never see me again; and I went on my way. It was an eternal farewell.'

And he adds, in a later letter,—

'I can never see the poplars waving over her tomb without a pang. I miss her like a part of myself—my thought has lost its right hand.'

Bonstetten's grief for the friends who dropped out of his ken was sincere and deep. '*Ce qui est léger n'est pas toujours infidèle*,' was a saying of his own, and his own temperament bore it out. Certainly he was neither faithless nor forgetful, but he was so made, that as the old sources of happiness dried up new ones perpetually opened before him. In the society of Geneva after 1814 he took an increasingly large share, and every year seemed to bring him fresh friends and fresh interests. He worked the whole of the morning, and the whole of the afternoon and evening he talked. He refused altogether to regard himself, or to let others regard him, as an old man. 'At seventy,' says Sainte-Beuve, 'he attained his full maturity—a maturity which he maintained for twelve years more; up to eighty-two and even beyond he was at his best.' He had been old at Berne between the ages of thirty and forty. At Geneva, thanks to what he himself called a 'courage of the soul,' which refused to regard death as an enemy or as anything but a passage from one activity to another, and to a constant 'intellectual gymnastic' which kept the mind in health, he remained young and vigorous almost to his dying day.

His range of friendships and of interests was enormous. Merely to recal the names connected with them thrills the mind with a keen sense of changing epochs and ideas. In his boyhood, as we have seen, he fell across Rousseau and talked with Voltaire. At twenty he was the friend of Gray and Johann von Müller; in middle life we find him the constant companion of Madame de Staël; while, after 1814, he made acquaintance with Byron, and his house was the favourite meeting-place of the distinguished Englishmen and Englishwomen of whom so many

passed through Geneva in the brilliant years of the Restoration. With German society he was connected by his friendship with Matthiesson and Zschokke, and by his correspondence with various members of the Württemberg family; while, in his later years, we find him discussing Lamartine and listening with enthusiasm to Victor Hugo's 'Hernani.' From Rousseau to 'Hernani'! The great tradition which the two names represent is at bottom one and the same; but what long and vital years of change intervened between the rise of Romanticism in Rousseau and its full flower in Victor Hugo! Of these disastrous and yet fruitful years, Bonstetten was throughout the sympathetic and intelligent spectator. He was sufficiently with Rousseau to see in the difficult evolution of the modern order cause rather for hope than for despondency, while at the same time the bright common-sense, the optimistic moderation, which were his characteristic heritage from the eighteenth century, kept him from caring overmuch for this cause or for that, and so preserved him from that wear and tear of soul which shortened the lives of so many of his contemporaries. His books are delightful fragmentary records of his own impressions and experiences in the course of what, in common with M. Renan, he might have called '*ma charmante promenade à travers la réalité.*' His philosophical attempts were rather the results of sympathy with a current fashion than serious efforts to explain the puzzle of things. He was not a thinker, but a most delicate observer, an admirable letter-writer, a charming storyteller. His talent was neither political, nor speculative, nor literary first of all, but social; and Geneva pleased him as a place of residence because, after the break-up of the Calvinistic theocracy and the quieting down of the political disturbances of the late eighteenth century, the city of Calvin became for a while one of the great social centres of Europe. He threw himself into that exotic social life of hers, which makes a kind of brilliant interval between the austerity of her Puritan past and the exclusiveness of her Radical present, with extraordinary zest and almost boyish energy; and as we call up before us the men and women who contributed to bring Geneva into the central European tradition from 1770 to 1830, Bonstetten stands out amongst them as, with the great exception of Voltaire, the most versatile, the best company of them all—a man born for enjoyment, for conversation, for friendship, and set apart, as it were, by Nature, and through no fault of his own, from all the more strenuous and tragic forms of the human activity around him.

The relation of Sismondi to Geneva was a very different one. Jean Charles Léonard Simonde de Sismondi—to give his name

at its full and cumbersome length—was the son of a Genevese pastor, administering a parish at the foot of Mont Salève. The future historian was born at Geneva in 1773, and bore, to begin with, the name of Simonde only, his inheritance from the Dauphiné family of that name, who, driven out of France for religious reasons, had settled on Genevese territory in the sixteenth century. It was only many years later that Sismondi, convinced by his researches into Italian history that the Sismondis of Pisa were of the same blood as himself, assumed their name and arms, establishing his claim to both, as Sainte-Beuve points out, not by any legal instrument, but by the sixteen laborious volumes of the ‘Italian Republics.’ The young Simonde was sent to school at Geneva, and gave promise very early of the serious philanthropic turn of mind which was to distinguish him in after years. Even the schoolboys of Geneva, about 1780, were full of the spirit of Rousseau, and played at republican government in their games. Simonde was the Solon of the mimic state. ‘I was elected orator and legislator; the other civil and military offices were distributed equally among my comrades.’ From such pretty mimicry of politics the boy passed, at the end of his school life, into the desperate realities of the Revolution. 1791 saw the revival in Geneva of all the political passion which the aristocratic government of the place, with the help of Conservative allies from outside, had succeeded in keeping in check for a generation, and at the time when Bonstetten was holding sway at Nyon, Sismondi and his family were struggling through the dark days in which Geneva did its best to copy the Parisian Terror. During eighteen months the whole family settled in England, so as to be out of the way of the home troubles, and Sismondi at twenty found himself living in a sea-side Sussex village, and gathering in a harvest of impressions from that English life and character, wherewith, in spite of his Italian and French origins, he was in fundamental sympathy throughout his career. The English rural climate, however, was not to be borne: Madame de Sismondi drooped under our harsh wintry skies, and the wanderers returned to Geneva. But they had ventured back too soon, and a fresh series of painful experiences drove them once more into exile. They sold the beautiful family residence of La Châtelaine, in the neighbourhood of Geneva, retaining only the small estate of Chêne as a last link to the country which had sheltered them so long, and, turning their faces southwards, set out for Italy, from which they had originally sprung, and in which they now probably looked forward to making a final settlement.

Charles, become apparently the head of the family by his
2 F 2 father's

father's death, fixed upon the beautiful Val de Nievole, near Lucca. Here they bought an estate, and the mother and son settled down into Italian country life, Sismondi dividing his day between literary work, for which he had already developed a strong aptitude, and farming. At Pescia he wrote his first book, '*Tableau de l'Agriculture Toscane*,' a book written entirely from the point of view of the Italian landowner; and to any bystander at the time it must have seemed tolerably certain that in the young author Geneva had lost and Italy gained a son. But in these deep tenacious natures the sense of nationality dies hard, and it was not long before the Genevese fibre in Sismondi was set vibrating afresh. It is a curious story. He was brought back to Geneva by a dream. He dreamt one night that he was transported to his native place, and that a Genevese friend reproached him bitterly with having deserted his country and renounced his Genevese citizenship. He defended himself, first on the ground that the injustice and oppression of which his family had been the victims had broken the bonds between him and Geneva, and set him free to choose another country. But the friend was so little convinced by his arguments, and dwelt so eloquently upon 'the patience, the constancy, the courage,' which a man's first and true country has a right to demand of him, that Sismondi felt his resistance giving way. A new shame awoke in him. It was more than he could bear, he cried, to return to his country only to be a spectator of her misery and degradation; but let her only need him and claim his services, and were he at the end of the world he would be ready to obey the call. Thus protesting, he awoke, and the impression of his dream remained with him so strongly, that ultimately it won him back to Geneva, and he returned there in 1800, leaving his mother at La Pescia, but determined himself to resume his rightful citizenship, as far as circumstances would allow.

Very soon after his return, he made Madame de Staël's acquaintance, and the neighbourhood of Coppet was probably very useful in strengthening the hold of Geneva upon him during the years which followed. At first he seems to have been bewildered and out of place in the Coppet salon. He, the economist, the student, the man who, in his Tuscan valley had felt himself to be a model of Liberal enlightenment, was no match in rapidity and skill of intellectual fence for Madame de Staël and her circle. He felt himself for some time the stupid member of a brilliant society,—'*ce bon Sismondi*,'—Bonstetten calls him, as we have seen, evidently with a little touch of patronage in the words. But he learnt after a while to hold

hold his own. The success of his great book on the Italian Republics, of which the first volume appeared in 1807, gave him confidence among his equals, and in the two journeys which he made with Madame de Staël to Italy and Vienna, his knowledge of men and things widened, and the strong outlines of the character softened a little. A new and more tractable Sismondi developed in him, and for a while it seemed as though he were to play much the same rôle in life as Bonstetten had now finally assumed—that of the talker, the *littérateur*, the looker-on. Under the conditions created by the French occupation of Geneva, it was impossible for him to take much share in political life; and during these years of intercourse with Coppet, broken by occasional visits to Paris, from which he would return excited by new impressions and surfeited with conversation, he must have felt the full attractiveness of that ideal of delicate and cultivated social enjoyment which enslaved Bonstetten from the beginning. But Sismondi's nature had deeper needs and more virile capacities than Bonstetten's, and the great years of 1814 and 1815 drew him heart and soul into the conflict which was convulsing Europe. During the greater part of 1814, indeed, he was an anxious spectator of the European drama from the solitudes of Pescia; but early in 1815 he went to Paris, and during the Hundred Days he played an interesting part, of which tolerably full records remain to us. Up to 1814, he had been a consistent opponent of Napoleon, on grounds of liberty; after the blunders of the Bourbon Restoration in that year, he went over to the Empire as the only bulwark against what seemed to him the danger of an over-violent reaction against the principles of the Revolution throughout Europe. He accepted Napoleon's constitutional promises with enthusiasm, and in his well-known interview with the Emperor, in which his services as a writer were secured to the new *régime*, we see him pressing the ideas of the Genevese publicist upon the conqueror of Jena with a *naïveté* which supplies one more illustration of the inadequacy of a mere literary training for the man of affairs.

When the inevitable end came, Sismondi withdrew to Geneva to watch with bitterness and revolt the triumph of the Allies, and the universal recrudescence of aristocratic and Conservative opinion. His irritation found vent and relief near home in a *brochure* directed against the new Genevese Constitution which had been forced upon the town by the Conservative majority in the Swiss Diet, and which was a good deal too aristocratic in tone to suit Sismondi. His pamphlet scandalized his Genevese friends no less than his espousal of the Napoleonic

Napoleonic cause had done, and they persuaded him to withdraw it. Presently his mood sobered down; he found himself associated in a moderate Liberal opposition to the new Genevese Government with men like Dumont, Rossi, Bellot, and De la Rive, and, after his entrance into the Representative Council, he took an active share in the practical reforms which marked the first year of the new Constitution. In 1817 he began his history of France; while in 1819 his marriage with a sweet-tempered and religious Englishwoman marked the beginning of twenty years of happy family life, only saddened towards the close by the pressure of public anxiety, and the miseries of physical decline.

Of his life as a Genevese citizen very few records remain. After his experience of 1815, the political interests of Geneva may well have seemed to him somewhat small and parochial.

'The Parliament of our little Republic has assembled,' he writes to Madame d'Albany, 'and I am practising myself in speaking, for we have forbidden written speeches, and I am quite unaccustomed to speak extempore. However, I am beginning, and I hope to learn it in time. After having made part of *la grande nation*, our Geneva seems to me much smaller than it formerly did, and I cannot help thinking sometimes, when we are most excited, that we are like little girls playing at "grown-ups." However, the passions which are generated among us are genuine enough, and we can at any rate produce a spirit of political calumny robust enough to vie with that current in the biggest State in Europe.'

Time passed on. 1830 arrived, and Sismondi saw with delight the final overthrow of the French Bourbons. He and Bonstetten watched the news from Paris with almost equal eagerness. But Sismondi's heart was in the matter, and when the Orleanist Government began to make mistakes, he suffered; while Bonstetten, who was too old to suffer, only saw in them fresh matter of curiosity and interest. 'I saw Sismondi,—*ce grave et chaleureux publiciste*,' says M. de Circourt, in an unpublished memoir quoted by Sainte-Beuve, 'literally drunk with joy over what he called this great success. Bonstetten, more moderate in his expressions, gave vent to an applause none the less heartfelt. When the hour of disappointment came, Sismondi could have wept; Bonstetten only smiled: it was but one caprice the more to be laid to the account of his "dear incorrigible humanity!"'

Sismondi, however, was destined before his death to experience at the hands of this 'incorrigible humanity' disappointments which touched him more closely and painfully than could any blunders of French politicians. In the later years

years of his life he saw the Swiss horizon darkening round him. Like Rossi, he foresaw the rise and growth of those Federal difficulties which were ultimately solved in a Radical and centralist sense by the war of the Sonderbund, while in Geneva itself he watched the gradual weakening of the Restoration system of government and the gradual growth of the Radical party under James Fazy, and was finally a witness of the *émeutes* of 1841, and of the Constituent Assembly which was to give a new political organization to the Republic. Like so many of the Liberals of 1815, Sismondi had seen himself gradually relegated by the process of time to the ranks of a true Conservatism. Like Rossi, his ideal was an ideal of ordered and rational liberty; English constitutionalism was to him the model form of government, and for all his deep sympathy with the people, a sympathy which governed his whole life, and led him in his last years to protest against the excessive substitution of machine for hand labour, and to employ the old and broken-down workmen whom nobody else would employ, rather than deprive them of a last chance of bread-winning,—the sour and intolerant Radicalism which he saw spreading over Europe after 1830, and which invaded Geneva under Fazy, repelled him both as thinker, Christian, and patriot. His last public act was a speech in the Constituent Assembly of 1841, protesting bitterly against the means employed and the spirit displayed in the Radical rising which had overthrown the Government. He was then in the last stages of a deadly disease, and it was only by the most terrible effort that he could get through the speech—

‘This Assembly,’ he wound up indignantly, after recapitulating the injustice with which the fallen Government had been treated, ‘has sat for two days (17th and 18th of December, 1841), and its first act has been to suppress the prayer by which, during the whole existence of the Republic, our meetings have always been opened. Thus has the freest people of our ancient Europe shown itself unworthy of freedom; thus has it in some sort, as it were, betrayed the whole cause of liberty for the human race!’

Six months later, one of the most conscientious of workers and one of the kindest of men had passed away, and the memory of his last public appearance remained with his friends as a dramatic protest on the part of the old Geneva against the new. In a sort of literary testament which he left behind him, he thus explained himself to those who loved him:—

‘I am a Protestant, but I have no sense of enmity towards any religious feeling of love, faith, hope, or charity, under whatever banner it may show itself. I am a Republican; but while my heart retains

retains the ardent love of liberty bequeathed to me by my fathers, whose destinies were bound up with those of two republics, and while it cherishes a hatred for all tyranny, I trust that I have never shown myself insensible either to that reverence for ancient and illustrious memories, which is the safeguard of virtue in the nobler races, or to that sublime devotion of a nation to its chief, which has so often raised and dignified a people.'

And in spite of the deep political depression which clouded his last days, he would not allow that he or his party had been conquered in the triumph of Radicalism. The ideal of a generous, philanthropic, tolerant, and yet God-fearing liberty, to which his life had been devoted, had never yet been tried, and certainly had never failed. 'The banner under which I have marched,'—so he would have it,—'has never yet been unfurled in the combat.'

We have thus attempted, in these separate sketches of three remarkable men, to bring out the broad lines of the life of Geneva during the quarter of a century which followed the Restoration. In the career of Rossi we have found the best illustration available of the intellectual hospitality of Geneva, of its respect for knowledge, its openness to influences from without, and its readiness in those halcyon days to accommodate itself to other ways of thinking and other nationalities than its own. Bonstetten's career has brought into relief for us the social cosmopolitanism of the place, and all the varied attractions which helped to make Geneva pleasant to the traveller of sixty years ago; while in Sismondi we have seen the ancient pieties of the Protestant Rome, its religious temper, its moral enthusiasms, its austere political sense, embodied in typical fulness and strength. With the death of Sismondi and the Revolution of 1841, Geneva entered upon a new phase of life. In some sense the Radical transformation which the city has undergone during the last forty years has been the strange and, in many respects certainly, the mischievous and untoward result, of that historic hospitality which has made her famous for three centuries. Just as the large immigrations of French and Italian refugees, which she received during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, led to the political disturbances of the eighteenth, when the attitude of the *natifs*, or class of settlers without political rights in the place, towards the bourgeois and patrician families, reminds us of some of the earliest problems of the history of Rome—so the rapid growth of the population after 1815, a growth accounted for by the favourable political and social conditions of Geneva after the Restoration, led to a still further weakening of the specific Genevese spirit which had
already

already undergone such great changes in the course of the previous century. Up to 1830 Geneva was still the walled town of the Middle Ages from which Rousseau had made his escape, and the razing of the old fortifications, and the rapid extension of the city along the lake in the years which followed, was the sign, not only of an outward, but of an inward transformation.

The most striking political change effected has been the complete ousting of the aristocracy of the town from any share in its politics. At the present day, a young man bearing one of the old Genevese family names has no political career open to him in his native town. He must either confine himself to money-making, a pursuit for which the old Genevese families have always shown a special aptitude, or to the scientific interests which are still strong and vigorous in the town of De Saussure and De Candolle: or he must find a political opening outside Geneva. The Genevese Democracy, speaking generally and with exceptions, will have none of him. Of this great change, the principal author was M. James Fazy. Fazy, who was born in 1810, and died four years ago, after an old age of absolute retirement from politics, was a man imbued with the more extreme ideas of the Revolution, and who had learnt his trade as an agitator in Paris as well as in Geneva. After helping in his first youth to found '*Le Journal de Genève*,' he was, while still a boy, one of the most active workers in the French Liberal press under Charles X., and his name appeared among the list of journalists who protested against the famous *Ordonnances*. On his return to Geneva, which seems to have been about 1830, he found the materials for a great democratic success ready to his hand. During the last ten years of its rule the aristocracy managed its affairs badly. Switzerland had been deeply moved by the ideas of 1830, and Radicalism was making steady and sometimes violent progress in every Canton of the Confederation. The Genevese Government had no chance of success in a policy of mere resistance. This, however, was what it gradually drifted into after Rossi's departure. Various popular demands, with that for universal suffrage at the head of the list, were again and again refused by the Representative Council, in the debates of which the Liberal minority gradually ceased to take any part; and when at last certain concessions were attempted in 1841, it was too late. The mob was in the streets; under threats of violence the Government resigned, and the Constituent Assembly met.

For six years more the Conservative party, even under a régime of universal suffrage, managed to secure, on the whole, a preponderant influence in the State; that is to say, birth, wealth,

wealth, and education, were still able for a while to hold their own against numbers. But M. Fazy was at work all the while, and the democratic tide was rising. The lukewarmness of the Government in 1846, when it became a question of using the common strength of the Confederation for the expulsion of the Jesuits from Lucerne, and so weakening,—according to the view of the men in power,—the principle of Cantonal self-government, afforded a fresh pretext for disturbance. The Conservatives were attacked, not only as aristocrats, but as Jesuits in disguise; street fighting was once more threatened, the partisans of the older *régime* were finally overthrown, and M. Fazy became head of the Government.

Fazy's Administration, after a first brilliant period during which an enormous amount of building was done, which kept the lower class employed and in good humour, when the city extended itself in all directions, and splendid quays arose along the lake, proved ultimately to be a source neither of honour nor of profit to Geneva. The financial resources of the city, which had been admirably managed during the twenty years following the Restoration, were after a time exhausted, and heavy loans were necessary for the carrying on of the extravagant public works which were the price of Fazy's popularity. Meanwhile Fazy's private career scandalized all that was still left of the old Puritan spirit in the town; and he found himself more and more driven for support to the Catholic communes which had been added to Geneva after 1815, districts *à propos* of which Talleyrand launched his famous *mot*—'*Messieurs les Gênévois désenclavent leur territoire et ils enclavent leur religion!*' The truth of the epigram was abundantly shown when Fazy sought and obtained the support of the Ultramontane clergy in the annexed districts, for his crusade against the institutions which had been so long the life and marrow of Geneva.

The growth of an independent Radical party, imbued with a spirit of resistance to Fazy's dictatorship, and with a strong sense of the moral deterioration for which his rule was responsible in Geneva, at last, in 1864, brought a disastrous *régime* to an end, and since then it may be said that the characteristic Genevese qualities have to some extent re-asserted themselves in the administration of the Canton. But the rule of the Genevese aristocracy has for ever passed away, and with it the peculiar charm and distinction of which Genevese society could boast at the Restoration. Another Geneva, with other claims upon our sympathy, may be in time evolved; meanwhile the period of transition and of social conflict has had disastrous effects upon the finer minds of the place. The depression of the

the conquered upper class after 1841 and 1846 may be imagined. It took the most different forms. Some of the old families found refuge in the more mystical and sentimental forms of religion brought in by the *Réveil*, which was started about 1819 by certain Scotch ministers. Gaussen, Merle d'Aubigné, César Malan, were the heroes and apostles of the new faith, and much of the energy, which would otherwise have found its way into politics, was devoted after 1846 to the service of the *Oratoire*, its services, its charities, or its theological school. Many of the Conservatives left the town; others shut themselves up in their great houses in the upper city, and devoted themselves to literature and science; while in some there lingered a spirit of combat, which was only quenched as years went on by a growing sense of the hopelessness of the struggle. This fighting temper in the beaten party is well illustrated by some letters of the novelist Rodolphe Töpffer, which have been recently published by M. Eugène Rambert in his pleasant series of essays on the 'National Writers of Switzerland.' Töpffer has been a great deal read in England, where his delightful stories, with their delicate humour, their individuality, and their French, which is exquisite and yet not quite French, have spread a certain amount of knowledge among us of Genevese life as it was in 1830, or thereabouts. No one who has ever enjoyed it will forget the special flavour of Töpffer's writing,—the ease with which, in the 'Bibliothèque de mon Oncle,' or the 'Voyages en Zigzag,' or the lighter scenes of the 'Presbytère,' he takes the commonest and most trivial incidents of life, and gives them a dainty, humorous charm, which secures them a place in literature, or the tenderness which lies beneath his humour, and beguiles the reader into a constant sympathy not only with the writer but with the man. These letters published by M. Rambert show us the gentle versatile satirist in another light. We see him as the citizen and the politician, full of a bitter sense of wrong and public disaster, and boiling over with an indignation which still keeps an air of comedy here and there, even in its hottest fits.

'After this fatal day,' he writes, *à propos* of the street disturbances which overthrew the government of 1841, 'in which so many hopes, so many safeguards, so many things which were to make the joy of our old age, have foundered together, we have all of us a strong sense of having suddenly grown old. I feel it so at least, and it seems to me as though with my past life I had buried all my dreams for the future. The other day, as we came out of the Council, I met De Candolle, and I could not refrain from congratulating him on the death of his father (the famous botanist), thus withdrawn
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from our midst before he could be called upon to be a spectator of the fall of the Republic which he had tenderly loved and warmly served The more I loved my good little government of the old days, the more lastingly and enthusiastically I shall always love whoever in this memorable assembly (the Constituent Assembly of 1841) has played the part of a man, and stood shoulder to shoulder with us in this new Retreat of the Ten Thousand. There is nothing left for you and me, for S—, D—, or T—, but to choose four or five little hillocks, and put a brave end to ourselves one after another thereupon. It is no longer a time for skilful tactics; it is a time for heroic resistance, for brave feats of desperate men, for the four or five marksmen withdrawing from rock to rock and slaying as they go!’

One more extract and we have done. It is taken from the work of a man of a very different type,—a man whose life was shadowed and sterilized by the social discords of Geneva, but who retained to the end, in the midst of religious doubt and patriotic misgivings, some of the most characteristic notes of the true Genevese temper. Henri-Frédéric Amiel, whose ‘*Journal Intime*’ will suffice to keep his memory green among those who care for delicacy and tenderness of thought, was intellectually and morally a victim of the Radical revolution and the hatreds it engendered. He came back to Geneva at the moment when James Fazy, in 1848 and 49 was carrying the Radical war into the heart of the institutions which had been for so long the stronghold of the aristocracy. Almost all the Conservative professors had been expelled from the Academy, and Amiel, then a young man, accepted one of the vacant chairs. He thereby stamped himself as one of the ‘new men,’ and cut himself off from intercourse with the cultivated class to which he properly belonged. So that socially he was isolated, while intellectually he was hampered by that difficulty of production which is the curse of many fine natures, and religiously he had drifted away from most of the old landmarks of his boyish faith. But in spite of difficulty and doubt and loneliness, he was Genevese to the core. In the midst of his freest speculations, we see the Calvinistic ideas of Sin and Grace and Justification by Faith reasserting a strange and unexpected hold over him, and in his last months of illness he rouses himself to take a passionate interest in the fate of the National Church, which in 1880 was threatened with disestablishment, and to feel the warmest joy when an appeal to the people results in a victory for the Church. We may wind up our sketch of Genevese development since 1814 with a passage in which, after describing the principal national fête-day, he gives us his last thoughts

thoughts on the true rôle of Geneva, and on the vital issues which depend for her on the maintenance of her political and intellectual individuality in the face of Europe.

'6th July, 1880.—Magnificent weather. The College prize day. Towards evening I went with our three ladies towards the plain of Plainpalais. There was an immense crowd, and every face was bright. The festival wound up with the traditional fireworks under a calm and starry sky.

'Here we have the Republic indeed, I thought, as I came in. For a whole week this people has been out of doors, camping like the Athenians on the Agora. Since Wednesday, lectures and public meetings have followed one another without intermission; at home there are pamphlets and journals, while haranguing goes on at the clubs. On Sunday, *plébiscite*; Monday, public procession, service at St. Pierre, speeches at Molard's, festival for the adults. Tuesday, the college fête-day; Wednesday the fête-day of the primary schools.

'Geneva is a cauldron always at boiling-point, a furnace of which the fires are never extinguished. This town is certainly one of the anvils of the world on which the greatest number of projects have been hammered out. When one thinks that the martyrs of all causes have been at work here, the mystery is explained a little; but the truest explanation is that Geneva, Republican, Protestant, Democratic, learned and industrial Geneva, has for centuries depended on herself alone for the solution of her own problems. Ever since the Reformation she has been always on the alert, marching with a lantern in her left hand and a sword in her right. It pleases me to see that she has not yet become a mere copy of anything, and that she is still capable of deciding for herself. Those who say to her, "Do as they do at New York, at Paris, at Rome, at Berlin," are still in the minority. The doctrinaires who would split her up and destroy her unity are but voices crying in the wilderness; she divines the danger before for her and turns away. I like this proof of vitality. Only that which is original has a sufficient reason for existence. When the word of command comes from elsewhere, a country is nothing more than a province, and our small nationalities are ruined by the hollow cosmopolitan formulæ which destroy our patriotism, while they have an equally disastrous effect upon our Art and Letters.'

- ART. VI.—1. *Origins of English History.* By Charles Elton, M.P., &c. &c. London, 1882.
2. *Celtic Britain.* By J. Rhys, M.A., Professor of Celtic in the University of Oxford. London, 1882.
3. *The Making of England.* By John Richard Green, M.A., LL.D. London, 1881.
4. *The Conquest of England.* By John Richard Green, M.A., LL.D. London, 1883.
5. *The Student's Hume.* New Edition, Revised and Corrected by J. S. Brewer, M.A., late Professor of Modern History and English Literature in King's College, London. London, 1880.

A MELANCHOLY interest belongs to the last two names in the above list. Since Mr. Brewer reviewed in our pages * Mr. Green's 'Short History of the English People,' both have passed away: the one cut off by consumption in the prime of manhood, the other closing a long life of ill-requited labour; but both alike proving by their last unfinished works how much good service we might still have hoped for from them. But it is not chiefly for the purpose of deserved eulogy or vain regret that we now associate names which may be regarded as typical of two very different methods of viewing the history of our country and nation—using the last word, to strike our key-note at once—in the widest sense. Since Professor Brewer's convincing vindication of the established method of treating our history in its unity, from the first knowledge of the British Isles supplied by written records or by archæological research, there has been a steady reaction against the narrow ethnological view, of which Mr. Freeman has been the apostle and Mr. Green the more lively and popular teacher; and such works as those of Mr. Elton and Professor Rhys are but a sample of a long list which we might have prefixed to this article. The formula, which used to be dinned into our ears, that '*We Englishmen are English*,' is one of those curt plausibilities which impose on the unthinking, but of which every word provokes exact criticism. *Who are we*, and in what sense *English*? Not to raise a personal question about the pure 'nationality' (in the narrow and fallacious sense) of a man who, with however English a name, hails from the land of the 'Welsh-kind,' these writers have been themselves the ablest teachers of the fact, which is visible by a mere glance at their own excellent maps, that the early 'English' conquest, which they assume (and let it pass for

* 'Quarterly Review,' April, 1876, Vol. 141, p. 285, f.

argument's sake) to have been one of extermination, extended over less than half the island of Great Britain, and never touched Ireland. The older races, which still chiefly occupy their ancient homes, but are also infused into the 'English' by a thousand ties of intercourse and intermarriage, which have once, if not twice,* given to the throne the father of a new dynasty, and have long since formed a most vital part of our 'nation'—in the true sense of that much-abused word—are 'we' to exclude *them*, inviting them to cry—'What portion have we in David? and we have none inheritance in the son of Jesse'—so as to justify the claim for disintegration—'To thy tents, O Israel, and now, David, *see to thine own house?*' The Celtic Professor has reason for protesting against 'the spirit of race-weighing and race-damning criticism.' The famous saying of King Archidamus is true of nations as well as men—not, we grant, in the narrow technical sense of 'education,' far less of much that now passes under the name, but in the true meaning of *παιδείωνται*:—there is a long course of training, by a thousand influences; far above the natural gifts of race, which gives a nation its unity, its character, its high spirit and power; and our older historians, however vague or erroneous their notions of ethnology, were right in ascribing the qualities of the British nation, in a great measure, to that mixture of races, which an affected 'scientific' criticism has denied or laboured to reduce within the narrowest limits. The whole history of Britain, both in England, and even more strikingly in Scotland, is a lesson in the fallacy of the principle of 'nationalities' of race, but a signal proof of the true principle of patriotic and political nationality. And now we find the soundest scientific induction not only disposing of the hasty denials of mixt languages and mixt races, but showing in the British Isles an example, as signal as any in the world, of nationality founded on their fusion rather than on purity of race; though, indeed, the latter would perhaps be sought in vain throughout the world.

We have in this field of enquiry another example of that 'reversion' to older views, to which the latest researches of history are continually leading us. True as is Shakspeare's famous saying—'Britain is a world by itself'—of the mere geographical character which is alone a sufficient vindication of the unity of British history, it is now found to have a far wider and deeper meaning, signifying not merely outward severance, but internal connection, ethnological, linguistic, and political.

* A qualification for safety's sake, to avoid any cavil about the Stewarts' having had a share of Scotch or Pictish blood; but the case of Henry VII. is clear, and the Welsh claim it as the British restoration prophesied by Merlin.

We have long known how the 'silver streak,' which bounded the 'toto penitus divisos orbe Britannos,' delayed the Roman conquest, affected its character, and hastened its end, aided the steady development of early and medieval England, and helped to keep the kingdom independent of the 'Holy Roman Empire'; but now we also learn that scientific research into the beginnings of our history must regard every past race, not only of Great Britain, but also of Ireland (not to speak of the lesser islands which 'garland them about as with a diadem') as cognate and essential elements of the enquiry. The Romans were right in treating 'the Britains' (*Britanniæ*), or 'Britannic Islands,' as one group; and scientific history reëchoes the motto of what even Radicals declare to be our 'inflexible policy'—*Quis separabit?* The coincidence is somewhat more than curious, that the name of 'the British warrior queen' is found by Celtic scholars to have the same significance as that of Victoria.

Our true history, then, does really begin from the time when these islands were first known to the civilized world, and even beyond that recorded history science is not altogether destitute of materials inviting a still earlier enquiry:—

'Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance, how endued, and what their power.'

Many skilful labourers in this field are giving another signal example of that aid brought by archæology to history, on which we had lately occasion to insist;* and the problem embraces, besides the written testimony of historical facts and traditions, the language, monuments, and recorded usages of the former inhabitants, together with—last not least—the indications which may be gathered from the still existing evidence perpetuated or embalmed in living languages, laws, customs, and institutions, beliefs and superstitions,—the 'survivals' of the old conditions into which we are enquiring, still standing out to the instructed eye above the surface of our common life. It must be at once admitted that the whole subject is beset with great difficulties, amidst which explorers are only beginning to feel their way; but this is just the stage in which an enquiry offers the special interest of seeing how far the rubbish of past errors has been cleared away, what new clues have been struck, and how they must be followed up in order to lead us to the light. On the whole, we may safely say that investigators are now on the right track, though on some essential points their conclusions

* 'Quarterly Review,' July, 1884, Vol. 158, p. 184, f.

are far from positive, and on one, at least, of the most interesting they are decidedly at variance. The primeval history of our islands may be likened to the aspect of their own shores, as it may have presented itself to the early adventurers who first braved the stormy and misty seas, or as we still see it in coasting round amidst the tantalizing changes even of summer weather; standing out in all the grandeur and beauty of piled up rocks, shining cliffs, and swelling downs, or veiled in envious fog and swept over by the scud of rain:—

‘Now a clear sun the radiant scene displays;
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.’

It would be far beyond the compass of this article to attempt a continuous reconstruction of the whole course of British history, from the earliest age to the formation of the English nation; and much of the story is too well known in its newest lights to need repeating. Our object is rather to put before our readers those points which are conspicuous by their novelty and special interest, and which stand out as landmarks to guide the course of further investigation. And for this purpose we cannot do better than follow, in general, the line marked out in the remarkable work, in which Mr. Elton has brought together the results of long labour, wide knowledge, and, in one branch of the enquiry in particular, that special learning in which he has few rivals, perhaps none if we except Sir Henry Sumner Maine. While the whole book is of the highest value for its comprehensive survey of history and archæology, language and ethnology, the parts that bring out the evidence of legal and customary survivals from a primitive age could hardly have been written by any other than the author of his well-known works on land-tenures, commons, and waste lands. At every step of the discussion, the work of Professor Rhys should be read with Mr. Elton's, containing as it does, and as might be expected from its author's reputation, the results of learning and labour altogether disproportioned to its modest form and dimensions, a necessary limitation, to which any defects of order and too close compression may be ascribed.*

Mr. Elton announces it as his object ‘to collect the best and earliest evidence as to the different peoples with which the English nation, in any of its branches, is connected by blood and descent.’ He begins by discussing the knowledge of Britain

* The little book is one of a series published by the S. P. C. K. under the title of ‘Early Britain’: the other volumes being ‘Roman Britain,’ by the Rev. H. M. Scarth, M.A., ‘Anglo-Saxon Britain,’ by Grant Allen, B.A., and ‘Norman Britain,’ by William Hunt, M.A.; each having merits of its own.

derived from 'the trade and travel of the Greeks, from the times when they sailed in the track of the Phœnicians, to the great age of their discoveries which followed the conquests of Alexander,' and in particular the famous voyage of Pytheas the Massaliot, as especially interesting to an Englishman, 'not only because he was the first explorer of the British Islands, but also because he brought back with him a singularly minute account of what he had seen and heard in the marshes and forests from which long afterwards the "three great English kindreds" came.' Of the main enquiry that follows, the process and results are stated thus :—

'The people who are found in Britain at the time of the Roman invasion—usually classed as *Celts*—are divided into the *Gaulish* stock, which is first described as far as materials exist, and the *Celts* or *Gaels* of an earlier migration, whose colonies were found in every part of the British Islands that was not held by the Belgian nations.

'The subject involves an enquiry into the character and distribution of those *forgotten peoples*, which everywhere throughout Western Europe *under-lie the dominant Aryan race*. The description of the British Gauls is accordingly followed by an account of the traces of several institutions owing their origin to the series of races that begins with the men of the *Later Stone Age*, and covers the tribes that introduced the use of *Bronze* into Britain.

'The men of the *long heads*, who built *long barrows* and polished their weapons of stone, and the men of the *round skulls*, who were buried in *round tombs*, and had learned to work in metal, have left abiding influences on the populations of Britain, and the survivals of their primitive religion and laws appear in the form of local superstitions and customs, which have descended even to modern times. Something of this kind may help to explain the anomalous customs of inheritance, the wide prevalence of which, under the name of *Borough English*, has long been a subject of speculation to all who have studied the curious details of the English Law of Real Property. The enquiry into customs and tenures is followed by a description of the Britons of the Interior as they first became known to the Romans, and by an account of the ancient Celtic Religions, of which traces have remained in France as well as in the British Islands. The work ends with a concise history of the Roman Province of Britain, and an account of the English Conquest down to the period when Christianity was established.'

Our limits do not suffer us to go in detail over the well-beaten ground of strictly historical testimony, though even here we might find something new to say and much that is old to correct. In the very forefront is an example of the fatality which seems to beset the enquiry. The great compilation of classical and early medieval authorities, entitled '*Monumenta Historica*

Historica Britannica,* begins by ascribing to ARISTOTLE (with the date B.C. 345) the statement, that in the Ocean outside the Pillars are two very large islands, called *Bretannic*, namely, *Albion* and *Ierne*, and so forth; the passage being from the spurious treatise 'De Mundo,' of which the authorship and date are so uncertain, that we must even object to its being cited both by Elton and Rhys (while acknowledging its spuriousness) as the earliest mention of those famous names. The whole passage certainly represents a state of geographical knowledge much in advance of Aristotle's time, and the name *Albion* for Britain does not occur again till its use by Pliny.

Balancing this error by one even more serious, the 'Monumenta' omits the one great testimony of Alexander's age, namely, the *real discovery* of Britain to the Greeks by the astronomer and voyager, PYTHEAS of Massalia (Marseilles), whose voyage was the chief source of information till near the time of Cæsar's expedition. And here we are compelled to exercise much self-denial, in the hope of some other opportunity for doing Pytheas justice, and unravelling the tangled web of malignant criticism, as in Strabo, and of error and unfounded assumptions, as with most of his modern critics, which has obscured his testimony for 2000 years. Among the rest, we should have to break a lance with Mr. Elton on certain points, especially the position of the *Cassiterides* and of *Thule*.† For the notion that the former are the small islands off Vigo Bay,‡ we can find no real argument, except the statements which place them over against Spain, a phrase in perfect accord with the prevalent idea—as we find it in Cæsar, Strabo, and Pliny—that Britain lay directly opposite to the Spanish coast. We see no sufficient reason for separating the tin-trade with the

* As is indicated by its second title, 'Materials for the History of Britain, from the Earliest Period to the End of the Reign of Henry VII.,' this massive folio, coming down to the Norman Conquest, and published in 1848, was planned and partly edited by Mr. Petrie, as the first of the Series of Chronicles which has been continued, in an essentially better as well as more convenient form, under the authority of the Master of the Rolls. The change of plan was in part the result of Mr. Brewer's criticisms and objections. Meanwhile the plan originally adopted unfortunately left the selections from classical authors very incomplete. As a signal example on the very threshold, there is no attempt to collect the fragments of Pytheas and Posidonius, but we have to search them out among the extracts from Diodorus, Strabo, &c.

† In the long list of works on Pytheas, testifying to Mr. Elton's habit of careful study, he omits one of the latest and most important, Karl Müllenhof's 'Deutsche Altertumskunde' (sic, for Germany also has the plague of 'spelling reformers').

‡ Mr. Elton makes Pytheas visit the *Cassiterides* (p. 18), and again (p. 24), 'leaving the *Cassiterides*, the travellers reached Nerium or Finisterre,' but neither the Islands nor the Cape are so much as named in any passage that can be referred with any certainty to Pytheas.

Cassiterides from that described in the well-known passage of Diodorus as carried on with the region of *Belerium*, which Mr. Elton agrees with every one else in identifying with the southern parts of Cornwall and Devon. In the very passage where Strabo appends his mention of the Cassiterides to his account of Spain (Book II. pp. 175-6) he describes the natives in terms plainly taken from Diodorus's description of those of *Belerium*. The traces of ancient workings point to Dartmoor and certain Cornish districts as the probable sources of supply; and every one who is acquainted with the region can see how its deeply indented shores of rock might be taken by voyagers for islands.*

In this connection Mr. Elton supplies us with a crucial example of the necessity for resorting at every step to the original authorities—and that not only as hasty references, but *critically examined and accurately translated*—where writers have been too prone to copy, not merely at second hand, but in long succession, like a bridge of monkeys linked together tail round neck, and if the first is made to let go, all tumble into the stream. The ingenious theory, that the famous but puzzling island of *Ictis* or *Mictis*, which was the chief depôt of the trade, was the *Isle of Thanet*, is derived from the statement of the historian Timæus, as quoted by Pliny, about 'an island called Mictis, lying "inwards," at a distance of six days' sail from Britain, where the tin is found, to which the natives make voyages in their canoes of wicker-work covered with hides;—a voyage corresponding to the whole length of the Channel, but surely not a little adventurous in the frail shells of coracles laden with tin! Besides if, as there can be no reasonable doubt, this *Mictis* is the *Ictis* of Diodorus,—whose minutely circumstantial account bears its own witness to the accurate information derived from Posidonius,—the natives brought the tin to the merchants there, not by sea, but by carts at low tide, when the island became a peninsula; and all our knowledge of the channel of the Wantsume (now the marshes of the Stour), which made Thanet an island, points to its having been broad and deep at the time in question.† But

* This explanation disposes of the identification of the Cassiterides with the Scilly Isles; a mere hasty assumption, which is unconfirmed by any tin-workings in them, either ancient or modern. The chief localities of the ancient workings are described by Mr. Elton, p. 35.

† This is well known to have been so in the Roman age, when its two ends were guarded by the castles of Regubium (Reculver) and Rutupiae (Richborough), and there are clear proofs that the southern outlet was regarded as one of the mouths of the Thames. It is clearly shown, too, in the curious old Map of Thanet, which Mr. Elton gives from Dugdale's 'Monasticon.'

through

through these arguments we look back to what *Pliny really says*; and we need only refer to the Appendix of quotations, which adds greatly to the value of Mr. Elton's work, to learn that there is no question of a six days' voyage to *Mictis from the part of Britain where the tin is found, but from Britain to the island of Mictis, in which the tin is obtained.** That is to say, the island-depôt is inseparable from the region of the tin-mines, as is also clear from Diodorus; and we agree with Mr. Bunbury † that 'this characteristic account leaves no reasonable doubt that the locality indicated was St. Michael's Mount, to which the description precisely answers, and which contains a small port, such as would have been well suited to ancient traders.' The mount, isolated at high tide, would form just the sort of neutral ground that cautious traders and distrustful natives are wont to choose for their commerce; and, passing over the minor difficulties, which Pliny's rendering of his Greek author may (as so often) have raised for us, ‡ we have here the testimony of a writer of the 3rd century B.C. to the tin-trade with Britain at that time.

But it is quite another question, whether it was thus early carried on by the routes across Gaul described by Diodorus, and after him by Strabo; and much more is it questionable whether those routes were established as the result of Pytheas's adventure, which is assumed (without any proof that we can see) to have been expressly sent forth by the Massaliot Greeks to open up a trade in competition with the Carthaginians.

Mr. Elton indeed tells us that 'a Roman named Scipio, the first of the Cornelian clan whose name appears in history, had some time since [meaning before the time of Pytheas] arrived at Marseilles to enquire as to the chance of establishing a new trade; hoping to do an injury to the wealth of Carthage.

* Plin. Hist. iv. 30, § 104. 'Timæus historicus a Britannia introrsus sex dierum navigatione abesse dicit insulam Mictim, in qua candidum plumbum proveniat. Ad eam Britanno vitibilis navigiis corio circumstutis navigare.' The collocation of 'insulam Mictim' may account for the variation of the name, without resorting to the mere guess *Vectin* (the Isle of Wight), which no one acquainted with the scour of the tides in the Solent can suppose to have ever been accessible from the mainland (that is to say, in recent geological ages); 'nor (we agree with Mr. Bunbury) could the Isle of Wight have been the centre of the tin-trade, which, as Diodorus himself points out, was confined to the district near the Land's End, to which he gives the name of *Belerium*.'

† 'History of Ancient Geography,' i. 197; a great and most valuable work, the fruit of a long life of sound scholarship.

‡ It seems almost idle to speculate on what is meant by 'introrsus'; but the six days' voyage from Britain to the island may perhaps refer to a time when the part nearest to the Continent, at which it is clear that Pytheas first touched, was not known to belong to the same island as the tin-producing region, or, at least, when the latter was not yet included under the name of Brit. in.

Pytheas is the authority for the story, and for the statement, that no one in the city could tell the Roman anything worth mentioning about the north, and so forth; and then it was that 'the project of a voyage of discovery became popular at Marseilles, and a committee of merchants engaged the services of Pytheas . . . as the leader of a northern expedition.' At this, believing we knew the original authority well, we rubbed our eyes before reading it again, with an amazement which was somewhat diminished when we lighted on a little note elsewhere:—'The summary above is believed to harmonize the fragments in which the voyage of Pytheas is mentioned: but those who are interested should consult Mannert's "Geographie," or the essays of Bessell and Lelewel on Pytheas, in each of which works there are slight variations from the theory adopted in the text.'* The murder is out! Mr. Elton, able and strong as he is on his own ground, has fallen into the hands of the Philistines, and been so far shorn of his strength, as to adopt, with only 'slight variations,' a farrago of assumptions as to the statements in ancient writers which belong to Pytheas, and a fabric of theories based upon them, which are only fit to be pulled down on their authors' heads. But with the bane he supplies the antidote; and, turning to his Appendix, we find the whole story to be one told *by Polybius*, in contradiction of the 'fables' and 'lies' of Pytheas!† The unknown 'Roman named Scipio, the first of the Cornelian clan named in history,' is clearly none other than Polybius's own patron and friend, the younger Scipio Africanus, who visited the Greek colonies of southern Gaul nearly two centuries after the time of Pytheas. There, seemingly with a view of testing the accounts so long received on the authority of that voyager, of whom Polybius was a bitter critic (as we learn from other passages in Strabo), Scipio made enquiries about Britain from the merchants who were already engaged *indirectly* in the tin-trade (there is not a word of the motive of starting such a trade in rivalry with the Carthaginians). But

* It is thus that we are disposed to account for Mr. Elton's revival of the theory by which Mannert and others formerly placed Thule in Lapland. For want of space we pass over the question as only indirectly connected with our subject, though prepared to prove that the identification of the Thule of Pytheas, Eratosthenes, Ptolemy, &c., with Shetland, is beyond the shadow of a doubt.

† We subjoin the original, to put the case beyond all question. Strabo (ii. p. 190) says, of the old port of Corbilo on the Loire: *περὶ ἧς εἶρηκε Πολύβιος, μνησθεὶς τῶν ὑπὸ Πυθέου μυθολογηθέντων, ὅτι Μασσιλιωτῶν μὲν τῶν συμμιζάντων Σκιπίωνι οὐδεὶς εἶχε λέγειν οὐδὲν μνήμης ἔξω, ἐρωτηθεὶς ὑπὸ τοῦ Σκιπίωνος περὶ τῆς Βρεττανικῆς, οὐδὲ τῶν ἐκ Νάρβωνος οὐδὲ τῶν ἐκ Κορβιλῶνος, αἵπερ ἦσαν ἀρισταὶ πόλεις τῶν ταυτῶν, Πυθέας δ' ἐθάρρησε τοσαῦτα ψεύσασθαι.* The whole mistake seems to have arisen from the 'slight variation' of making the *ὅτι* introduce what was said by *Pytheas*, instead of by *Polybius*!!

so little was their geographical curiosity, that they could tell nothing worth repeating; the plain inference being that, so far from having organized the trade as the result of the discoveries of Pytheas, they were content to reap its profits, leaving the enterprise in the hands of the Gauls, who conducted it overland by help of the great rivers.

But from this criticism we pass on to the two important facts, that commercial intercourse had been established between Britain and the Greeks (doubtless through the colonies in southern Gaul) as early as the period of the Macedonian ascendancy, and further, that some of the Britons were already so far advanced in civilization as to strike coined money of their own; which is modelled—rudely enough it is true—on the coinage of Philip the Great of Macedonia.*

One word before we leave the testimony of the Greek traveller who made Britain known to the civilized world. It is often said that Pytheas professed to have traversed the whole of Britain, so far as it was accessible; but we believe we could show that a negative lurks in the text of Strabo. What he really seems to have done was, having coasted along the northern shore of Gaul, to catch sight of Britain at or near the straits, and to follow the whole length of the eastern coast, landing from time to time, as was the habit of voyagers of that age. In so doing he made some observations on the state of agriculture, which may well carry on our thoughts to a more recent age. We cite the passage from Mr. Elton:—

‘In the southern districts he saw an abundance of wheat in the fields, and observed the necessity of thrashing it out in covered barns, instead of using the unroofed floors to which he was accustomed in the sunny climate of Marseilles. “The natives,” he said, “collect the sheaves in great barns and thrash out the corn there, because they have so little sunshine that our open thrashing-places would be of little use in that land of clouds and rain.” He added that they made a drink “by mixing wheat and honey,” which is still known as “metheglin” in some of our country districts; and he is probably the first authority for the description of the *British beer*, which the Greek physicians knew by its Welsh name, and against which they warned their patients as “a drink producing pain in the head and injury to the nerves.” This observation, however, may come from

* The discovery of these coins goes far to confirm the disputed reading in Cæsar, *B. G.* v. 12: ‘Utuntur aut ære, aut nummo æreo’; and the explanation, that the early coins found in Britain are all from a Gallic mint, is rejected by the most competent judges. The whole subject is best treated in Mr. Evans’s work on British coins. Professor Rhys gives a Plate of the most important types, curiously exhibiting their divergence from the beautiful stater of Philip.

Posidonius, who visited the island* in a later generation, and who may also be the author of a description of the harvest in another part of Britain, "where the people have mean habitations constructed for the most part of rushes or sticks, and their harvest consists in cutting off the ears of corn and storing them in pits underground; they take out each day the corn which has been longest stored, and dress the ears for food."

It seems then that *ensilage* is not a new thing under the sun; but the point of chief importance is that, even in the ruder of these processes, we see a people who have advanced beyond the hunting and even the pastoral life to that of agriculturists.

The last years of Posidonius, who visited Rome for the second time in B.C. 51, coincide with the great opening historic epoch in our history, marked by the two invasions of Cæsar in B.C. 55 and 54. It is no part of our present purpose to traverse that old ground; but chiefly to use the new light which now suddenly breaks in upon the ethnology of Britain. We only stay to point out that by this time the whole of the principal island, whose dimensions and form had been exaggerated and distorted by Pytheas and Eratosthenes, was fairly enough conceived of; and there was some general knowledge of Ireland. The names of *Britanni* and *Britannia* were now fixed,† and that apparently as already well-known, as we see in Cæsar and the letters of Cicero (the Greek writers preferring the form with *e*); and we are at once plunged into a sea of speculation about their origin and meaning. There are not wanting indications of the use of the name on the Continent, whence it may have been brought by the first settlers of the race who bore it in this island. Thus, as Professor Rhys observes,

"Thus Pliny speaks of continental *Britanni*, who seem to have lived near the Rhine and the North Sea, and it is thought that most

* This statement is more than questionable; there is no evidence of any visit to Britain by Posidonius. That great philosopher and mathematician, who lived from B.C. 135 to the middle of the first century, and was ambassador from the Rhodians to Rome, and the friend of Pompey and Cicero, travelled to the coasts of Liguria, Spain, and Gaul, and certainly collected important information about Britain, which was used by Diodorus and Strabo (as, e.g. about the tin-trade with Massilia), and probably by Cæsar, whose account of Britain is clearly founded, not on his own scanty observation alone, but on those Greek authorities to whom he explicitly refers elsewhere ('Bell. Gall.' vi. 24).

† It is commonly stated that the name occurs first in Cæsar, but Lucretius (vi. 1004) has '*Britannidis cælum*.' With all deference to Professor Rhys's high authority in Celtic lore, we have failed to apprehend the essential distinction which he seems to draw between the forms with *t* and *tt*. On the long disputed and still open question of the etymology of the name, Mr. Rhys makes a new suggestion, which is perhaps more ingenious than convincing.

or all of the regiments termed *Brittones* in the Roman army in Britain were natives of Gaul. Further, Procopius, a Greek writer of the sixth century, gives a very fabulous account of an island called *Brittia*, which he distinguishes from Britannia. One of the last writers on this difficult subject identifies *Brittia* with Jutland, and supposes *Brittones* from beyond the Rhine to have shared in the advance of the Teutons on Gaul, and to have settled in Brittany. It is certainly a fact, though never noticed, that *Brittia* must have been a real name, as it is actually the form that would result in that which is the actual Breton name of Brittany, namely *Breiz*: this last is the shortest, and cannot be derived from any known form of the kindred name of our country or of its people, which tells not a little against the tradition that Brittany was colonized by fugitive Brythons from here.*

We welcome this confirmation of the strong doubt we have always felt about the British colonization of Brittany, for which the only authority is the statement of Nennius, that when the usurper Maximus went forth from Britain and seized the Empire (A.D. 387), instead of sending his British troops back to the island, he gave them possessions in Western Gaul over a region which is obscurely defined, but certainly much larger than Armorica. The refuge of Britons, expelled by the English conquest, with their brethren already settled in Brittany, is quite another matter.

Here is the fittest place to notice the still wider question of nomenclature, which concerns all the primitive races that inhabited Britain. Our native history has long begun with the apparently precise classification of the *Celts*,* as one of the great families of the Indo-European or 'Aryan' race, and of the *Cymry* and *Gael* as the two great divisions of the family in Britain. Now as a matter of convenience—and few are aware how much this principle prevails over scientific accuracy in every department of nomenclature—there can be no objection to that general use of the name *Celt*, which has the sanction of the earliest Greek writers. But the moment we take the next step, we are encountered by a passage 'familiar to every school-boy'—in the exact sense of that much-abused phrase—at least before the days of 'modern sides.' We remember to have

* A word of protest, once for all, against the modern affectation of writing *Kelt* and *Kymry*. The former violates the sound principle of following the Latin orthography of names made familiar by classic usage (as here by Cæsar, B. G. i. 1), and also attempts the vain task of changing a customary pronunciation. The latter stands self-convicted of the absurdity of spelling a Welsh name with a letter (K) that does not exist in the language, as if, forsooth, we had no hard C in English! It is just as if our spelling reformers should write *Kikero*, where, by the bye, we more than doubt their pronunciation.

heard a story that Madame Van der Weyer, at a dinner party, being jocosely taunted by an English statesman with the modern origin of the very name of the little state so brilliantly represented by her husband, quietly replied—'*Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres, quarum unam incolunt Belgæ, aliam Aquitani, tertiam qui ipsorum lingua Celtæ, nostra Galli appellantur*'; by which Cæsar of course meant, not that the Romans had chosen to impose on the people who called themselves *Celts* the purely Latin name of *Galli* (*cocks*—the Gallic emblem long since adopted as a pun of 'canting heraldry'), but that, of their two names, or two forms of the same name, they themselves preferred the one, or, as he might have said more truly, it had become more familiar by Greek usage, while the Romans, perhaps from the terrible memories of Allia and Brennus, had become accustomed to the other; and so it became the name of the whole country, though its three peoples, he adds, 'all differed from each other in their language, and institutions, and laws.' How true this was of the Aquitanians, whom Cæsar places behind the Garumna (Garonne), is a lesson of history which has only a slight and doubtful connection with our subject. Nor is it necessary to discuss the relations between the 'Celts' or 'Gauls,' south of the Marne and Seine, and the 'Belgians' north of those rivers; for we have only to deal with the ethnology of our own islands. The great epoch when the Belgian power was established in Britain is marked by Cæsar as an historic fact.* He was informed that the Belgic tribe of the Suessiones (about Soissons) had very recently ('*nostra etiam memoria*') been ruled by 'a king Divitiacus, the most powerful of all Gaul, who had obtained the empire both of a great part of these regions and *also of Britain*'; an achievement which suggests, not a Belgic invasion for the first time, but a supremacy acquired over the kindred tribes already settled in the island. Be the time, however, what it might, the presence of such tribes in Southern Britain is attested by several of their names, identical with those in Northern Gaul, though the name of *Belgæ* itself appears only as a tribal designation of the people whose chief town afterwards became an English capital (*Venta Belgarum*, Winchester). They preserved their fellowship with the kindred tribes in Gaul; the chieftains of the one country had influence in the other, like the Atrebatian Commius, whom

* Cæsar, B. G. ii. 4. The theory of the Germanic origin of the Belgians, based on this passage, has been disproved by the researches of Celtic scholars. Perhaps they may have been a later and more civilized wave of the great Celtic migration westward, who, pressed forward by the Germans, forced themselves like a wedge along the shores of the Channel, driving back the older Gauls.

Cæsar sent for that reason as his envoy to Britain;* the opposite shores were kept in constant intercourse by those merchant-voyagers, to whom Cæsar applied for information; and the aid rendered by the Britons to their brethren across the Channel gave him a pretext for his invasion. His well-known account of the comparative civilization of these Belgic Britons is the more striking from its contrast with the state of the inland tribes; and their coins not only confirm the picture, but supply interesting links of their dynastic succession, which we must leave to historic detail.† But we must guard against confusing the social and political state of these tribes with their ethnological character, as judged by language, physical structure, and the other tests supplied by science. The higher civilization of the south-eastern and maritime regions appears to have been superimposed upon a less civilized but kindred race, which, in the Roman age, possessed the country, generally speaking, so far north as beyond the Firth of Forth, to the Leven and the Earn; while its western limits may be best marked by naming the regions held by another race or races; in the south, the Dumnonian peninsula (Cornwall and Devon) with Dorset and part of Somerset, as far east as the Stour and the Mendip Hills; in the centre, most of Wales, south within the Severn and the Teme, and north within the Dee (there being special questions that we cannot stay to discuss); in the north, the mountainous peninsula between Morecambe Bay and Solway Firth, and the region of Galloway and Ayr. The districts thus roughly sketched, and northern Scotland, together with the adjacent islands and all Ireland, were the homes of the other Celtic race, which still possesses so large a part of the last-named countries; but mingled with an older population, who furnish a chief part of the whole problem.

To name these races accurately, which is a first condition of any exact scientific treatment, is no easy matter. For the older branch of the Celts we may well be satisfied with the name of *Gael*, which they still preserve in Scotland; only taking care not to identify it with *Gauls*, which not only includes, but is

* Here we must deliver our conscience of an emphatic protest against Professor Rhys's strange habit of spelling such names as *Commios*, *Caratacos*, and so forth. As a pseudo-Greek affectation, it is bad enough to see our old familiar friends disguised as *Herodotos* and (*proh pudor!*) *Aiskhylos*; but are we to suppose that Oxford innovation aims at making as many *os-es* as possible out of *us-es*—Latin as well as Greek? With all respect, we can only compare it to the American perversion, first of honor, &c. (for a reason, though a false one), then extended to such words as *parlor* and *neighbor*, with no shadow of an excuse.

† Among the names thus attested is that of *Cunobelin* (in the time of Caligula), the *Cymbeline* of Shakespeare.

often used specifically to denote, the other branch of the Celts. For the same reason, to call the latter simply *Gauls*, is to invite the direst confusion; while the name of *Belgic Gauls* is neither sanctioned by usage, nor sufficiently comprehensive. But is not the question settled by the use of the native appellation *Cymry*, in which their descendants to this day glory? The answer involves one of the most important points in the whole enquiry, which we at once announce by laying down the broad proposition—which will only appear paradoxical to the uninstructed—that the connection between modern Welsh and ancient British is never to be assumed, but must always be proved, or, as is the fact in a vast number of instances, disproved; and the same is emphatically true of the Irish legends and traditions. This is true not only of names, but throughout the whole range of tradition and literature; for a large part of the Welsh and Irish books, from which some have sought to reconstruct the primitive history of Britain, are comparatively late productions, in which events and ideas from classical and even medieval sources are mingled with any such remnants of primitive tradition as they may perchance preserve. Thus, for instance, the famous Welsh poems about Arthur are pronounced by Mr. Rhys to be not earlier than the 12th century. To take, in the case of names, examples which we intended to develop more fully but have not space to dwell on: the common text-books continually give us words beginning with the Welsh *caer* ('camp' or 'fortress') as the original British names of towns, where it is clear that the name is Roman, with *castra* translated into *caer*.* Thus, not to speak of *Caerleon* (*castra Legionum*), which tells its own tale, another 'city of legions,' which got its English name from the Roman in the opposite order, *Lege-ceastre* (Leicester), became in Welsh *Caerleir*, and was made the old British capital of the eponymous King Lear, who is himself the reflection of an elemental deity, Lir. Perhaps even a more curious case is the conversion of the fortress-colony (*Colonia* and *Castra*: Colchester) into *Caer-collon*, resulting in the invention of the eponymous King Coillus ('old King Cole') who, in the fabulous 'History of the Britons' by Geoffrey of Monmouth, is made the father of the princess Helena, wife of Constantius Chlorus, and mother of Constantine the Great. The certain facts,—that Helena was a woman of low birth, who was married to Constantius in Dalmatia and divorced long years before he set foot in Britain, their son

* Nennius gives a list of twenty-eight British towns, to nearly all of which this remark will apply.

Constantine (born 272) being then a grown-up man,—have not prevented compilers from repeating, after such grave authorities as Camden and Stillingfleet, that Helena was (some, with cautious ignorance, say ‘probably’) a British princess! *

A whole series of similar legends might be selected from the work of Geoffrey of Monmouth, which, when once its absence of any claim to historic value is understood, yet retains the twofold interest, of being the crowning effort of Welsh invention and a chief source of medieval romantic literature. Written about the middle of the 12th century, and dedicated to Robert of Gloucester, the famous brother and champion of the Empress-queen Maud, it exhibits the patriotic fancy with which the Welsh ecclesiastics wove their classic and legendary lore into a story that might enhance the ancient glories of the Britons and console them for their double subjugation to the Roman and the Saxon; and it is now impossible to separate the remnants of genuine tradition embedded in the mass like flies in amber. This leading motive of the famous ‘Brute legend’ is virtually confessed by the letter in which Brutus, the Trojan eponymus of Britain, boasts that descent from ‘the illustrious race of the Dardanians,’ which gave him a claim of primogeniture even above the Roman progeny of Æneas, who became the *much later* conquerors of the island. We are not about to analyze further the legend, of which this is the keynote; but there is a point of criticism bearing on the question of names, of which we think we can offer a new and clear explanation. Brutus founds as his capital a ‘New Troy’ (*Troynovant*, in Latin *Trinovantum*), which is rebuilt long ages afterwards by *Lud*, the brother of Cassibelaunus and eponymus of *London*, and plays a conspicuous part in Cæsar’s invasion. It is well known that Cæsar never came near London, in spite of Shakspeare’s ‘towers of Julius’ † and Dr. Stukeley’s discovery of the three camps of Cæsar, Cassivelaunus, and Mandubratius or Androgeus, ‡ on the present site of St. Pancras railway terminus; but

* For the other native legends about Helena, see Elton, pp. 334–5. Nennius makes Constantine himself die at Caernarvon!

† With regard to the innumerable ‘Cæsar’s Camps,’ and so forth, we forget at the moment to which of the antiquaries we owe the clever saying, that ‘all works in Britain are called Cæsar’s, which are not big enough to be ascribed to the Devil.’

‡ Writing from memory alone, we forget (nor does it matter) whether the third camp was that of the Mandubratius of Cæsar (B. G. v. 20), or the Androgeus of other writers, and of Geoffrey (iv. 9). No better illustration could be given of the fate which has beset British Archaeology, than the lucubrations of Dr. Stukeley, who was really an eminent antiquary, and did much good work by his investigations of the Roman roads, stations, pavements, inscriptions, and

but he did leave behind him a few words which germinated into the story. The 'very powerful state of the *Trinobantes*' (in Essex) who submitted to him—'*Trinobantes, prope firmissima earum regionum civitas*'—become in Orosius, followed by Bede (*H. E.* i. 2) '*Trinovantum* firmissima civitas,' where the context shows that the name is not (as it ought to be) a Genitive Plural, but a Neuter Singular, to which the meaning of *civitas* is adapted, making '*the city of Trinovantum*,' so suggestive of *Troynovant* or 'New Troy,' as almost to justify the belief that in this confusion we have the primitive germ from which the whole Brute legend took its origin.*

Returning from this digression to the point of nomenclature, to illustrate which we turned aside, the word *Cymry* † has no claim to be an ethnic name, either from sense, antiquity, or comprehensiveness. It is, as Mr. Elton observes, 'a name which should be confined to the modern Welsh,' by whom it was adopted to denote their *new nation* (in the proper political sense of the word), which included on the one hand many Gael, and on the other far from all of the other race of Celts. On this point, so commonly misunderstood, Professor Rhys is a decisive authority. Speaking of the epoch after the first great waves of English conquest (early in the 7th century) he says:—

'Neither had Upper Britain ‡ the advantage of being the patrimony of a single and homogeneous race; for not only were there Picts in Galloway, but the north-west of the Principality of Wales, and a great portion of the south of it, had always remained in the

and coins. In his 'Memoirs,' recently published, we find him writing to Dr. Borlase: 'I am thoroughly persuaded that our Druids were of the patriarchal religion and came from Abraham. I believe Abraham's grandson Apher helped to plant the island and gave name to it.' No wonder that such a believer was easily induced to stand godfather to Bertram's impudent forgery of the 'Itinerary of Richard of Cirencester,' of which Stukeley writes, 'it gives a far better notion of Britannia Romana than all the books we have put together!'

* We have still a curious survival of old British religion in the name of *Billingsgate*, the wonderful river gate and tower built by Geoffrey's King *Belinus* (iii. 10), who was the Apollo of the British Pantheon. His rites still survive in the *Beltain* or May fires. (See Elton, pp. 256, 270, &c.)

† The name, pronounced very nearly like *Cumry*, signifies *fellow-countrymen* or *confederates*, being the plural of *Cymro*; and the country is called *Cumró* (a federation). The reader will see how all this bears on the question of 'nationalities,' which meets us at every step of the discussion; and also how it disposes of all the speculations about an ethnic connection of the *Cimmeri*, *Cimbri*, and *Cymry*, so far, that is, as the names are put in evidence.

‡ On the much disputed question of the original division of the Roman Province into *Britannia Superior* and *Inferior*, we believe Mr. Rhys to be right in taking the former for the more mountainous regions of the west and north, the latter for the rest of the island. Both he and Mr. Elton ably discuss the whole arrangement of the later provinces; which our common maps show as they are fabricated by Bertram's 'Richard.'

possession

possession of a Goidelic [Gaelic] people, whose nearest kinsmen were the Goidels of Ireland. As to the other Celts of Upper Britain, that is to say, the Britons proper (or Brythons), they were no doubt in the ascendant, but there were also Brythonic communities elsewhere, some north of the Forth, about whom little is known, some south of the Severn Sea, and some in a Britain of their own in Gaul. Yet the ties of union between those of Upper Britain proved so strong and close, that the word *Cymry*, which merely meant fellow-countrymen, acquired the force and charm of a national name, which it still retains among the natives of the Principality. This name is better known to Englishmen in connection with Cumberland, or its Latinized form of *Cumbria*, and the still more distorted one of *Cambria*. . . . But since this union of the *Cymry* seems to have been neither dictated by reasons of geography and frontier, nor clearly defined for them by considerations of race, we have to look for the historical accidents which served to determine it in the first instance and to invest it afterwards with an intelligible form.'

Finally, as the name of Britons is, as it has been throughout our history, the symbol of our nationality in the most comprehensive sense, Mr. Rhys proposes to solve the difficulty of nomenclature by using the pure Celtic *Brython*, and similarly *Goidel* for the *Gael*; but these terms will surely prove too quaint for common use; and we must perhaps be content to express the required meaning as we best can in each case as it occurs.*

Of the tests by which the races are distinguished, language still holds the first place, though we have now learned how essentially its application is restricted by conditions very different from the dogma, once so hastily propounded, that this is the one great decisive test. No country more signally than our own yields examples of the fact, of which proofs abound throughout all the world, that the language spoken by a people is, *by itself*, no test of race at all. Historical and archæological research must be employed to discover the original language of each race from remains of its primitive forms, from inscriptions, from proper names, whether of deities, men, or places. And here we have to heed the twofold caution, that many of the names, which have become established by usage, have been imposed *ab extra* (we need but instance the Teutonic *Wales*, and *Welschland* for Italy); and that, even among what seem genuine native appellations, where successive races have passed over the same ground, besides the double

* In purely scientific nomenclature, where brevity is of less importance, the phrase *Britannic Celts* might perhaps be accepted in contradistinction to the Gael.

names so frequently attesting the fact, it will often be found that the existing name has been fixed by one race in the country belonging to another.* Take one curious case, in which the satiric humour of fiction has anticipated the researches of philology. We all remember the debate between the Antiquary and Sir Arthur Wardour about 'a people called *Piks*,'—'more properly *Picts*,' interrupted the baronet. 'I say the *Pikar*, *Pihar*, *Piochtar*, *Piaghter*, or *Peughtar*,' vociferated Oldbuck; 'they spoke a Gothic dialect.' 'Genuine Celtic,' again asseverated the knight. 'Gothic! Gothic! I'll go to death upon it,' counter-asseverated the squire. 'Why, gentlemen,' said Lovel, 'I conceive that is a dispute which may be easily settled by philologists, if there are any remains of the language.' Both disputants agree that there is but one word, which each claims as decisive for his opinion—*Benval*, (*caput valli*, the head of the wall); the *val*, on which the Antiquary relies as the Teutonic *wall*, being borrowed from the Latin *vallum*, says Sir Arthur, who claims the Celtic *Ben*, which, Oldbuck retorts, was borrowed from the British of Strathclyde; whereon the young umpire remarks that 'the Picts or Piks must have been singularly poor in dialect, since, in the only remaining word of their vocabulary, consisting only of two syllables, they have been obliged to borrow one of them from another language.' Now, as the Antiquary says of his nephew's version of Ossian, 'this is admirable fooling,' and smacks of what we now superciliously call a 'prescientific' age; but the example itself is a genuine test case, the real state of which is best described in the words of Professor Rhys:—

'The place where the northern wall ended on the Firth of Forth was known in Bæda's time by the Brythonic precursor of *Penn-guawl*, or, as Welshmen would now write it, *Pen-Gwawl*, that is, the *Wall's End*.† That would be the name as it was probably pronounced in Welsh, with the modification usual in most of the Brythonic dialects of *u* or *o* into *gu* or *gw*; but Bæda says that the Picts called it

* The frequent case of a foreign language acquired by a native race must, of course, not be forgotten; as well as of names imposed by the common usage of history and so forth.

† Readers not familiar with the question of the Roman Walls (which would demand a separate article) may be at once warned not to confuse this with the *Wallsend* of Hadrian's Wall (so familiar for the class of coals now alas! known only by name), and invited to notice the coincidence of the same name under its Celtic form, marking the east end of the more northern Wall of Antoninus. Nor can we forego the opportunity of adding that the two Roman Walls, in the hands of such investigators as Maclauchlan and Bruce, have furnished most signal examples of the triumphs of archaeology over written history in the confused and self-contradictory accounts of Gildas, Nennius, and Bede; though we still see writers reviving the fictions of the building of the Great Wall by Severus, and even by the Britons after the departure of the Romans.

Pean-fahel, or, as it might perhaps be represented in a more modern spelling, *Penn-vael*. The latter also was substantially the same Brythonic name, but the Picts must have learnt it—and this is significant—from the Verturian Brythons of the opposite coast, in whose dialect *w* does not seem ever to have been made into *gw*. And the Pictish pronunciation so far prevailed as to prove the basis of the English name, given by Bæda as *Pennel-tun* or the *Wall's-end-town*, which cannot well have been derived from the Welsh *Penn-guawl*. But, by the time when certain of the MSS. of Nennius were written, a purely Goidelic form of the name had been arrived at in the form of *Cennail*, now written *Kinneil*.'

Here then, as is natural on the border where the aboriginal Picts, the two races of Celts, and the conquering English, all met, we have a place called by names which may be referred to each of their dialects, and, what is not the least noteworthy, the Pictish pronunciation finally influencing the forms imposed by the others.

The remarks of Professor Rhys in the preceding extract about the interchange of *u* or *w* with *gu* or *gw* furnish an instance of those minute tests by which science is now enabled to connect and discriminate languages and dialects, and so, under proper conditions, the races to which they belonged. It is the province of such an essay as the present merely to indicate these methods and their most interesting results, leaving their development to special works. But we must not pass over the still more crucial example of the use of *p* (as in Prydyn, the Welsh name of Britain), so familiar in our literature, from Shakspeare's Sir Hugh Evans to 'Punch,' not to cite the missionary to India who gave out the text, 'Wisdom is better than *rupees* (rubies).' Here again the Celtic professor is our clear expositor:—

'The soundest division which can be made of the Celtic family rests on an accident of Celtic phonology. It is that of the change of *gu* or *gv* into *p*, which is found to have taken place in some of the Celtic languages, but not in all, at the same time that it is known in languages other than Celtic. Thus, while Latin retained the older complex in the word *quinque*, five, and *equus*, horse, the Greeks differed among themselves, some saying *πέντε* for five, and some *τέρε*, some *ἵππος* for horse, and some *ἵκκος*; so, while the Romans said *quatuor*, four, and *quum* or *quom*, when, some of the other Italians said *petur* and *pon*. The Celts differed in much the same way; as all the Brythons, whether Welshmen or Bretons, agree in using *p* (liable to be softened into *b*) as the Gauls also did, so far back as we can trace them, in all their names excepting a few like Sequani and Sequana; while, on the other hand, the Goidels, whether in Ireland, Man, or Scotland, never made *gv* into *p*, but simplified it

in another way, by dropping the *v* and making *q* into *c* (liable to be modified into the guttural spirant *ch*): this took place in the sixth or the seventh century. In the old Ogam inscriptions of Ireland the *gv* is represented by a symbol of its own, and not only there, but in those of Wales, Devon, and Cornwall. Thus, on both sides of St. George's Channel, the most important key-word, which the ancient epitaphs supply us with, is *maqi*, the genitive of the word which has yielded the Goidels of the present day their *mac*, a son, and has taken in Welsh the form *māb* (for an older *map*) of the same meaning.'

Such are some of the minute but definite phenomena, by which, as by the tests of the chemist or the 'guiding-shells' of the geologist, scientific enquirers, 'fit though few,' are engaged in what the same writer calls the difficult but not impossible task of deciphering the 'weather-worn history' of the Celtic tongues. The epithet is signally appropriate because of the difficulty so commonly overlooked, that, as we have already pointed out in the case of the traditions, so also in the language, we have to deal not so much with original forms as with those influenced by the more civilized nations with whom the people have come into contact, from the Roman conquest to the present day. The *opus princeps* in the enquiry, and still the great storehouse of its materials, is the wonderful *Grammatica Celtica* of Zeuss. The science can but be regarded as in its infancy, and we have been often tempted to add Celtic philology to the proverbial 'triad' of Agur, 'There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four, which I know not.' Yet it has already achieved results which are fairly described by Mr. Elton:—'By the help of well-established rules of phonology the search for the origin of the verbal and grammatical forms in Welsh and Irish has already been carried on with great success: some of the most stubborn words of the vernacular have been forced one after another to surrender the secrets of their pedigree; while others can only be explained on the theory that they came from some source alien to every language in the "Aryan" or "Indo-European" family.' It is time to extend our enquiry to the question of that other source; a problem as yet unsolved, but now in that specially interesting state, in which the collected elements seem awaiting the touch of genius and learning to crystallize into solid symmetry.

From the first discovery of Britain, enquiring minds speculated on the races of its inhabitants, according to their imperfect lights and methods, which, 'pre-scientific' as they were, contrast favourably with more recent 'histories,' in which all the Britons appeared as painted savages. Perhaps even some views

views which claim to be scientific are not far in advance of those mere physical tests, by which Tacitus thought he could trace the affinities of certain tribes; the red hair and great limbs of the Caledonians arguing their German origin, while 'the dark complexion * and generally curling hair of the Silures'—whose locality is distinctly known to have been in South Wales—'and their position opposite to Spain, furnish the assurance that Iberians of old crossed over and settled in those parts.' We are very much disposed to agree with Mr. Elton, that in this speculative conjecture of Tacitus we have the whole original foundation of the theory, which would trace a certain part of the primitive population of Britain and Ireland to the ancient inhabitants of Spain, the Basque race; and that the native legends relied on to confirm it are, as in the other cases we have noticed, the inventions of the Roman or post-Roman age, under the influence of classical associations. The mere likeness of *Ivernia* or *Hibernia*, the Latin form of the native name, to *Iberia* (where, observe, the *n* is wanting) is of no more value by itself than such fancies as the following:—

'The Irish bards had some remembrance of the passage [of Tacitus], and played upon the similarity of such local names as *Braganza* and *Brigantes*, *Galicia* and *Galway*; and it became an article of faith among their countrymen, that the island was discovered soon after the Flood by three Spanish fishermen; and, according to the Book of Invasions "and particularly by that choice volume called the *Leabhar dhroma Sneachta*, or the Snow-backed Book, which was written before St. Patrick arrived in Ireland," the *Milesians* were settled in Spain before they expelled the Fairy Race from the Green Isle "in the year when Moses was buried in a valley in the land of Moab."†

Of course those who appeal to such 'traditions' as 'evidence' throw Moses and his date overboard; but is there not a lurking faith in the 'Milesian' Irish? As the Phœceans colonized Massilia, which traded with Britain, may not Miletus have sent her sons to Ireland, and is there not at least some presumption in the name? Yes! the *presumption* characteristic of ignorance, which is at once dispelled by a knowledge of another legend, that the father of the two brothers from whom all the

* Tac. 'Agricola,' c. 11. This interpretation of '*Silurum colorati vultus*,' while perfectly justified by Latin usage, is the only one consistent with the facts; for the locality of the Silures is one of the best defined in British geography, and it is there that we still find a portion of the population answering to the description. Of their other localities throughout our island Mr. Elton gives a comprehensive summary.

† In a note giving a good summary of the literature of this whole Iberian or Basque question, Mr. Elton observes that the bardic traditions 'might be passed over in silence if it were not that these wild legends are even now persistently quoted to prove the Spanish descent of the Irish Gael.'

Irish sprang was a warrior named *Miled*, that is *Miles*! As to the Basque theory itself, we do not say that it is impossible or false, but that there is no positive evidence to support it; for, while the Basque language itself is still a puzzle to philologists, we have no signs of its connection with the lost dialect of the primitive race in Britain. Mr. Rhys, indeed, intimates his opinion that the non-Celtic language was probably Basque; but in the work before us he abstains from all discussion of the subject.

Apart, however, from any theory of their origin, the fact has now been established as a possession of science, anthropological, ethnological, and linguistic, that the two great Celtic races were preceded in the British Isles by a people whose remains belong to what is called the 'Later Age of Stone,' and speculation on their race is of far less interest than the fact, that we can trace their influence on all the succeeding inhabitants in the survivals of language, laws, and customs, and that the descendants of their blood, marked by distinct physical characters, are still among us. 'Skulls,' says Mr. Rhys, 'are harder than consonants, and races lurk when languages slink away. The lineal descendants of the neolithic aborigines are ever among us, possibly even those of a still earlier race.' And thus, as the primitive rock of Cape Wrath forms the geological foundation of our island, so do these people underlie the whole history of the inhabitants who have passed over it, wave upon wave, like the successive strata of the soil, and who still show themselves now here now there upon the surface. Both Mr. Elton, who rejects the Basque theory, and Mr. Rhys, apply to them the scientific name of *Neolithic*. Physically, they were a dark race, with long oval skulls (*Dolichocephalic*), as opposed to the round skulls of the Celts (*Brachycephalic*). Their burial-places, as a general rule, are the 'long barrows,' in contrast with the 'round barrows' of their successors;* but we must be content to refer the reader to Mr. Elton's complete account of their sepulchral remains and megalithic monuments, and to Mr. Rhys's description of the carved tombstones and inscriptions of the Celts, including the famous Ogam character. Of

* One point in which Archæology is proving its claim to be a true science is in the very exceptions which have to be made from time to time to those too rigid classifications which mark premature speculation. Thus here, Mr. Rhys tells us that both the Celtic races 'would seem, from the latest archæological investigations, to have buried in long barrows, but some of those barrows contain the dead placed with care grimly to sit in their subterranean houses, while others disclose only the huddled bones of men and beasts, as though they were the remains of cannibal gorgings. Can both be ascribed to the same race? We doubt it.'

the primitive people we have neither inscriptions nor written documents, no remains of their speech in anything approaching to an organized form; 'nor,' says Mr. Rhys of one of their chief seats, the land of the Picts, 'nor is one as yet able to trace in Scotch topography the retreat, step by step, of their language, as it remains an unknown tongue.' But that it was a dialect foreign to the Celts we have some very decisive proofs.

'It is found that, in Columba's time, there were men of rank in the mainland opposite to the island of Skye, with whom he could not converse in Goidelic, as there were also peasants of the same description in the neighbourhood of (the Pictish) King Brude's head-quarters near the river Ness, while there is no hint that the saint found any linguistic difficulty in making his way at that monarch's court. So it would seem that Goidelic was already asserting itself in that district, and that it was not very long before it had made much progress in the region east of the Ness, though the aboriginal language may be supposed not to have died out of the country for some time after the Danes and Norsemen began to plunder these islands.'

Here then we have another example of a primitive language giving way to that of a more civilized race, but reacting upon it, in forms of words (chiefly names), which are either inexplicable by the laws of the known language, or which embody ideas foreign to those of the known race. Thus it is that we see, to use Mr. Rhys's happy figure, the picture, though in lines somewhat obscure, of one wave of speech chasing another, and forcing it to dash itself into oblivion on the western confines of the Aryan world. Our space fails us for some interesting cases we meant to have developed, such as the process by which the Pictish name of St. Kentigern was translated into the Gaelic *In Glas Chu* (the Greyhound), whence the name of Glasgow; while the name of *Macbeth*, besides all the other problems he has raised, seems to be a hybrid of Gaelic and Pictish, by which we mean, not a mixed compound, but a translation into Gaelic of one of the two elements of the Pictish name, which, fully translated, would be Mac-Con. The etymology is Mr. Rhys's, who finds Macbeth in the *Hundason* of an Orkney Saga, *Mac-beth* signifying the *Hound's Son*, a survival of a primitive *totem*-worship, and also a sign of the existence of the Pictish language down to the eleventh century. And we must add in one word, what space does not permit us to enlarge on, that the solution of the great Pictish problem is to be found in the prevalence over the north of Scotland of a neolithic people, who were very gradually absorbed by the Gael; a people whose Roman name was derived from the custom

custom of *tattooing* with the figures of animals (their *totems*), to which we have the testimony of Latin writers.*

The mention of tattooing and totem-worship leads by a natural transition to that last and deeply interesting branch of the enquiry, on which Mr. Elton has lavished the resources of his special knowledge. To use his own words: 'As to the proof from anomalous customs and usages, we must still be in the main indebted to the labours of philological scholars. It has been discovered by the patient comparison of the surviving Aryan vocabularies, that the primitive ancestors of the Indo-Germanic or Indo-Celtic nations, before their dispersion into the eastern and the western groups, had attained to what has been called a high degree of civilization.' We need not follow him in the details of that state, agricultural, social, moral, religious, and political, to which the Celtic races had attained before their migration to the west.

'But when we examine the condition of some of the tribes in Britain, we shall find some that remained late into the historical period far lower than the level of the Aryan culture, resembling rather those rude Esthonian hordes, wanderers of the Baltic coasts and the forests beyond the Vistula, to whom the notion of the family and the state, and the benefits of law and order, were things which were hardly known. In such an enquiry we shall derive assistance from the medieval writers, who were quick to discern the "evil and wilde uses" which were foreign to their own experience. Spenser was one of the first to give a philosophical account of the matter. His "View of the State of Ireland" shews that he well understood the importance of abnormal customs and beliefs in tracing the descent of nations. He was desirous of shewing how much the Irish blood had borrowed "from the first old nations which inhabited the land": and he saw that, in the absence of authentic tradition, much might be gained by the study of archaic usages, "*old manners of marrying, of dancing, of singing, of feasting, of cursing*"; and, though some of his theories have ceased to be instructive, the value of his instances has still remained unimpaired.'

Through this wide field we must now commend the reader to Mr. Elton's guidance, and content ourselves with directing special attention to his chapters on 'Customs and Family Religion,' and on the 'Religion of his British Tribes.' In the former he develops a whole series of customs foreign to Celtic

* The name *Picts* would be naturally used as distinctive, when the painting practised by the southern Britons (but in a milder way, as a sort of *war-uniform*) had become obsolete through the Roman civilization of which Tacitus speaks so emphatically. As to the Scots (*Scotti*), who appear first in Ireland and then in North Britain in connection with the Picts, Mr. Rhys explains their name as having the same signification, and he regards it as having ultimately come to be used as a general appellation of the Gaels in Scotland as well as Ireland.

and Teutonic usage, which still affect our social and legal system. Conspicuous among these are the tracing of descent through the female rather than the male line, and the wide-spread institution of 'Borough English' or 'Junior Right,' by which an inheritance, or a chief portion of it, devolves not only on younger sons and daughters, but on collateral relations, and which is recognized by law to an extent that may well stagger praters about the 'Law of Primogeniture.' But the very interest and importance of the complicated details forbids the attempt to do more here than point to the rich field of research thus laid open. Nor have we space left even for a selection from the remarkable survivals still in our midst of the religious beliefs and pagan rites, that testify to the character and permanent influence of the 'prehistoric' race; including a masterly exposition of the greatly misunderstood system of Druidism.*

The ground we have now traversed is large enough and, we trust, interesting enough, by itself; but it is with much reluctance that we stop on the threshold of Mr. Elton's most satisfactory account of the Roman Province of Britain, its history and organization. We cannot, however, refrain from one more variation on our key-note of the unity of British history, not by any attempt to discuss—as so many writers have done already—the permanent influence of Roman civilization and institutions on English Britain; but rather from points of sympathy in our own experience. On one occasion the bright sun helped our imagination to restore from its wonderful remains in the 'beautiful island' the villa, doubtless then on the sea-shore, sheltered on the north by Brading Down, and looking out on the open bay between the noble downs of Shanklin and the Culvers, where some Roman magnate enjoyed natural beauty and artificial luxury under the Empire. At another time the November mists hanging about the walls of Richborough brought back a sense of how the legion stationed at that castle of the Saxon shore watched the threatening fleets of the Franks and Saxons, or lighted fires of joy for their repulse by Theodosius. Such scenes of peace and war belong as much to the history of our island, that is, to *our* own history, as any fight known to us by some half-dozen words of the 'Chronicle.' On the dark period between the departure of the Romans and the English Conquest, we may the less

* A whole storehouse of materials illustrating the religion and worship, both of the Britons and of the various nations who served in the Roman armies here, is furnished by Hübner's great collection of Inscriptions found in Britain, one of the most indispensable works on British Archæology. To name one example, the familiar name of *Camulodunum* (Colchester) is found to be 'the hill of Camulus' the war-god, called also Cocius and Belatucadrus, as in a votive inscription 'Deo Marti Belatucadro.'

regret the impossibility of now dwelling for the very reason that might furnish a temptation; since the lights that seem to be breaking in upon such names as Arthur and Aurelius Ambrosianus can only be said as yet to give hopes of satisfactory results; we merely name one example in Mr. Rhys's ingenious conjecture, that the authority of the Welsh princes (*Gwledig*) was inherited from that of the Roman Counts of Britain.

In his last chapter Mr. Elton traverses in part the same ground as Mr. Green, in his 'Making of England,' of which, as of the companion volume on the 'Conquest,' it only remains to say that they form a worthy monument of the lamented author's devotion to the study, which he pursued with a spirit that redeemed the faults of his too narrow views respecting the origin of our national history.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Story of Chinese Gordon.* By Egmont Hake. London, 1884.
2. *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa.* By George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. London, 1881.
3. *Ismailia.* By Sir Samuel W. Baker, Pacha. London, 1874.
4. *Charles George Gordon, a Sketch.* By Reginald H. Barnes and Charles Brown. London, 1885.
5. *Papers Presented to both Houses of Parliament—Egypt No. 1.* 1885.
6. *Unpublished Private Correspondence, 1877–85.*

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON came of a hard-fighting stock. His great-grandfather served under Sir John Cope, his grandfather fought with General Wolfe, and when he himself was born at Woolwich in 1833, his father was a distinguished officer in the Royal Artillery. As with others who have ultimately belied the predictions of their childhood, he was a delicate boy, and according to his own showing anything but a pattern cadet when he came into training for his future profession. It is told of him that when a child at Corfu, where his father held a command, his terror of guns of all descriptions was extreme, and that he would hide his head anywhere to escape the sound of firing. It was no test of pluck. The sailors used to encourage him to throw himself into the sea when they were swimming round the ship, and with perfect confidence he would leap towards them, utterly fearless. But

at

at Woolwich most of his early days were passed. Fine opportunities lay to his hand as a lad, when he had the run of the Gun-carriage Department, nor was he slow in turning them to account. A carpenter made him a huge crossbow, with which no less than twenty-eight squares of glass were broken at extreme ranges one Sunday afternoon! Nor would matters have ended here, in all probability, had not an infuriated officer brought things to a climax when a screw stuck into the wall of his room, just missing his head as he sat reading. A squirt was next constructed for him by one of his friends in the yard; it held a quart of water, and would throw a jet on to the windows of the cadets' lecture-room, which it was his highest ambition to get within the line of fire. He used to describe the long chase one of them had after him, till a friendly turning in the fortifications—whose every nook and corner was familiar to him, just hid him in time for escape.

His time came to enter the walls of the Academy in due course, and it was an irksome period. Probably he began to feel even thus early that the restraint inseparable from military life was in his case abnormally difficult to bear, and throughout the whole of his career he was very conscious of it. Certain it is that he and the Woolwich authorities did not get on well together, and Gordon was kept longer at the Academy than any cadet of his time.

But we find him with his commission at last, in the Royal Engineers, taking his full share of the terrible work in the trenches before Sebastopol (1855), and, curiously enough, laying the beginning of a lifelong friendship with Lord Wolseley, who was sent for special service in the batteries to which Gordon was attached. He drew upon himself much notice from his extreme fertility of resource and coolness of head under specially trying circumstances: once he was slightly wounded, but his escapes were extraordinary. Nor did his active duties end with the fall of Sebastopol. At no time was his life in greater danger than when he was told off with other officers of his corps to destroy the docks and the enormous gates which led to the harbour of Sebastopol. A shaft was sunk, 100 feet deep, to get fairly at the foundations, and at the bottom of this on one occasion stood Gordon superintending the lowering of a blasting charge of 500 lbs. of gunpowder. Something went wrong, and the whole mass fell out of the slings: he had but an instant to step backwards and extinguish the candle in his hand, or the results must have been frightful to all concerned.

Perhaps he never enjoyed himself more than when his duties (on a special Boundary Commission) subsequent to the Crimean

war

war took him along the Russian frontier. He spent some time in Turkey in Asia, made the ascent of Ararat and other mountains, and visited many places of great historical interest. No one could have gained greater 'kudos' for tact, activity, and energy throughout. He had many a story in after days to tell of men and their manners in somewhat irritating times, when boundaries had to be laid down, nor did his observations end there. With a spice of irony and fun, he used to describe the effect upon the very storks which built on roofs, beneath which suspicious heads were playing the diplomatic game of chess. In one of their nests a goose egg was placed during the absence of the old bird. Gordon went on to relate:—

'On her return she said nothing, but made the best of it. Sad to say, as the gosling developed, the poor stork was driven to dreadful shifts to save him from the public gaze, but all to no purpose. There was a terrible to do in the whole colony. First one mother stork would come and satisfy herself as to common rumour by personal inspection, and then another, till they stood in rows, looking daggers at the unfortunate mother of the monstrosity. Finally a solemn conclave was held at a distance, and, apparently being for once of one mind, they all returned, and, pulling the wretched gosling out of the nest, despatched him forthwith. You could almost hear them saying, "This sort of thing will never do; who knows what he will grow up to?"'

To tell how 'Chinese Gordon' won that title is hardly an easy task within ordinary limits. Suffice it to say, that the more one examines the characters of the soldiers he commanded, the enemy he fought against, and the Chinese Government officials he was hampered with, so much more is one struck with the astounding military skill he displayed throughout the suppression of the Tai-Ping rebellion. Seldom in history can it have fallen to the lot of one man to stand forth twice and attempt to stay the onward course of two huge rebellions. Gordon sprang into fame by saving the Chinese Empire from being destroyed by the Tai-pings; how he died in staving off the oncoming hordes of the Mahdi in the Soudan, the world will never forget. In each case we find an officer, whose prominent characteristic from first to last was a practical vigorous demonstration of the Christian faith that was in him, engaged in combatting the fanatical influence of a religious impostor. Hung-tsue-schuen, at the head of the Tai-pings in 1862, had many points in common with Mohammed Ahmed in 1884.

Gordon began his task with a force some 4000 strong, men of all sorts, sizes, and nationalities. *Esprit de corps* showed itself at first in keeping up a name for looting and ruffianism.

Each

Each one made up his mind to fight for his own hand and his own pocket. But we soon find what this somewhat hopeless material became under the magic influence of the young commander, and we cannot do better than give a specimen taken from a fair sample of the doings of the 'Ever victorious Army.' It was necessary to storm the city of Taitsan:—

'This was a great undertaking and full of peril. The place was garrisoned by 10,000 men, of whom 2000 were picked braves, with several English, French and American renegades serving at the guns; while his own force numbered only 3000 of all arms. That however mattered little to him. He laid siege to the city forthwith. He took some outlying stockades and established his army in the west suburb, about 1500 yards from the gate; he then seized upon the two bridges of the main canal. Working round the town, and keeping out of gunshot, he captured some small forts which protected the Quinsan road, and so cut the two centres asunder. At the distance of 600 yards from the walls he placed his guns in position, each covered with a portable wooden mantlet and flanked with riflemen. Thus prepared, he advanced with his artillery to within 100 yards, when he opened a scorching fire upon the battlements, rapidly overpowering the fire of the enemy, which was brisk, but not as yet damaging. He bridged the moat with gunboats from headquarters. In two hours he breached the walls, and his stormers crossed to the attack. Suddenly the wall was manned; a tremendous fire was poured down upon the heads of the column; the bridge was pelted with fire-balls, and in the confusion one of the gunboats was captured. Still Captain Bannen gallantly led on his column, and succeeded in mounting the breach. The enemy, headed by the foreigners in his service, met the assault with spears, and the stormers, after a short and bloody conflict, were compelled to retire. Gordon now cannonaded the breach for twenty minutes over the heads of his stormers; they mounted it once more, when the energy of those in front and the impetus of the men in the rear broke through all obstacles, and the breach was crowned. All resistance ceased and the city was captured, and the enemy fled in the utmost confusion, the men trampling each other to death in their eagerness to escape pursuit.'—*Story of Chinese Gordon*, pp. 70-2.

If we are not mistaken, it was whilst leading his men to the assault on this occasion that Gordon saw the head of a small Chinese boy disappearing beneath the mud and frog-spawn of the ditch, and, for all any one cared, amongst the frogs he would have ended the seconds that were left to him of life. Making a long arm, Gordon caught the child's small pig-tail, pulled him out, and sent a man to the rear with him, giving him strict orders to see to the boy and produce him at night. We cannot spare space to relate the history of this poor little mudlark, afterwards named Quincey, and well known now in China,

China, but it is one that, with variations, was repeated again and again in different parts of the world all through Gordon's life. When the friendless and he met, and there was a pound left of his pay, that pound soon found its way into a channel which led to another's good.

Soon after his return from his trip to India with Lord Ripon, and his subsequent visit to China, Gordon received a letter and a photograph from Quincey, which caused him unbounded delight. Grouped together and in full fig were Quincey, his wife, his children, and his mother and the nurse; nor must we omit a quotation from the letter, because it is not altogether without its significance, as we see to-day the graceful and affectionate testimony borne to Gordon's worth by the ruling powers in China. Writing from Government House, Hong-kong, in November 1880, he reports to his benefactor—

‘My uncle, the famous Dr. Wong, the gentleman whom you sent for to see you at Government House, has published a pamphlet in Chinese of the advice you gave him, in which you thought of the only remedy that would do China good. The said pamphlets are sold all over the eighteen Provinces, and there is a great demand for them everywhere.’—‘Private Correspondence.’

Gordon would talk freely of incidents like this, but he shared that love of silence concerning personal deeds of valour and the terrible scenes inseparable from warfare, which most have noticed in the company of brave men. There was little worth remembering in the doings of his foes or friends, for the matter of that, for Chinese soldiers are brutal in the extreme. Stretched on their crosses he came on thirty-six poor wretches outside the walls of a besieged town, and realized, as few can perhaps, the awful nature of death by crucifixion. He had pledged his word for the safety of the chiefs of Soo-chow when the city was taken; to his dismay, he found that they had been butchered in cold blood when his back was turned! Cut to the heart, he threw up his command with intense indignation. But it was positively necessary to overcome his feelings of disgust, in order that the rebellion should not raise its head again when his heel was withdrawn. There is no occasion to trace further the history of this campaign down to the disbanding of the ‘Ever victorious Army,’ which took place soon after (1864).

Perhaps at no time did his spiritual life gain greater depth and strength than when he led his troops from siege to siege, and from success to success. He was the student of his fellow-men, and the organizer of his own heart's discipline. Even at this period the singular and almost loving view of death which clung to him to the end was strongly marked. At the storming

of

of Kintang he led several desperate assaults himself, and finally fell with a ball through the thick of the right thigh. He once described the sensations which came over him, as he was carried fainting to the boat from loss of blood and in a most dangerous condition; there was quite a tone of regret that ever the 'delicious calm dreamy feeling' came to be broken up by nature's stern decree that he must come to, rally, and finally—though long before his doctors would give their sanction, buckle to and fight as hard as ever.

Many stories are told of his six years' residence at Gravesend subsequently (1865–1871), where he was employed in constructing fortifications; it was a term of peace and enjoyment after the excitement of his service in China. Amongst the poor,—especially poor boys and children,—he felt himself at home, and he never tired in planning methods for teaching and helping them on in life; it was one continuous flow of the love and charity which was rapidly overgrowing and crowding out almost every other inclination in his heart.

'To the world his life at Gravesend was a life of self-suppression and self-denial; to himself it was one of happiness and pure peace. He lived wholly for others. His house was school, and hospital, and almshouse in turn,—was more like the abode of a missionary than of a Colonel of Engineers. The troubles of all interested him alike. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate, were ever welcome, and never did suppliant knock vainly at his door. He always took a great delight in children, but especially in boys employed on the river or the sea. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed them and clothed them, and kept them for weeks in his home. For their benefit he established evening classes, over which he himself presided, reading to and teaching the lads with as much ardour as if he were leading them to victory. He called them his 'kings,' and for many of them he got berths on board ship. One day a friend asked him why there were so many pins stuck into the map of the world over his mantel-piece; he was told that they marked and followed the course of the boys on their voyages,—that they were moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced, and that he prayed for them as they went, day by day. The light in which he was held by those lads was shown by inscriptions in chalk on the fences. A favourite legend was "God bless the Kernel." So full did his classes at length become that the house would no longer hold them, and they had to be given up. Then it was that he attended and taught at the ragged schools, and it was a pleasant thing to watch the attention with which his wild scholars listened to his words.'—*'Story of Chinese Gordon,'* pp. 223, 229.

A well-known anecdote of him is thus related:—

'He had a great number of medals for which he cared nothing.
There

There was a gold one, however, given to him by the Empress of China. But it suddenly disappeared; no one knew where or how. Years afterwards it was found out by a curious accident that Gordon had erased the inscription, sold the medal for ten pounds, and sent the sum anonymously to Canon Miller for the relief of the sufferers from the cotton-famine at Manchester.—*Ibid.* p. 227.

Nor can we refrain from relating, that after spending a day in London the drain on his pocket by, let us hope, deserving objects of charity had been so great, that he found only three-halfpence in his purse when he got to London Bridge Station: it was a fine night, and as he could not travel by rail for want of a ticket, he walked the whole distance to Gravesend!

We next follow him to Galatz in 1871, appointed one of the Commissioners on behalf of this country to settle the dispute concerning the Sulina mouth of the Danube. It was there that he first met Nubar Pasha; and while at Constantinople in 1872, a conversation took place between them, which ultimately led to Gordon's taking office under Ismail Pasha as the successor to Sir Samuel Baker in governing the Equatorial province on the Nile.

It may simplify the history of Gordon's deeds in Africa if we divide it into three periods.

The first extended throughout the years 1874-6, during which time he was mainly employed in the trying climate of the Equatorial province, and to the south of Khartoum. His second sojourn in Egypt was from 1877 to 1879: at this time he was Governor of the whole of the Soudan, with Khartoum for headquarters; but he had also to undertake a most irksome mission to Abyssinia on the one side, and to put down rebellions in Darfur and Kordofan on the other, as part of the hard work that fell to him. Lastly, we may consider his disastrous commission at the hands of Her Majesty's Government as coming under an entirely different heading.

We do not remember to have seen any notice taken of General Gordon's most extraordinary memory: to those who knew him, however, it appeared little short of a phenomenon, and somewhat akin to the faculty of the 'calculating boy.' 'Now listen,' he would say, and then, taking up the last remarks and trivial incidents of a conversation held a year or two ago, he would bridge over the intervening space with a span of his own deeds, thoughts, failures, and successes since parting, which kept one's own brains at the utmost stretch to follow. Yet there was never the semblance of a hitch in the narrative, nor an omission which had to be brought up to the front subsequently. This was one reason why he did not keep diaries during

during the first two periods we have alluded to. 'What is it you want? I can tell you, for I have it all in my head: do you know I never wrote out an order to an officer; it was not necessary. If he wanted to get to one side or the other of my instructions, I would remind him it was on such a day and such an hour, that he stood just on that spot on the carpet, that such were the words I used, and his replies were so and so, and then he would see it was no use.'

Very fortunate, therefore, was it that his affection for his sister, Miss Gordon, led him to keep up a diligent correspondence with her throughout all his wanderings, and that his letters for the most part make up a continuous narrative. We can well imagine some of the difficulties which beset the two editors who undertook to prepare these communications for publication, for one 'need scarcely say they were never meant to see the light.' We sympathize with Dr. George Birkbeck Hill to the utmost when he laments that he has 'neither seen nor corresponded with the man whose memoir I have sketched, and whose letters I am editing.' The author of the 'Story of Chinese Gordon' prefaces his work with an apology 'to one: this is Major-General Gordon himself.' I have given his life to the world, not only without his consent, but even without his knowledge.'

Before we follow him into the depths of Tropical Africa, it may be as well to say a word upon the unsparing exertions Gordon displayed in keeping up his correspondence. Let those testify who know what it is to have a large budget of letters to answer in a damp, relaxing climate! The temperature is over 100°; the ink dries on the pen before three words are written; books curl, as to their backs; mosquitoes are busy at the ankles under the table, and the hands and wrists above it; prickly heat comes and goes—these are some of the reasons why faithfully promised letters too often flag and at last cease to arrive at home. How one realizes, for instance, the whole scene in the over-wakeful traveller's night:—'I am writing in the open air by a candle-lamp, in a savage gorge; not a sound to be heard. The baboons are in bed in the rocks.' Particularly painstaking, when he described a march or a slave-track that had to be guarded, he would illustrate his letters with small maps beautifully worked out, which put to shame many a so-called scientific explorer's work.

During the afternoon of January 26th, 1874, the newspaper-boys were busy with a rumour that Dr. Livingstone had died in Central Africa. Men compared notes at the evening meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, as they came together to hear
Lieut.

Lieut. Julian Baker, R.N., read a paper on his uncle's exploits whilst leading the Khedive's expedition, to whose staff he had been attached; but no confirmation had been received, and the Foreign Office was without news. Busy with his trunks and despatch box in very humble lodgings in Cecil Street, Strand, Charles Gordon was preparing to take his first departure for Africa. On the 28th all doubt was at an end, and few will forget the universal sorrow which spread over the world when it became known that the great explorer had ended his beneficent career somewhere amongst the lakes of Central Africa. Every one agreed that it must be many a day before the misery-stricken tribes who people the slave-preserves of Africa would have another friend like Livingstone. *That very night*, and in a manner dear to his own heart, 'Chinese Gordon' stole away from London, without notice, towards that country which was henceforth to become famous through his connection with it. The future historian, when poor Africa has one, will linger over this coincidence. Some even now will deny that it was chance. They can point to Livingstone's body lying dead in the attitude of prayer at Ilala, and ask whether ever answer was vouchsafed so palpably as when Gordon was sent to snatch up the well-worn sword, and attack with fresh vigour the same evils and the same cruelties that Livingstone had dragged to light in the overshadowed land.

On reaching Egypt, Gordon received his instructions in a lengthy memorandum. On behalf of H.H. Ismail Pasha he was to reduce provinces, 'hitherto in the hands of adventurers,' to law and order; to abolish slave-trading; 'to establish a line of posts through all his provinces, so that from one end to another they might be brought into direct communication with Khartoum.' The Khedive would have had him enter into his engagement with a salary something akin to that of his predecessor: he suggested 10,000*l.* per annum, Gordon settled it at 2000*l.* Before he leaves Cairo he comes to a very clear and a very painful conclusion: 'I think I can see the true motive now of the expedition, and believe it to be a sham to catch the attention of the English people.' His predecessor had been entirely of the same mind. Again he calls himself in the same breath 'a Gordon who had been humbugged.' We rub our eyes over these expressions to make quite sure that we have not stumbled on a page written from Khartoum in February 1884. But so it was, and he took his departure from Ismail looking for little encouragement or goodwill from either Nubar or his fellow-pashas, and in this way he certainly avoided disappointment.

There

There are no more instructive passages in Gordon's writings than those which deal with the complications of slave-trading, and the suppression of the bloody raids which are carried on to supply the market. We would heartily commend them to the Sangrados of to-day, to whom cutting a slave-stick from a captive's neck, and giving him leave to go to his home, are as the lancet and warm-water jug of the famous doctor. The horrors of slave-trading are not to be cured in this way. No piping of 'Rule Britannia' in the deserts of Africa will cause the liberated slaves to dance. Ten to one, when your back is turned, your emancipated one will put the very slave-stick which galled his own neck for hundreds of miles on some other weaker wretch, aye, and drive as hard a bargain over him, body and soul, as his late owner drove in his own case. We have known slaves buy other slaves, and let them out so as to pocket their earnings, and, when it suited their purpose, purchase their own freedom for a time, and sell themselves at a higher price to another master, whose dollars again went to buy more slaves! The truth is, that people who are blessed with liberty are incompetent to judge of the degrading depths to which human nature can be plunged where slavery prevails. It may take a century to scour the stains out that the finger-marks of pashas have imprinted on the natures of the people in Egypt proper—even were slavery made piracy to-morrow. As for the poor negro tribes, whence the drift of slave life comes into so-called civilization, it cannot take a lesser time under any process to make them realize the original value set on man's life. Almost without exception the Egyptian officers thwarted the new Governor-General, and showed themselves heart and soul with the slave-traders. No dog that has once taken to worrying sheep is less to be trusted, than the man who has put dollars into his pocket from slaving transactions—such was Gordon's bitter experience.

True he had—we cannot say an active staff of European officers under him, for the climate of the Nile near Gondokoro quickly laid them low with fever, and Gordon's time was continually taken up with nursing them. Here is the sick-list at Gondokoro, September 11, 1874, for instance:—

'Your brother. Well, but a shadow.

Kemp, engineer. Well.

Gessi. Well; has had severe fever.

His Greek servant. Ill more or less; result, no work.

Berndorff, German, my servant. Ill.

Menzies, German servant. Sent back ill.

Russell. Ill, cannot be moved; invalided.

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2 I

Anson

Anson. Dead.

De Witt, amateur, like Berndorff. Dead.

Campbell. Ill.

Linant. Very ill, cannot be moved.

Long. With King M'tesa; have not heard of him for six months.'—
'Colonel Gordon in Central Africa,' p. 41.

It only enhances, if possible, the estimate we put upon this extraordinary man, when we see that, after his experiences of Egyptian officials and soldiery, he went to save them at Khar-toum ultimately. To understand the Egyptian soldier, we may take notes of him from passages like this:—

'Here is an episode. We were encamped at Kerri, without shelter, however, though there were houses close by which I would not allow to be pillaged. Well, a thunderstorm came on when we were in communication with the people on the other side of the river. We got under some trees, when in the midst of the storm several shots were fired, and we were said to be attacked. We sallied out, but I saw no enemy; and then, on the strength of our being attacked, the unruly mob pillaged the huts. My after-impression was that it was all a "ruse;" that there was no attack by the people, and that my Levantine friend knew the truth. Add to this, some people of my suite fired on the natives on the other side of the river, and so broke off our friendly intercourse. Cowardly, lying effeminate brutes, these Arabs and Soudanese! * without any good point about them that I have seen. It is degrading to call these, leaders, and these men, officers and soldiers. I wish they had one neck and that some one would squeeze it! When not obliged, I keep as far as I can from them out of earshot of their voices. . . . It is not the climate; it is not the natives; but it is the soldiery which is my horror. . . . Oh! I am sick of these people; it is they, and not the blacks, who need civilization.'—*Ibid.* pp. 77-80.

However, by dint of unsparing exertions, he had a chain of military posts opened up to Lake Albert Nyassa, and a steamer placed on the Lake itself. Many will remember the intense anxiety felt by the Geographical Societies of Europe to

* We commend these remarks to the attention of those who speak of the Arabs and Soudanese as noble people struggling for freedom. They have been the merciless oppressors of the unfortunate negroes, who, as in the times of the Pharaohs, have been the victims of their infamous razzias. In many respects the negroes are their superiors. 'Even at this day,' observes Brugsch-Bey, 'the prejudice that the negro is, both in taste and in art, an unprogressive son of Adam, can be refuted by hundreds of facts which prove the direct contrary in an incontrovertible manner in favour of our coloured brethren. As representative of Modern Egypt at the two Universal Exhibitions, at Vienna in 1873, and at Philadelphia in 1876, I had the much-desired opportunity of exhibiting the most wonderful works in gold and silver, as examples of the finished artistic skill of the peoples of the Soudan, and of receiving prizes for the black artists.'—*'History of Egypt under the Pharaohs,'* vol. i. p. 459, Engl. Transl.

know more of this Lake, and many a man would have given a year of his life to be the first to clear up the mysteries concerning its extent, and the question of the Nile flowing out of it. To Gordon such matters were wholly beside the mark. Writing from Laboré, on the 4th of October, 1875, he says:—

‘Stanley has done Victoria Lake on west and probably now on east, and I hope he will do Albert Lake, for I doubt if I shall find time or inclination to start on an expedition merely to gratify (a few months earlier than it will be done) the curiosity of men whose names I do not even know; they move in a higher sphere than I do, and I do not feel the least desire to expose my men before due time to an unhealthy voyage. . . . Geographers can take their latitudes and longitudes afterwards; the lake will not disappear.’—*Private Correspondence.*

But he would find time to cater for the enjoyment of Miss Gordon by observations of a more interesting sort as opportunity offered. Here is a portrait of one of Africa's lions in his den:—

‘It is curious to watch the ant-lions. They are small insects with a flexible leg. They make a crater and rest in the apex of it, throwing up with the flexible leg, now and then, a shower of sand. Ants walk on the edge and slip down. As they are getting up the slippery bank the flexible leg throws up a shower of sand, and then another and another; till at last, as if in the cinders of Vesuvius, the ant gets smothered, and falls to the bottom, where a pair of nippers takes him into an inner chamber, and dinner is ready. I have just dug a lion out with a spoon; it is the size of a bug of a brown colour. It has no flexible leg, but two horns like a cow, with which he spirts up the sand; he always walks backwards.’—*Colonel Gordon in Central Africa,* p. 86.

Sportsmen will search these records of Gordon's life in Africa for details of elephant-hunting and lion-slaying in vain. The truth is that, although passionately fond of shooting as a younger man, the love of sport, like everything that could act as an ‘anchor,’ or draw him away for a moment to the pleasures of life, had now become extinguished. He had done with sport long before he went to Africa; and if he ever took down his rifle to stalk one of the many elephants around his station, it was a spiritless, business-like matter—either the natives or his own men needed food. Those who knew him well must have noticed that he perhaps of all men who have been much in Africa was the only one who had not a word to say for the magnificent scenery which compensates the traveller for many drawbacks. True he was colour-blind, but this had little to do with it. If by chance any expression or allusion in the Bible was cleared up—as so many

are by wanderings such as his, then his quick eye and beautifully descriptive pen would save it as a treasure for his friends; and he laboured hard to be the faithful historian for the birds, beasts, and fishes of his province; but it was only in order that his letters might prove more interesting. There was no enthusiasm, none of that common longing to share the glories of a new and splendid scene with others. And yet he was not without abundant poetry in his composition, or he could not have revelled in his Bible as he did. Looking back upon his life, the want we have noticed appears to be a matter for regret. Even a dangerous climate and harassing labours have their safety-valves, and if a man can enjoy sport or natural history in any of its branches, the pent-up high-pressure state of the over-taxed brain obtains relief. But one must be careful not to convey an idea that Gordon was gloomy, morose, silent, or reserved—nothing could be more contrary to the truth. Witty, a great mimic, picking up ridiculous incidents and tales, he was rare company at all times. Children, when they grow up, will look back on the days in which they knew him, and still think there never was any one so completely after their own hearts. His pocket held all the surgical appliances for doll accidents, and the tools for mending in general. No soured nature can deceive the glance of a child's eye or the gaze of a dog, strive it never so hard to put on appearances.

'But to come back to our Governor-General, his heart was heavy enough in October 1876. "Really the only remedy I can see is the establishment of a good road to this place (Khartoum) from Cairo. This would let light in and things could not go on as they do now." [This fully bears Mr. Stanley out in his admirable letter to the 'Times' of March 12th last.] "Thank God He will in His own time remedy these miseries! . . . When a house gives ominous cracks, prior to a fall, one's desire is, like the rats in ships, to leave it; but this proverb is generally used in the sense of 'having sucked the orange, throw away the rind,' and I do not like the idea even if the cracks are serious. Why should I fear? Is man more strong than God? Things have come to such a pass in these Mussulman countries that a crisis must come about soon."—*Ibid.* p. 198.

He had by this time struck a tremendous blow at the slave-trade: his health had given way far more than he was aware; it had been one perpetual fight between his constitution and the climate; but as we find so often, the very exertions which both mind and body were put to prevented malarial poisoning to a very great extent. The spectre which left Cairo with him had grown in stature, and strode after him day and night—"a Gordon humbugged." So seizing the spectre by the throat he dragged it

it down to Cairo at the end of 1876, determined to have it out once for all with Ismail and Nubar, and to quit the service he was employed in. He reached Cairo on December 2nd, 1876, having been absent two years. He left Colonel Prout, of the American army, in command of the Equatorial Provinces—a gentleman who combined in himself all the culture of the West-Point officer, the utmost polish and refinement, with a deep and devoted interest in his leader's work: all who knew him will grieve that the climate of the Upper Nile cut short a career of such great promise.

The interview between Gordon and the Khedive was highly characteristic of the two men. Gordon used to declare that if he had only acted up to his first convictions through life, all would have gone well with him, and no doubt he had a wonderfully far and clear vision. Of Ismail it has been said, by one well versed in Oriental ways, that he could twist any Cabinet Minister round his little finger in five minutes, and that some extra exertion on his part would enable him to do the same with the whole Cabinet. We believe that Sir Bartle Frere was not alone in his estimate of the man. Certain it is that Gordon felt himself quite unable to cope with such powers of persuasion: he used to say:—

'I went up the palace steps with my teeth clenched—vowing that nothing should ever make me alter my determination to quit his service. I came down again in half-an-hour, with every resolve that was in my mind turned inside out.'

He now came to London, once more taking lodgings in Cecil Street. He would not admit it, but his friends noticed that he was most severely shaken. It is quite possible that over-smoking (cigarettes) had much to do with his state. A nasty irritation of the heart's action was set up; but Dr. MacKay had pronounced him organically sound at Alexandria, and said that, if he would only take complete rest, and avoid worry, he would soon mend. But all rest was denied him. Full of projects for helping the wretched tribes which were preyed upon by the slave-dealers of the Soudan, he did not conceal from those who were busy with plans that have ultimately culminated in the Congo ventures of to-day, his great desire to devote the remainder of his life to the cause of Africa. They, for their part, were hardly likely to forget such a declaration.

Some of his elaborate plans for reaching the stricken tribes from the East Coast are before us, in which his old programme was to be repeated. A line of well-defended posts should stretch from the mouth of the Juba river to M'tesa's country, and

and settlements were to be encouraged around these stations for the double purpose of supporting the garrisons, and affording cities of refuge to all who chose for the first time to taste the blessings of secure protection. But, in the meantime, Ismail was determined that no stone should be unturned to secure his help once more. When they parted in Cairo, Gordon had so far consented to waive his resolutions, and to act contrary to his own inclinations, that the Khedive could piece things together into a promise to go back. To this he bound Gordon hand and foot.

A most painful perplexity immediately arose. Was he once more by his presence to give countenance to a sham? Every pasha in Egypt was cursing his honesty and his ideas of retrenchment. He had really interfered with and paralyzed the slave trade, from which Egyptian officials of all ranks gained large sums of money. Twice 'humbugged,' should he help Ismail to humbug the world? Such were his thoughts when he returned to England—to rest! The better nature of the man utterly loathed the position:—

'The following is the state of affairs with me and H. H. With respect to my Province, of course no slave-trade exists; but in the adjoining Province of the Soudan it is more rife than ever, and no concealment is attempted on the part of the authorities. I saw the inutility of opening new countries to the Khedive, when I was convinced that the same lot would fall on the peoples I had conciliated the moment I left; I therefore came to Cairo determined I would no longer be an instrument to this work. I saw H. H. and told him. It matters little what passed between us, but the result was I agreed to go back, on his solemn promise that these irregularities will cease. But he has not the power even if he has the wish to stop these irregularities . . . What now is in suspense, and on which I have not yet decided is, had I better go back and protect my own Province, and trust to God to overrule events so as to bring about the extinction of the slave-trade, or had I better break with H. H. altogether? this is the question which somehow or other is not distinct to my mind . . . You must remember H. H. has little to say to the formation of my Province or of its revenue. I have had little or no help from him, and the Province owes him nothing.'—*Private Correspondence.*

Finally, official pressure was brought to bear upon him by the Khedive, and Gordon went to Cairo again at the opening of 1877:—

'I went to see H. H. He looked at me reproachfully, and my conscience smote me. He led me in, and Cherif Pasha came in. Then I began, and told him all; and then he gave me the Soudan, and I leave on Saturday morning . . . I am so very glad to get away, for I am very weary.'—*Colonel Gordon in Central Africa*, p. 211.

Further

Further on, as he realizes his new undertaking:—

'I go to Khartoum, and thence, after a short stay, to Darfur, which they say is in revolt . . . Nothing could exceed the kindness of all the Khedive's despatches. He has put Zeila, Berberah, and Harrar, under me. "Ask of me, and I will give thee half of my kingdom." And now for the reverse of the medal. It is the sacrifice of a *living* life. To give your life to be taken at once, is one thing; to live a life such as is before me, is another and more trying ordeal. I have set my face to the work, and I will give my life to it. I feel as if I had nought to do with the Government. God must undertake the work.'—*Ibid.* p. 213.

It is but fair to say, that once more in the Soudan we find his former bitterness of spirit against his employer very much subdued. There is almost remorse at times:—'I have been most unjust to the Khedive, knowing, as I do now, the great difficulties in abolishing slavery.'

With his extended sphere of operations came also a large addition to the complications inseparable from his position. We cannot do better than quote from a letter written by him, 'on the road to Shaka, 11 Sep. 1877,' to a friend, who both in Central Africa and out of it had made the suppression of slave-trading a special study:—

'On the 31st of August I was engaged in operations against the insurgent tribes, and everything was tending to the *finale* of the revolt, when I received intelligence that the slave-traders with their troops of armed slaves, numbering some 8000, had camped near Dara. [For the previous history of Zebehr Pasha, whose son led this party, see Schweinfurth's "Heart of Africa."] I rode 85 miles in one day and a half. The slave-dealers asked to see me the night of my arrival. I said I would come and see them the next morning. A huge post awaited me in it . . . and the memoir of Sir Fowell Buxton. I glanced at the first page, and at once thought how right he was in speaking of *energy* being the greatest gift God can give. *Sept. 2nd.*—I had at Dara 2000 troops of only mediocre sort; all were timid, the fort bad, and I had not the least confidence of victory if it came to war. I rode with 50 men to the slaver's camp, and saw these troops, which I should calculate at 4000, not 8000. I told Zebehr's son and his chiefs to come to Dara. They came, and I told them I knew they meant to revolt, and that I would break them up; they should be paid for their arms, &c. They left me, and then wrote to give in. Then came three days of doubts and fears; half were for attacking me, the other half for giving in: the result is that I think they have all given in, and I am now on my way to Shaka, their headquarters, with four companies. Thank God! He has given me strength to avoid all tricks, to tell them (the slavers) that I would no longer allow their goings on, and to speak to them truthfully. There are some 6000 more slave-dealers in the interior who will obey me now they have

have heard these chiefs have given in. You may imagine what a difficulty there is to deal with all these armed men. I have separated them here and there, and in course of time will rid myself of the mass. Would you shoot them all? Have they no rights? Are they not to be considered? Had the planters no rights, did not our Government once allow slave-trading? Do you know cargoes of slaves came into Bristol Harbour in the time of our fathers? I would have given 500*l.* to have had you and * * * in Dara during the three days of doubt whether the slave-dealers would fight or not. A bad fort, a cowed garrison, and not one who did not tremble; a strong, determined set of men, accustomed to war, good shots, with two field-pieces—then I would have liked to hear what you all would say. I do not say this in brag, for God knows what my anxiety was—not for my life, for I died years ago to all ties in this world, and to all its comforts, honours, or glories, but for my sheep in Darfur and elsewhere. Let me add to this the fact that my black secretary, whom I had most implicitly trusted and had munificently paid, had (I heard by the same post as your letter) accepted bribes of upwards of 3000*l.* in three months to influence me here and there; needless to say, Nemesis fell on him. Thank God! I *think* it is over with the slave-dealers. I hope to be at Shaka the day after to-morrow. . . . The son of Zebehr Pasha, a nice-looking lad of twenty, who was heart-broken because his sheep would not fight, my heart yearns over. He is a thorough young ruffian, and has all his life lived a life of brigandage, but still I like him, although he hates me: I hope God will change his heart towards me when I get to Shaka. His was a disastrous march to Dara, for he lost by defection more than two-thirds of his troops and his two guns, and all his best chiefs. As for the revolt in Darfur, it was almost at death's door when I left the front to come down to Dara, and so confident do I feel that God will end it, that, D.V., I go to Shaka, thence to Obeid, thence to Dongola, thence to Massowah. We only had two combats. Disabuse yourself on M'tesa's character (the late King of Uganda), he is as arrant a slave-dealer as Zebehr once was. . . . I do not deny the existence of slave-trade or of slave razzias, but the extent I deny; and I have every means of knowing, and no motive to state anything but the truth. I say also many, many slaves would refuse their liberty if freed at once; it means starvation with them. The troops Zebehr's son brought against me were armed slaves: had I said, "You shall be free," they would have scoffed at me, and it would have been taken as a sign of fear on my part; yet every one of those men were owned by individuals, and if I take them from the owner I must pay the owner. Smart, dapper-looking fellows like antelopes, fierce, unsparing, the terror of Central Africa, having a prestige far beyond that of the Government: these are the slave-dealers' tools. Tell them they ought to come to you, for their chiefs tore them from their homes, &c.; they would laugh at you; to their minds they would do the same—yes, and do it to others.'—*'Private Correspondence.'*

The

The history of Gordon's second campaign in Africa is the 'ever victorious army' over again. His lieutenant Gessi had his faults, but want of dash and bravery were not amongst them. The world will probably never know the wonderful strategy employed, nor the nature of the conflicts they engaged in. Writing to the same correspondent in April 1879 from Shaka, Gordon says:—

'You know I had (1877) just quieted down the revolt in Darfur, and had got the slave-dealers of Bahr Gazelle in some degree in order; however, through circumstances over which I had no control, they broke out in revolt in 1878. In August I sent up Gessi to combat them, and though he had for some time great difficulty, for they numbered 11,000, he has, after eight severe combats, nearly finished with them. I had come up here to support him. With the fall of these slave-dealers falls the slave-trade of Egypt, for they were its feeders, and the whole of the roots were in Bahr Gazelle. You may imagine the fighting when at the first engagement 2400 bodies lay on the ground. I took two caravans yesterday, and four others a few days before.'—*Ibid.*

Later in June he says:

'The campaign is over, and I thank God. I think the slave-trade is at an end, at any rate for some time. Zebehr's son is still at large, but he will, with the 500 fugitives, have great difficulty to escape, for he is nearly surrounded and has no powder. Several thousands of slave-dealers have been killed; for the natives they used to prey upon rose and were armed by us, and they killed a very great many. The few that may escape will have a terrible time of it, hunted for their lives. Since I left Khartoum I have captured some 2500 to 3000 slaves. . . . Gessi has done first-rate, and deserves every praise. . . . Fiddling about with steamers on the Red Sea, or any other sea, can never do much good. You must get at the roots of the slave-trade.'—*Ibid.*

During this time, Zebehr Pasha was kept at Cairo under surveillance; his son was ultimately run down by Gessi and executed. Gordon left for Cairo in July 1879, having narrowly escaped death from fever; indeed, to spare his sister, he refused to tell her of his many illnesses during this campaign. Ismail Pasha had been deposed, and Gordon had no reason to think that his son's accession would bring increased interest or support. But Tewfik had a special and dangerous mission for him to undertake. King Johannis had been troubling the Egyptians much at Bogos, and Gordon had not the heart to refuse the young Khedive: so to Abyssinia he went to endeavour to influence the Abyssinians. His description of King Johannis is not an encouraging one. 'A man of forty-five years—a sour, ill-favoured looking being. He never looks you in the face, but when you look away he glares

glares at you like a tiger. . . . Hated and hating all, I can imagine no more unhappy man.' We may add, that Gordon expressed the opinion, just before he left England for Khartoum last year, that for all practical purposes Johannesburg was utterly useless: no one could deal safely nor to advantage with him. In a moment of furious rage Gordon's life was actually in peril, but his coolness saved him. The King had not been accustomed to hear death spoken of as the occupancy of 'six feet of earth,' for which the Ambassador, by his own showing, was quite ready; so, taken by surprise, he altered his demeanour.

Passing through Alexandria on his way home, he again received good advice from Dr. Mackay. He was to take a thorough rest in England, and not to trouble his mind about anything. Those who have had much experience of malarial poisoning are only too well aware how exceedingly difficult it is to steady the exhausted nervous system sufficiently to follow out such a prescription. Very bloodless, suffering severely from nervous exhaustion and a general disposition on the part of friends to make much of him, he, in an unfortunate moment, was persuaded to accompany Lord Ripon to India as his Secretary. In steadier moments he would have uttered the 'no' with his lips which was suggested by his convictions: how often in life had he to deplore acting against his own better judgment! We will not linger over his brief tenure of office. He felt that Lord Ripon and he were in a false position, and, *coûte que coûte*, it must be abandoned. It was some relief to him to pay a visit to China, and the advice which he gave to the authorities at their pressing invitation probably averted a war with Russia.

Gordon returned to London at the end of 1881. The excited state of Ireland led him to go and see for himself how far the miseries reported in the South-Western division were true. He returned with a fixed notion that the condition of the people was quite as bad as it was painted. To escape from the excitement inseparable from living in London, he took up his quarters for some time in a Northamptonshire village, with apparent benefit to his health. Shortly after this he paid a visit to Lausanne, and—but for the perplexity of a fellow-officer, who found himself under orders to take up a command in Mauritius much against his will—Gordon would have carried out the greatest longing of his heart at this time, which was to retire to the Holy Land, Bible in hand, there to realize in a higher degree many of the impressions which were so deeply rooted in him. But to Mauritius he would go instead. It is probable that his sojourn there did him far more good than
battling

battling with the sharp easterly winds of an English spring; certain it is that he rallied considerably, and at the close of April 1882 he found himself bound for the Cape Colony at the pressing invitation of the Government.

Our South African difficulties had already passed into an acute stage; but Gordon threw himself, heart and soul, into the difficult position now assigned to him. To venture on details is beyond our scope in describing the excessive annoyance to which he had to submit, owing partly to a half-hearted policy and to low cunning, which out-Caffred the Caffres themselves. We will, however, content ourselves with one specimen, as set forth in Mr. Hake's able description. The Secretary for Native Affairs met Gordon at King William's Town, and requested him to accompany him into Basutoland. Gordon reluctantly gave way, and visited Letsea, the chief who was feigning friendliness to the English Government and antagonism to Masupha. The policy of the hour was to set one chief against the other in the Basuto nation; to this Gordon strongly objected. He was asked, however, if he would go as a private individual to Masupha, the Secretary knowing very well that Gordon considered Masupha far more sinned against by bad magistrates than sinning.

'Gordon went, and went unarmed. How he ever got back has been a matter of astonishment to not a few, for while he was negotiating with Masupha as a messenger of peace, Sauer (the secretary) got Letsea to send his son Lethrodi to attack Masupha. The Ministerial tactics consisted in allowing their representatives to settle the Basuto difficulty by egging on the chiefs to eat each other up. Of this Masupha was well aware. He had in his camp an emissary of peace, assuming a certain influence with the Cape Government, or at all events sent by a Cape Minister; while outside his camp he had a warlike demonstration, organized and set afoot by the same Government and same Minister. Gordon's power of inspiring savages with confidence in his complete uprightness was probably what saved his life at this desperate pass, as at so many others, in so many lands. Masupha, seeing his guest to be no less mortified and astounded than himself, allowed him to depart as he had come.'—*'Story of Chinese Gordon,'* pp. 395–6.

But the long story of Cape mismanagement could hardly be enlivened, even were we to run the golden thread of Gordon's straightforward honesty of purpose through it. As Mr. Hake says:—

'And thus it came to pass, that a little more than five months after his arrival in South Africa, Gordon severed his connection with the only country which had proved unable to appreciate the value and use of the genius he placed at its disposal.'—*Ibid.* p. 392.

Dreading

Dreading the English climate, and far more than this the amenities of English life, he saw every obstacle removed on his departure from South Africa, and so at last he carried out the long-cherished desire, and spent most of 1883 in Palestine.

His sojourn in the Holy Land was the real rest of his life. He would study Hebrew and rub up his Greek. New interpretations blazed out upon him from every other verse of his Bible, as he stood on this or that spot of hallowed association. From Golgotha he sent home four pieces of stone, which lie at the foot of the Cross at the East end of the little Northamptonshire Church, where the Holy Communion became the solace of his last years. As Mr. Barnes has testified, he sent to Heavittree 'not less than 2000 pages of manuscript in letters.' Nor was he the sole recipient, for Gordon's pen was never more active than at this time.

But the unrest is beginning: he is alarmed at this self-gratification which he is enjoying. Writing from Jerusalem on the 28th of February, 1883, he says:—

'I scarcely see any one, (query is this right?). I shall hope God will direct me ere long, for somehow I do not think it is. I am very sorry to hear of the King of the Belgians' illness . . . I see little of the papers, and am glad of it. I think I see how this revolt of Soudan will bring about the suppression of slave-trade and slave-holding, like the troubles in America did. How wonderfully God works in all these matters! I am trying, in firm belief, if God will not suffice for me, in this world without external things. He ought to be able to fill our little cups as He fills all the earth. It is the giving up of all, we shrink from . . . I think this, that it is good for me to be here, but it is only for a time: in reality I ought to be in the East-end, at Bromley or Bow, near Leytonstone, with a broken, bruised clergyman.'—'Private Correspondence.'

The calm is nearly over. In May we see the 'mares' tails' in the sky. He had again and again been in close conference with King Leopold, before his departure for the Holy Land, respecting his magnificent venture on the Congo, but only to see the impossibility of his taking part in his enterprise without a flag: new correspondence with the King goes on. A 'filibusterer' he should be without the necessary flag—the want of it alone keeps him from going to the Congo.

'I am like this—I am still very active in mind and body, and am passive *still*. Am I justified in forcing myself into action? I think not, therefore I content myself in the forced position circumstances have placed me. Had the King of the Belgians' offer afforded me a ray of light, I would have taken it with pleasure, for I wonder how I am thus placed in sloth, *apparently*. As for Lord Dufferin's programme, it is a made up affair of many minds, and consequently it

is

is not clear exactly what is meant. I expect Lord D. by himself would have made quite another sort of affair: the result to me is apparently *annexation*.'—*Ibid.*

Here again is an interesting passage in the same correspondence, dated from Jaffa, September 13, 1883:—

'I am not sure exactly what I shall do. I am now at Jaffa, and have done Jerusalem to my heart's content. Odd it is that very little spiritual life is to be found in Jerusalem among Europeans; they seem to care little for these things. I am in hopes that the Sultan's repugnance to the Palestine Canal may be overcome, for it would let our Government get rid of Egypt, which they will neither take outright and will not let the people take. Eventually we must have rows there, for things cannot last as they do now. The support of an unpopular inefficient government of pashas is not possible for long.'—*Ibid.*

Those who are fond of tracing great events to very tiny germs will be much interested in some passages which we extract a little further on from private letters before us in the same series. Writing again from Jaffa on the 2nd of November, 1883, that is a little more than two months before his memorable journey to Khartoum, he says:—

'About three weeks ago I got a telegram from —, to the effect that Stanley was leaving the Congo in the spring, and King Leopold wished me to take the post and come to Brussels speedily. As I am still on active list, I asked by telegraph — to ask War Office if they had any objection, telling him to acquaint — with decision. About ten days ago I got a telegram from the War Office, saying that they sanctioned it. I then telegraphed to know if January would be early enough for me to go to Brussels, since which I have no reply. . . . I never expected War Office would have given me leave, considering our relations with France and De Brazza. You remember all the history of my visit to Brussels and the promise to the King . . . however, I really do not care whether I go or not; I leave it in God's hands.'—*Ibid.*

As a matter of fact the War Office had *not* granted the required leave, which would enable him, whilst holding the rank of Major General in the British army, to take service under the King of the Belgians. But we will let him explain himself how the mistake arose:—

'Last time I wrote I told you the Government had given me leave to go to Congo. Three days ago I got a letter which showed me that the contrary was the case. The telegram which gave me leave was this: "General Gordon, Jaffa. Secretary State *decides* to sanction your employ on Congo.—Milty. Secy." — writes me that the telegram was—"Secretary State *declines* to sanction your employ on Congo.—Milty. Secy." That was odd. I had acted on the telegram

I received,

I received, and sent letters and telegram, thinking it settled. In all this I was not moved, though it has cost me coins of the realm . . . I have told — that I will keep my promise to the King . . . It is not for any great success on the Congo: it is not that I am wrapped up in it, but I have a nice house with garden and no worries in the horizon, and if by the keeping of my promise I would get a free and speedy passage to it (not by British India Co.), I would be very glad, and it seems that the Congo is the route which is quickest to it, if, as I think, I am so called there. Of course this will not be to your ideas, who have so many anchors out in your wife and chicks.'—*Ibid.*

Poor fellow! the mistake in the telegram 'decided' his fate: without it he might have been in Palestine still, and yet the 'garden in the horizon' is reached, we may be sure, and he would 'decline' to have it all set right by any earthly hand!

Few people know (though Mr. Barnes has called attention to it) that General Gordon was within an ace of losing his life on his way from Jaffa to England. He tried to make the passage to Port Said in a fishing vessel; but they got into a furious gale, in which the vessel nearly foundered; and at the end of two days and nights, half full of water, she ran in under Mount Carmel, thus being to the north of their starting-point. A steamer, however, passing down the coast, picked Gordon up and took him on board. On his return to Europe, he went to Brussels, whence he writes on the 5th of January, 1884:—

'The die is cast. I leave the army and go Congo, D.V., on 5th February. I am glad of it now, and will do my best. The King will pay the compensation for loss of my commission.'—*Ibid.*

A few days afterwards we find him at his sister's house in Southampton. But his name now was on every tongue as the man whom the Government should send to Khartoum. All hope of seeing friends—indeed, every prospect of a few days' peace at Southampton—was denied him. The quiet Crescent where Miss Gordon lives was alive with telegraph-boys; newspaper interviewers rushed down from London; Gordon was distracted!

'My dear * * *. Bothered to an infinite degree, I escape to Brussels *via* Ostend, Wednesday morning from Charing Cross. I cannot help it.'—*Ibid.*

This was on the 13th of January last year.

In the meantime, amongst numerous others there was a telegram from Lord Wolseley, and in response to this he arrived in London on the 16th, and was closeted at the War Office with him for some hours. The ostensible object of the interview

view was the question of Gordon's retaining his rank in the Army. He had, a few days before, arranged to sacrifice his commission rather than disappoint the King of the Belgians, much to the astonishment of the public, who saw no necessity for the step. However, the difficulty was got over. Lord Wolseley was the bearer of a message to this effect from an inner room, in which sat Lord Granville and Lord Hartington, and he also was empowered to say that regret was felt at the mistake in the telegram which had caused such trouble; but we suppose time was too precious for more. No courtesy, however, was omitted forty-eight hours afterwards, when—recalled suddenly from Belgium—he and his gallant companion, Colonel Stewart, were bowed by Cabinet Ministers into the express train, which took them the first stage of the long journey to Khartoum.

The history of the siege, we feel, has yet to be written. It is known that a large mass of information under Gordon's own hand has been saved from destruction, and it is not too much to hope that details of great importance may still be forthcoming from some of the Mahdi's prisoners. But the accumulation of evidence all tending to demonstrate how Gordon's last and fatal commission was doomed from the first to end in disaster, lies only too clear before the world.

The task set him to accomplish was in reality to win a race against time. For the Mahdi to stand still was impossible: his successes impelled him, and it was just a question whether Gordon's powerful influence with the Soudanese would enable him to withdraw the garrisons before the groundswell of the advancing gale reached Khartoum: he, for his part, measured time by minutes, as we have just seen.

How completely Lord Granville was mistaken, when, on the 4th of January, he peremptorily gave Cherif Pasha to understand that the Egyptian garrisons were to be withdrawn from the Soudan, a moment's reflection will suffice to show. It was not a simple question of relieving some of the interior tribes from the wretched incubus of the Egyptian occupation. Had it been so, the delight of the long-suffering would have been the best lever possible with which to hoist them out of the land. The Mahdi and his Arabs—as Gordon was careful to call them—were those with whom we really had to deal. The fall of Obeid had previously furnished Mohammed Ahmed with a larger quantity of war material than had ever been in such hands before. Armed with every appliance of warfare, more especially with an 'Intelligence Department' in the most perfect working order, the slaughter of poor General Hicks' enormous rabble of thirst-maddened

thirst-maddened and quarrelling soldiery was simply a matter of endurance upon the part of those who hacked them to pieces. The whole of the armament of this military expedition, together with artillerymen forced into service for the Krupp guns, added to the prestige and strength of the conqueror. That Gordon was horror-struck when he realized the immense significance of Hicks' defeat, we can easily imagine. He wrote as follows on entering Khartoum :—

'I think that with nations, as with us, in spiritual things there must be shedding of blood ere freedom comes; of this there has been much shed. Hicks had 10,000 men who marched out; not one escaped. All their bones whiten the plain near Obeid. He appears to have been betrayed by a tribe to go through this woody country. It is terrible to think of him wending his way into the lion's den, with all his movements known to his enemy, who, when he chose, shut his mouth on him.'—*Private Correspondence.*

Again, later on :—

Khartoum, March 3, 1884.

'I am learning, or trying to learn, to submit my will to His, with the thought that He never promised us comfort or success in the things of *this* life. He promised us great tribulation here, and peace in Him; therefore He is still faithful: if things do not work out on this earth as we in our foolishness would have them, may He be glorified, and may His will be ours.'—*Ibid.*

On March 2nd he telegraphs that Khartoum 'has passed out of my hands.' He considers that an earnest of English interest in his behalf, even if it consisted only of a demonstration of 200 men at Wadi Halfa, would be of use to him.

'It is not the number but the prestige which I need: I am sure that the revolt will collapse if I can say that I have British troops at my back.'—*'Egypt,' No. 12, p. 136.*

A golden opportunity was afforded by Osman Digma's defeat on March 1, and there probably was not a man in our forces who would not have given a month's pay for a chance of pushing on to Berber. On the 12th of March it is evident that Gordon had not realized that he was to be deserted :—

'The rebels are four hours' distance on the Blue Nile. . . . All news confirms what I have already told you, viz. that we shall before long be blockaded. . . . In the event of sending an expedition to Berber, the greatest importance is in speed. . . . A small advanced guard at Berber would keep the Riparian tribes between this and Berber quiet, and would be an assurance to the population of the towns.'—*'Egypt,' No. 12, p. 165.*

To this comes the comforting reply from Lord Granville through Sir E. Baring:—

'I have to state that Her Majesty's Government are unable to authorize any advance of British troops in the direction of Berber until they have received further information with regard to the military condition of such an expedition, and are satisfied that it is necessary in order to insure the safety of General Gordon, and that it will be confined to that object.'—*Ibid.* p. 166.

The sickening attempt to wheedle Gordon into deserting the garrison is met by words that are not pleasant reading when we consider that they are slaps in the faces of those who are responsible for the upholding of the honour of our country:—

'Pray do not consider me in any way to advocate retention of the Soudan. I am quite averse to it; but you must see that you could not possibly recal me, nor could I possibly obey till the Cairo employes get out from all the places. I have named men to different places, thus involving them with Mahdi. How could I look the world in the face if I abandoned them and fled? As a gentleman, could you advise this course? It may have been a mistake to send me up, but, having been done, I have no option but to see evacuation through, for even if I was mean enough to so escape I have no power to do so. You can easily understand this—would you do so?'—*Ibid.* p. 156.

The dark back-ground of vacillation and general mismanagement which throws into bold relief the heroic days of Khartoum's defence, seems to intensify as time goes on. The most valuable time was lost, and the dead silence which reigned over the space between us and Khartoum was never broken by a bugle call nor the tramp of a single soldier. Gordon's life was sacrificed by the indecision and procrastination of Her Majesty's Ministers, and his blood will, sooner or later, be required at their hands.

It is impossible to disguise from ourselves that Gordon's last days were engaged in fighting a fierce foe within, as well as the enemies that surrounded him without. We have indications of the struggle in his brief telegrams; and, if his journals are not 'edited' down to the bare bone, we shall trace it still more plainly. To his self-sacrificing sanguine nature the withdrawal of the garrisons at the first blush seemed possible: as he approached, it looked less probable. He tried to quell a feeling which had never been absent entirely for years; it only wanted a waft or two of the old black wing of the spectre to force upon him the conviction once more that he was 'a Gordon humbugged,' a tool lifted off a shelf to serve an unworthy shift! And the spectre passed him and met him in Khartoum! Looking at the central figure, we see him dimly

throughout those fiery twelve months—all that he was known to be as a man, and surpassing himself as the military officer in organizing the defence. To his own branch of the service fresh laurels have come, and the Engineers, above all others, will keep his memory green.

When we consider that, save through the history of his deeds as recounted to us by strange means and roundabout ways, Gordon was to his countrymen almost a man unknown, it is remarkable to find the whole world stirred at his heroic end. If, as we have reason for believing, it is a personal grief to the most exalted personage, and the most English heart in the land, that Gordon had never been seen by Her, it may be said that this grief is shared by all but a very few of the subjects.* Unquestionably Gordon's dread of notice was carried to an extreme: he would never admit that there was a certain stage when a man's name and fame might allowably be public property. It was a pain to him to feel that he might so descend from the obscurity he loved, as to be mentioned in newspapers; and we remember that one gallant officer positively offended him, because he took occasion to inform the public, years ago, that 'Chinese Gordon' had gone to Egypt as Governor-General of the Soudan under Ismail:—'I have nothing much in this world,' he said; 'surely I may have my own name left me as private property.' But has any name in this century passed through so many tongues?

It is not altogether to be wondered at, that the popular ideal will of necessity raise up a tall powerful military-looking officer, but it must be replaced by a comparatively small man of no great physique, somewhat grey before his time, and shy, not to say actually embarrassed, in society. And yet no one could be in his company for five minutes, when once the ice was broken, without longing that his vast talents and winning originality should be more generally available. Those who knew him have naturally been led to speak of the expression of Gordon's countenance. We have noticed before, that men whose duties enforce much solitude and isolation upon them soon come to have two very different aspects. The desert wanderings had impressed their lines upon Gordon's face; the countenance became set after years of introspection; and there was for the most part the worn look that had scanned so many thousands of miles of burning sands. But when the joy of a congenial argument, a ridiculous caricature, or an amusing story

* It may not be out of place to mention that by far the best portrait of General Gordon, to our mind, is a large lithograph published by Marlborough and Co., 52, Old Bailey, London, and within reach of all purses.

ironed the furrows out, there was no more brilliant or animated look, and the intense blue eyes—not unknown as a tribal feature along Dee-side—seem to hold one under their wondrous spell.

In some respects, and considering the times we live in, it is a happy sign to notice how the outspoken faithful utterances of Gordon's deeply religious spirit have won him the love and sympathy of millions. It is by instinct people feel that he was the most bitter enemy of cant. Before the word 'Puritan' is connected with his name—and we have noticed this tendency more than once—it is right to protest that it can have no place with him. His travels afforded him unusual chances for studying many singular phases of religious life, and he always went about seeking good in every heart. The quest was generally successful. He would dwell with great earnestness on the filial piety of the Chinese, and assign a long existence to them as a nation (under the promise in the fifth Commandment) for the reverence paid to parents by their children even under somewhat unusual circumstances. He had noticed grandfathers behaving in the most dutiful way to their still surviving parents, when all the obedience of childhood would be displayed. His long intercourse with Mohammedans, and his admiration for their scrupulous attention to the forms and fasts of Islam, armed him at times with weapons which he would use advantageously when he came across half-hearted professors of religion at home or abroad. When he entered Khartoum for the last time, he took the Mosque out of the hands of an impostor, and insisted on the Moslem population going there to daily prayers. But it is not too much to say that, till within three years of his death—partly owing to his wandering life, and partly to his seeking in vain to find any religious community endowed with such a spirit of self-sacrifice as his own—he had held himself aloof from much that would, no doubt, have rendered him immense assistance. He would be a Church to himself, instead of a member of the Church. We find him in this frame of mind in 1877 :—

'I detest Christmas and Easter, and never feel relieved till they are over. First, because there are two Sundays. Second, because every one thinks it right to put on different manners. Third, because it is a time of gorging and giving "backsheesh" to every one. I am sure we are starved spiritually by our Shepherds. I do not know one who feeds his people.'—Colonel Gordon in *Central Africa*, p. 295.

We could quote more to the same purpose ; suffice it to say circumstances entirely altered all this, and before the end came, he was one of the most attached members of the Church of

England. It was in Northamptonshire that an opportunity occurred for him to look into such books as are generally to be found on the shelves of a clergyman's library. For the first time, and by the help of such works as Harold Brown 'on the Thirty-Nine Articles,' Pearson 'on the Creed,' and Wordsworth's 'Commentary on the Bible,' he realized the beautiful system on which the Church is built: these books were his inseparable companions in the Holy Land. By his special wish some of his deepest 'reflections' have been laid before the public by Prebendary Barnes, of Heavitree, Exeter. From Christmas Day, 1880, and onwards, till he left us in 1884, he was the most devout and thankful communicant. Writing from Chelsea to an old correspondent, on the 16th of February, 1881, he says:—

'I have got rid of a great trouble through the Holy Communion, but though it is a great relief, I cannot get rid of the wish my leave was out. To say the least of it, it is a cramped-up world.'—Private Correspondence.'

And again, after trying to take up mission work in the East of London:—

'I have found it too expensive to go among the poor, they ruined me!'—*Ibid.*

Once more, he writes two months later:—

'Revelling in Communion, Mr. Haskett Smith is a good preacher; I think more and more of the value of the Sacrament. It is decidedly the *Levée*, and corresponds to those in Job when the sons of God came before Him . . . My great trial is that I have ended my life, and anything you or any one else can write or say is utterly useless. The lesson I have to learn is *patient waiting*, and I accept it with the above knowledge and the desire to be at rest. I must say that the High Church party—putting aside their banners and vestments—are a truly working and spiritually-mouthed class; whether they act up to their lights I do not know. The three hours' meditations of to-day were very fine, and very earnest and spiritual, not sensational.'—*Ibid.*

So we see that by this time—April 1881—the old horror of the Church's seasons had vanished, and a happier state of mind had set in.

Whilst deploring the weakness of mind which could make such a simple habit as that of wearing a crucifix a dangerous inlet for superstitious reverence, he found comfort in the act himself, as he told a friend three days before his last departure from England. Who shall say that such a true servant did
not

not derive singular strength by bearing about with him the cherished remembrance of his own great Master's sufferings for him?

In China he had seen the full horrors of the death which is imaged in the crucifix. In the Soudan, when he writhed under his own sufferings, mental and bodily, those scenes came back to him :—

'To die quickly would be to me nothing, but the long crucifixion, that a residence in these horrid countries entails, appals me. Yet I feel that if I could screw up my mind to it, I could cause the (slave) trade to cease, for its roots are in these countries . . . Many will say it is a worthy cause to die in. I agree if the death was speedy; but oh! it is a long and weary one, and for the moment I cannot face it.'

Dull indeed must he be who cannot understand that the Africa of thirty years ago and the Africa of to-day are totally different. Held at arms' length, shut in on itself, it would appear as if the indifference of the Western world had been aroused of a sudden by the words once spoken at a crisis, and now repeated, 'I know their sorrows.' The same brutal disregard for human life, the same oppression which had its strong hold on the Nile more than 3000 years ago, seem to cling to the very soil to-day. Cairo and its Pashas wrench the heart-strings of half Northern Africa. The slavers' hunting-grounds on the Bahr Gazelle are as much the scenes of torture and death at the hands of Egyptians as they were in the times of the Pharaohs. Gordon's place in history will be by Livingstone's side. Both lived and died in an endeavour to cope with this sorrow, and they have dragged the wrongs of Heathendom into the light before Christendom. A beseeching voice asking for pity for these people comes from Ilala and now from Khartoum also: the fate of Africa hangs on the reply.

ART. VIII.—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, 1882-1884.

WHATEVER may be the progress of the Redistribution Bill, some of the time of the present Session must be made available for the consideration of other matters. And it is inevitable, that the condition of Ireland should once more receive the attention of the Government and of Parliament. The Act for the Prevention of Crime expires on the 12th of July, and, in spite of the several postponements of the Prime Minister, it will soon have to be decided whether the Act or any part of it shall be renewed, and what shall be the machinery for the prevention, detection, and punishment of crime in Ireland. This task it is impossible that Parliament should refuse to undertake. But over and above this, the policy to be pursued in Ireland during the next few years will have to be considered; and, disagreeable as the work may be, it is of high importance that it should receive the most earnest attention, not only of the leading statesmen, but also of the constituencies of this country.

It is to be feared, that both with statesmen and constituencies there is a tendency to regard Ireland and her affairs as matters to be left principally, if not solely, to those made responsible for them. It seems to be supposed that the Irish difficulty, ever troublesome, never perilous, may be entrusted to the Irish executive. Ireland may bark, but she cannot bite, and therefore she may be left to her proper custodians. English politicians may be content to look on and criticize, their direct interference being seldom, if ever, necessary. Believing as we do that this tendency is most injurious, and that this attitude, if encouraged, may become productive of positive disaster, we propose to point out briefly what we conceive to be the present condition of Ireland and the prospects of her near future, in the hope that English public men may be induced to abandon a policy of 'drift,' which, if followed, will be not less hazardous to Ireland than it has been to other parts of Her Majesty's Empire.

Three years ago affairs in Ireland had reached the crisis, of which clear warning had been given in 1880 by the prescient sagacity of Lord Beaconsfield, resting on the solid basis of official knowledge. But even at the cost of an unwilling tribute to the Conservative government of Ireland, a false tranquillity was proclaimed as the opportunity for a policy of yielding to mischievous agitation. Upon the unreasoning, unfounded sentiment of discontent, which for many years has been, and for many more will be, characteristic of Irishmen, had been grafted

grafted practical discontent arising out of the universal depression of agriculture, which Ireland did not wholly escape. The passing of the Land Act had encouraged the belief that the old system of tenure was unjust; and the enormous concessions which that Act gave to occupiers had not yet made themselves felt. The power of the Land League was therefore fostered both by general and exceptional circumstances. That power was used without scruple and without restraint. Rents were refused upon principle, and that which was to all intents and purposes the only sanction for the collection of rent, eviction, had to be carried out at great risk and by overwhelming force. Nor was this all. The authority of the Land League was enforced by outrages of the most cruel and the most cowardly description, inflicted upon all who disobeyed or resisted its decrees. And further yet, sprung from similar causes, if not actually connected with the Land League and its Parliamentary supporters, was a ramification of secret societies, which by the perpetration of crime sought to bring about such disgust with Irish affairs as would eventually produce Irish independence. To this ramification we propose presently to refer; here it suffices to say, that the organizers of the ramification were successful in this, that they effected the commission of a series of the vilest deeds. To meet them, Parliament had approved the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Under the exceptional powers given had been arrested, not a few responsible ringleaders, but nine hundred persons, who, lodged in comfortable quarters at the public expense, enjoyed the reputation and benefits while undergoing few of the discomforts of martyrdom. These men were allowed privileges not inconsistent with the exercise of much, if not all, of their previous influence, such as it was; and the effect of their imprisonment was to destroy entirely the local power and prestige—not of those who were arrested, but of those who were not. The arrest of Mr. Parnell and two of his Parliamentary followers, announced at a public meeting by Mr. Gladstone, almost as an act of sublime audacity, did indeed call forth that genuine response which hails a bold step; but the slight effect which it had was soon neutralized by the release of the ‘arch agitator’ after a brief confinement, and in consequence of intrigues upon which history may some day throw a lurid light. At the very moment when success was claimed for those proceedings came the fatal proof that a new departure was necessary, if the supremacy of the law was not to be permanently destroyed in Ireland. On the 6th of May, 1882, Lord Spencer assumed the Viceroyalty, and on the same day his chief and under-Secretaries were murdered in the Phoenix Park. This assassination,

tion, which produced a thrill of horror unparalleled since the murder of Mr. Perceval, has since been proved to have been the work of one of the most petty of the societies springing from the secret organization to which we have referred. The mystery, however, which surrounded it, and the wrath which it produced, gave an impetus to the administration of Irish affairs, which not only helped the passing of the Crime Prevention Act, but facilitated the procedure provided by it. The police of Ireland were carefully reorganized (an attempted strike among the Dublin men being promptly and effectively quashed); a special crime department was established; and the foundation was laid of that system which led not only to the discovery of the Phoenix Park murderers and of other undetected crimes, but to the gradual suppression of outrage and dispersal of the local secret societies. The effect of the new *régime* was not indeed immediately felt. During the summer and autumn of 1882 crime succeeded crime in a growing ratio of gravity. But the frustration of the attempt on the life of Mr. Justice Lawson, and of the attack on Mr. Field, led to the discovery by the Government of evidence, which ended in the conviction of the Phoenix Park murderers, and of the authors of several other brutal assassinations. Meanwhile the nine hundred suspects had been released into insignificance; and Parliament had endeavoured to win the support of owners and occupiers of land by an exceptional and extraordinary Act providing for the payment, under certain conditions, of the arrears of Irish rent by the taxpayers of the United Kingdom. Before the end of 1883 the Irish agriculturist found himself freed from much of the terrorism which had sought its victims, not among the wealthy and strong, but among the poor dwellers in isolated houses in remote districts of the country, freed from the incubus of arrears, and able to enjoy the immense advantages and absolute security which an exceptional Land Act had conferred upon him at the expense of his landlord.

The conciliatory spirit displayed by the Imperial Parliament, and the determination to strain even sound principle in carrying out concessions, would have won the gratitude and ensured the support of any people not blinded by ignorance or misled by selfish cunning. In Ireland the whole efforts of the Parliamentary party were directed to the prevention of such a result. To them concession is a proof of weakness, and liberal dealing a sign of fear. They are utterly unable to appreciate the strength which can afford to be gentle, and the power which can dare to give way. Happily their influence in the country is not as omnipotent as they pretend, and they were unable to hinder

a return

a return to more amicable relations between landlord and tenant, and a more law-abiding state of society generally. The resumption of payment of rent was accompanied by a marked decrease in agrarian crime. The farmer began to weary of agitation, and to look with disfavour on the recurrent subscription lists. The reassertion of the power of the Law produced the inevitable crop of informers, and crime became less effective and far more risky. It soon became evident that the ground was slipping away from the feet of the Irish agitator, and that unless he made strenuous efforts he would find his occupation gone. Strenuous efforts were accordingly made. The National League, offshoot of the slain Land League, was supported by every means attainable by its patrons. No language was spared, and no opportunity avoided, in the denunciation of the Imperial Parliament and the Irish Executive. The hat was sent round in America and in the Colonies. A highly organized attempt was made to throw discredit on the administration of justice, and doubt on the guilt of men convicted on the clearest evidence of the grossest crimes. The oppression under which Irishmen groaned was denounced by men whose every word and action proved a licence which would be tolerated in no other civilized community of the world. Meanwhile out of Ireland the efforts of secret societies were redoubled. In America the utmost precautions were taken to prevent detection and to ensure results. Up to the present time, the vigilance with which they have been met has sufficed to frustrate many attempts; but the explosions which have occurred are enough to show that we have to deal with a society, or a series of societies, whose malice is as unlimited as it is unreasoning, and whose operations are not confined to one locality or to one class of objects.

The efforts thus made have had this measure of success, that in the Municipal and Parliamentary elections the hold of the extreme party upon the feelings and action of voters has been largely maintained. Even where the hatred of the tyranny exercised in the name of national independence is greatest, there has not been sufficient pluck to cast off its control. And here we touch upon a state of things which, if not peculiar to Ireland, has attained a greater development in Ireland than elsewhere. The large body of Irishmen, who are opposed to the faction assuming to act for the whole nation, are afraid to assert their position or vindicate their power. 'Why,' is the question which many a loyalist asks himself, 'should I take a course which is certain to bring upon me not only both odium and difficulty, but expose my life to danger?' There has been no characteristic of the last few years so marked in Ireland, as the

the absence of all combination in the South and West to resist the assaults of the Extremists. A critic not well acquainted with the facts would be inclined to say, that there was no loyal feeling out of Ulster. Such a conclusion would, however, be quite erroneous, and the existence of a strong body of sentiment entirely opposed to the Separatist policy is an element which should be carefully borne in mind in discussions upon Irish affairs. It remains, however, that at present the Separatists have maintained their hold upon elections, and we must be prepared for a violent struggle on their part to keep their position in this respect. It may be, that the difficulties of finding money and men will be greater than they anticipate, and that the phalanx which they will bring to Westminster after the next General Election will be neither so united nor so strong as they now hope. But, on the other hand, it is more probable that the pacific influences alluded to above will not have any decided effect before that time. It would be dangerous to calculate upon the weariness which the farmer may feel and his disposition to enjoy what he has: he may be stimulated to hope for a still further reduction, possibly a complete abolition, of rent, if he supports the Separatists at the elections. It would be rash therefore to build on the probability of a reduction of the Irish Party in the House of Commons, and it is far wiser to assume that it will be increased. What we have then to contemplate is the appearance in Parliament of a body of members, between seventy and eighty strong, whose avowed object is to make impossible the continuance of the present relations between England and Ireland. For their purpose it does not matter that they by no means represent the whole of Ireland. They can assume a mandate from the Irish Constituencies, and having no respect for the assembly to which they are elected, they will exercise no restraint, and be actuated by no feeling of delicacy, in pursuing the course they have marked out for themselves.

In deciding upon the method of dealing with them—and this we maintain should not be left to the circumstances of the moment—it is important to consider two things, first, What will be their position in Ireland? and, secondly, What will be their position in Parliament? Now, it is not too much to say, for the last twenty years at least, the feeling of the people of Great Britain has been, and has been proved to have been, one of unbounded good-will to Ireland. All classes of the realm have determined, and have made their determination known through their representatives, that no real grievance of Ireland should remain unredressed, no legitimate desire of her inhabitants should

should remain unfulfilled. With this view, principle after principle has been sacrificed, point after point conceded. In religion, in agriculture, and in education, the largest interpretation has been given to the wish that Irishmen should have no ground of complaint. In each and all, methods and laws, which Englishmen revere, have been abandoned on the ground that Ireland is an exceptional country, and that this or that concession would for ever win the gratitude of a generous and warm-hearted people. If, after all this, Englishmen find that the generous and warm-hearted people show no gratitude, but on the contrary proclaim an undying animosity, it is their absolute duty to examine very closely what further is required and why it is asked for. At the outset of such examination, they are met with a demand for what is called National Independence: they are told that Ireland yearns to be free, and many of the old Shibboleths, which, from the history of their own and other national struggles, they have learned to respect, are dinned into their ears. Even in Parliament Irish representatives have not hesitated to speak of alien rule and an alien assembly; and what is called the 'indefeasible right of Irishmen to govern themselves' has been proclaimed as the basis of Parliamentary action. When they proceed to enquire what is the meaning of this demand, and what is the value of this basis, Englishmen can find nothing tangible or real. If the cry for independence means anything, it means that those who raise it desire to see Ireland made a republic and cut off from all connection with the British Empire. Time was when extreme Irishmen rallied to the banner of Home Rule. But no one ever succeeded in explaining what was meant by Home Rule, and there are few now to the front who seek to make Home Rule in any shape the object for which they contend. For all practical purposes Home Rule is dead; and National Independence must perforce now be held to mean the entire separation, fiscal and diplomatic, of Ireland from England. It is conceivable that even such a demand might commend itself to a limited number of English politicians, if it could be proved that Ireland suffered under any solid grievance or Irishmen under any real disabilities. But the most painstaking enquiry fails to elicit any considerations to establish such a conclusion. Irishmen are probably more free than any people under the sun. There is nothing, so long as regard be had to the rights of his fellow-subjects, which an Irishman may not say and cannot do. Nor would it be too much to affirm, that in his attitude towards his neighbour and in his attitude towards all who are in authority, he has been allowed to extend his liberty into an extremity of licence

licence which would in no other country be held consistent with freedom or good order. In no sphere whatever of citizenship has an Irishman of the present day any disability. His trade is free from all restrictions and from all impediments, save those caused by the religious observances of tradesmen themselves. In his agriculture he is protected by laws which infringe in his favour the principles of free contract, but can by no distortion be held to be unfavourable to the tenants. In the management of local affairs he is subject to the control of Parliament, which in his case, as well as in that of the Englishman, Scotchman, and Welshman, might perhaps with advantage be relaxed, but which even now is in many respects curtailed in his favour. In religion he has absolute independence and exceptional advantage. In education boons are conferred upon him in excess of those enjoyed by his fellow-subjects. From parts of the pressure of taxation he alone is free; and his reiterated demands for fiscal assistance from the Imperial Treasury are always listened to with an exceptionally indulgent ear. In a word, the Irishman has no deep or substantial grievance whatever of a State creation, or which the State can remove; and when public men talk about the upheaval of a downtrodden and oppressed people, they are using a phrase which is utterly inapplicable to the present condition of Ireland.

So far then as the position of the Separatist party in Ireland is concerned, we should be right in concluding that it has no solid foundation in real hardship. It is possible that their constituents understand this. Irishmen are quick-witted, if illogical, and there is nothing inconceivable in their returning representatives to Parliament pledged to demand that which they do not expect, know they have no reason for asking, and do not want. Indeed, were matters to approach within a measurable distance of the establishment of an Irish Republic, we expect there would be resistance to such a conclusion, of a force which would astonish those who do not understand the present quiescence of the large body of loyalists. Many who are now forward in their support of the Separatist party would be found stout champions in the other camp, and more who now do nothing would be forced into action. But unfounded as the demand is, it is clear that nothing short of separation will at present entirely stop the movement. All through the utterances of public speakers and the comments of newspaper editors of the extreme party in Ireland is traceable the idea, that one concession is to be taken as the means of obtaining another, and that until 'Ireland is free' there can be no cessation

cessation of labour or of agitation. We believe therefore that so far as concerns the Parliamentary party, as at present constituted, and as likely to be constituted after the next General Election, there is no method of winning them to constitutional allegiance or support of either party in the State. And the sooner both Conservatives and Liberals thoroughly understand this, the sooner will they be free from the risks of bidding for co-operation, which will never be lastingly theirs.

The position of the Separatist party in Parliament deeply concerns the House of Commons. Speaking on the 4th of November at the opening of the National Liberal Club in London, the Prime Minister, who has certainly shown no disposition to curtail the privileges of any section of the House of Commons, said, 'that noble assembly, the first deliberative assembly in the world, is now doomed to see its efficiency impaired and its dignity destroyed by the advantages which its own generous, too generous, rules have enabled individuals and sections to take, so that the House itself has become the slave of these individuals and sections, and nothing can relieve it from that slavery but a great and drastic reform of its procedure.' If the House of Commons is content to see its time occupied by frivolous questions and still more frivolous motions, its procedure choked by deliberate and persistent obstruction, its rules perverted and its power marred, it must be prepared to lose the respect which it holds in the country, and ultimately have to submit to reforms which should be the result of its own action. If on the other hand it is prepared to alter its own procedure in 'a great and drastic reform,' the first to feel the effect of such a change would be the Separatist Irishmen, who are responsible for more consumption of time in resistance to the decisions of majorities than any other section, and who, if allowed to pursue their present method unchecked, will reduce the House of Commons to still greater slavery, and ruin its powers both of Legislation and control.

The Separatist party, then, in Parliament must be dealt with first as the spokesmen of a people suffering under no real constitutional grievance that needs severe or comprehensive remedy, and secondly as a party whose system is fraught with the greatest danger to Parliamentary freedom and vitality. In the latter respect, the sooner some action is taken the better. There can be no reason why the present Session should be wasted by persistent disregard of the will of the House at large. We propose to examine presently the more important portions of the Crime Prevention Act, but we must say here that we have little doubt of the absolute necessity of reintroducing at least a portion

portion of the present Law. If the Government bring forward such a measure, they ought to receive the support of the Conservative party. The preservation of law and order, the protection of life and property, and the prevention of crime in Ireland, are in no sense party questions. They interest Conservatives and Liberals alike. The resistance to such a measure might safely and properly be limited to fair criticisms and reasonable amendments. With such no one can have quarrel. But the persistent repetition of arguments which have been refuted, and the repeated division of the House upon points which have been decided, should be sternly put down, in the interests, not only of the House of Commons, but of the nation at large.

Let us leave the Parliamentary aspect of the question, and turn for a moment to the policy to be observed in Ireland. In examining this, we do not care to enquire what minor legislative reforms are desirable and possible at the present stage. With such questions as Grand Jury Reform; Union Rating; Lunacy or Prison Administration; Improvement of locomotion, of main thoroughfares, and of harbour accommodation; or development of the several classes of education; we have no space to deal. Our object is to put forward a few considerations as to the broad features of the policy to be observed in dealing with the organized opposition to the British Government which is assumed by a large section of the Parliamentary representatives of Irish constituencies. Now that opposition is determined and acute. Under it every possible obstacle is thrown in the way of the Executive Government; not only are the civil servants of the Crown in Ireland subjected to a flood of unsparing abuse, but their efforts for the welfare of Ireland are thwarted at every possible step and universally misrepresented. Nor are they the sole sufferers. Judges, jurors, and law officers, are loudly accused of malpractice and charged with partiality. Through the country is poured a flood of scurrilous literature, in which facts are distorted and actions maligned. This forms the principal reading of the lower classes in town and country, and to this there is absolutely no antidote.

As we have said, this anti-British feeling is based on no solid grievance, but it is a prominent point in the Irish problem, and it cannot be ignored. It may be met in a variety of ways. The first that suggests itself is an entire and absolute concession of all that is asked. It is said that a determined and united people never fail in getting that which they demand. That it is better to yield to a request than be driven from an untenable position. That it is impossible to hold in bondage
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an unwilling nation. That an alliance hated by one side can only be injurious to the other. That it would be better to have Ireland an independent friend than to keep her as a hostile drudge. Those who use such arguments are, we believe, the slaves of words. It is just as false to predict that, because in certain instances rebellion to authority has succeeded, it will always succeed, as to say that because some popular movements are founded in reason, all are. Even if what is called the Irish National sentiment were wholly real, it would be powerless, because it rests on no solid foundation. The French Aristocracy of the last century crumbled to pieces before the onslaught of the peasantry, because the former was luxurious and weak, and because the lower classes were really oppressed. The Union between England and Ireland is not likely to crumble to pieces, because it is founded on mutual advantage—Ireland deriving the lion's share of the benefit. There is no force in the argument, that the severance must come because certain Irishmen desire it. There is still less force in the argument, that it should be given because it would do good. If Ireland were separated from England, she would speedily lapse into so deplorable a condition as would make reconquest and re-annexation the only possible remedy, unless she were annexed to France or the United States. In the first place, she could not pay her way. Even now, when large Imperial subsidies are poured into Ireland for every conceivable purpose, from Police to Tramways, requests for more advances from the Exchequer are made every week, on the ground that Ireland is a poor country, and cannot afford herself to develop this or that industry, or to cultivate this or that source of wealth. Cut adrift from England, Ireland would find the pressure of taxation vastly enhanced, her chances of progress vastly lessened. The leaders of the Separatist movement have shown no capacity for promoting commercial prosperity, nor indeed much grasp of the economical laws under which commercial prosperity is promoted. In nothing that they have done hitherto is there to be traced ground for believing that, if invested with full powers, they would be able to push the trade or increase the national wealth of Ireland. Fiscally, Ireland would be in a far worse position than now. In the second place, it is quite clear that an Irish Republic would be torn by fatal dissensions. The first effort of a separated government would be an attack on what is called Landlordism, by which is meant, not the principle of ownership of land, but the existence of the present generation of landlords. Whatever view is taken of the attitude of Irish landlords towards the agrarian difficulty of the last decade, there

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is no reason for doubting that to such an attack they would offer a most strenuous resistance, in which they would be supported by all who have any interest in the maintenance of property, not only in Ulster but in the other Provinces. The result would be a conflict of the bitterest description, in which an appeal to force could not be long postponed. It is only necessary to notice the tenor of the remarks in the extreme press, and the speeches of certain orators, to know how fierce would be the onslaught on the Protestant Religion, how severe the penal enactments which would be brought forward in an Irish legislature. These again would be vehemently resisted elsewhere as well as in Ulster. In a word, it is positively certain that the separation of Ireland from England would be speedily followed by a civil war of a most passionate and relentless kind. It is not therefore solely from dislike of the dismemberment of the Empire, nor is it from dread of what harm Great Britain might suffer from Ireland, but it is from consideration of the interests of Ireland herself, that we absolutely reject, and we believe every far-seeing statesman must absolutely reject, as a possible solution of the Irish difficulty, the concession of the Separatist demands.

We have said that Home Rule is dead. There are those, however, who would seek to revive it, and who would urge that in some modified form of Home Rule—what is called ‘extension of local independence,’ may be found the concession which really is to win the ‘undying gratitude of a generous and warm-hearted people.’ Now all attempts to formulate Home Rule have failed. If we are to believe Mr. Richard Pigott,* formerly proprietor of the ‘Irishman,’ who is not ill qualified to speak as to the intentions of its originators, it never was their intention that it should be ever formulated. Mr. Butt saw that any exact limitation of what was meant by Home Rule would alienate either the extreme or the moderate section of the party he hoped to keep together. Neither he nor any one after him succeeded in drafting a Bill or making a formal proposal having for its object the establishment of Home Rule. An independent Legislature regulating ‘domestic affairs’ was and is talked of; but what ‘domestic affairs’ are, was never defined, nor was it laid down how the attention of the local Parliament should be kept from Imperial concerns. That the two Houses at present insist on transacting much local business which they might well abandon, and that the power of County Authorities in dealing with matters solely pertaining to their

* ‘Recollections of Irish Journalism,’ chap. xxi.

Counties might with advantage be strengthened, few statesmen on either side of the House would deny. But this is a general, not a solely Irish question, in which Waterford and Galway have no nearer interest than Devonshire or Kent, Carmarthenshire or Mid-Lothian. Nor would the settlement of it much modify the Irish sentiment. What most Home Rulers have in their mind, when they speak of a local legislature, is an assembly in which all matters under the sun should be made the subject of Irish oratory, and in which resolutions on every question, Home or Foreign, would be passed after hot debate, and forwarded to the authorities concerned. What benefit this would be to Ireland has never been shown, nor has any method been suggested for the avoidance of the jars between Dublin and Westminster which, harassing enough before 1801, would be doubly troublesome now. More than this, Home Rule is no longer a popular cry in Ireland. When Mr. Parnell ousted Mr. Butt from the leadership of the extreme Irish party, he sounded the knell of Home Rule. Whether his rule too will pass away, and what his hold will be on his augmented party, if he gets one, remains to be seen. But there will assuredly be some of that party who have the old Fenian feeling, that 'Parliamentary action for Ireland could only tend to improve British Rule and render it more acceptable instead of more odious:' and, inasmuch as these men represent the larger section of the malcontents, it would be very unwise to hope that any concession in the direction of local councils, which even the most advanced English statesman could grant, would go far towards satisfying the discontent which Irishmen affect if they do not feel.

Another plan is to treat Ireland as 'a Crown Colony.' Here, too, some definition is necessary, none is forthcoming. If to treat Ireland as a Crown Colony means to deprive it of all representation in the Imperial Parliament, and to rule it by a Governor independent of Ministerial changes, the adoption of such a plan would involve the establishment of some form of local assembly, and would probably be ultimately found to be a large step in the direction of the total severance which it would primarily be intended to avoid. For the local assembly would assuredly assume a greater independence of Imperial control than the local assemblies of other Crown Colonies; and there have not been wanting in certain parts of the Empire difficulties calling for all the tact and firmness of the Colonial Office. The stoutest advocate of repression would hardly, we think, support the total disfranchisement of Ireland without according her such advantages as are enjoyed by the Isle of Man. Some opportunity for the discussion of Irish affairs would have to be given to Irish

representatives; and very little of the ingenuity now shown in the House of Commons would suffice to take advantage of that opportunity for the adoption of some action, of which the object and the result would be a grave enlargement of the difficulties which now assail the House of Commons. Public opinion in England is not in a state in which it would tolerate for long the deprivation of debate, free within reasonable restrictions, in Ireland: and no Irish Assembly could be formed, which would not speedily prove itself a thorn in the flesh of the empire far more poisonous than any now existing.

There only remains the government of Ireland as an integral part of the United Kingdom.

To begin, it is inevitable that a considerable portion, at all events, of the Crime Prevention Act should be renewed. It has been mooted that this Act should be renewed, without any alteration, for only a year, leaving the permanent settlement of the question to the Parliament elected by the new constituencies. But such a course, we hold, would be attended with the most disastrous consequences. Whichever party may be placed in power by the new Parliament, surely no one can desire that the decision of the United Kingdom should be immediately overruled by a Parliamentary struggle over the renewal of the Crime Prevention Act. For we are fain to confess, that we have not sufficient faith in the political virtue of either of the two great parties in the State, to believe that they would resist the temptation of the alliance of the Irish Party to turn out their opponents. We cannot help recollecting how Lord John Russell, in 1846, upset the government of Sir Robert Peel on an Irish Coercion Bill, which he was obliged himself to bring in shortly afterwards. And who will be bold enough to say that, if the Conservatives came into power next year as the result of a General Election, the same tactics would not be repeated? A renewal of the Act for three years would be less objectionable, but the danger would only be postponed. We are therefore disposed to think, that it is worthy of consideration, both by Conservatives and Liberals, whether it would not be wiser to renew the Act, not as a temporary but as a permanent addition to the Statute Book, and as a general, not as a local measure. Let us glance at the Act and see what are its principal provisions. The first part of the Act provides for trial by judges, instead of juries, in certain specified offences, all of a serious kind. This portion of the Act was introduced when a widespread, if not universal, mistrust of the action of Irish juries prevailed. It is known, however, to have been never popular in the House, with the Executive, or with the Bench. Even with the
safeguards

safeguards with which it is surrounded, it is a hazardous enactment, and one which does away with the great principle of trial by jury, to which all British subjects have been taught to attach importance. It would be impossible to apply it to England. It is not reasonably applicable to Ireland, though the circumstances can be conceived in which it might be. It has never been put into force; and it may well be left alone. The next portion of the Act provides for the trial of any indictable offence by a special jury, on the application of the Attorney-General. The principle that special juries, by which are meant juries selected from a long panel including men heavily rated, should try special cases, is not an unreasonable one, and is one which might possibly be adopted in England with reference to the graver classes of criminal offences. By another section the Attorney-General is enabled to change the venue of a trial for an indictable offence from one county to another. The result of this is, that a trial is removed from a county where party feeling runs high, and where the person charged may be either too favourably or too unfavourably regarded, to a county where he is certain of an absolutely impartial tribunal. This section has proved of the greatest efficacy in Ireland, and would meet with no opposition if applied to England, where under certain circumstances the power of change of venue already exists, in a form, however, to render its efficacy doubtful. Under another section, provision exists for trying, summarily, riots, aggravated assaults, assaults on bailiffs and taking forcible possession, and also a new offence, intimidation, or, as it is popularly called, boycotting, by two stipendiary magistrates, one of whom must have legal training. There can be no doubt that the prompt punishment of an offence is the best possible plan for preventing its repetition, nor can it be denied that the postponement of trial to Quarter Sessions or Assizes is often a hardship to the person charged. Clauses providing for the arrest of persons found out all night, under suspicious circumstances, of strangers to the locality, and of aliens, are sections necessary, perhaps, under special circumstances, but which are not the least likely to be put in force except where really requisite. They are not of great general importance, and sooner than see the Act allowed to lapse or even prolonged only for a brief period, we should be willing to let them drop. An important provision exists for enquiry into an offence, though no person has been charged. The constitutional safeguard of coroners' inquests has become of greatly impaired efficacy, from a variety of reasons to which we have neither space nor inclination to refer. The prompt enquiry into a crime by the agent of the Crown is believed to be of

the greatest protective avail. The section we refer to revives in a strengthened form a machinery which has become effete. The general application of the section would be an advantage to the law-abiding classes, and would cause injury to no one. The clause under which a person injured by an outrage can be awarded compensation from the inhabitants of the district in which it has occurred, is based upon an old principle of law. There are some difficulties in administering it, and the innocent are punished with the guilty. It is not without effect, but we are not prepared to say that its continuance is absolutely necessary. The remaining sections of the Act are of less importance. They provide, among other things, for the arrest of absconding witnesses, and for the quartering of extra police on a district in which crime has occurred.

We have sketched briefly the chief provisions of this Act, which has been called drastic, tyrannous, and hateful, but only so called by those who are liable to suffer from its effects. There is no section in it under which any well-conducted subject of the Queen runs the risk of any infringement of his liberty. Under it night-marauders, the strangers employed to carry out the behests of Secret Societies, the village tyrants who impose their intolerable rule on peaceful people, the houghers of cattle, the butchers of bailiffs, the black-visaged visitors of isolated cottages whose inhabitants they murder or maim, find their operations hindered and their licence curtailed. But no one who desires the advantages or aims at the position of a peaceable citizen, no one who confines political agitation to political objects and proper methods, is in the slightest danger of suffering under it either from the caprice or the mistakes of any local or central officials. The well-being of Ireland is not a party question; there are and must be many points in the administration of Irish affairs on which there must be party divergence, and on which party feeling must run high. But the maintenance of peace, the prevention of crime, and the punishment of outrage in a manner which deters the evil-doer, while it does not abridge the liberty of the well-doer, are not and should not be treated as of these. If only change of venue, trial of important offences by special juries, and the power of enquiry into offences for which no prisoner is in custody were retained, a most useful addition would be made to the reasonable power which in all well-ordered communities the Executive should have for the prevention and punishment of crime. To this power, however, should undoubtedly be added a greater stringency in dealing with scoundrels, who seek to destroy buildings and injure private as well as public property. Experience

rience has shown that these are questions the importance of which is not confined to Ireland. They are eminently questions upon which the combined action of the statesmen of the two great parties might be taken, and the Statute law of the country amended without discussion or dispute. If the Act were, as we have suggested, made of general application, all semblance for a ground of complaint in Ireland on this head would be removed. We are not rash enough to expect that, this being so, all complaint will be ended. Irishmen have always grumbled, and, if they have no real grievances, will invent them to the end of the chapter. But the cry against exceptionally preventive legislation will always receive an amount of support, which adds to the difficulties both of the Executive and the House of Commons. And the removal of all cause for that cry will go far to facilitate administration.

The renewal of the Crime Act will not, however, alone counteract or disable the evil influences which are at work : nor will it touch the spirit of disaffection which ill-disposed men are doing their utmost to foment. In some form or other an antidote must be found to the nauseous literature and pestilent speeches which are poured broadcast over Ireland. At present nothing whatever is done to diminish their effect. One view only of affairs is presented to local readers in the country districts of Ireland, and that view distorted by the greatest malice and disregard for truth. Hatred to England is inculcated in every possible way. Facts are misrepresented, motives malignèd, without scruple and without restraint. The other side of the picture is never shown. We have no hesitation in saying, that more pains should be taken than have been taken hitherto with the political education of the Irish masses. In England, the leaders of the two political parties pay frequent visits to constituencies other than their own. Opportunities are sought and found for an exposition of policy or an explanation of procedure by persons qualified to give such exposition, and certain to be listened to. In Ireland there is nothing of the sort. The visit of Sir Stafford Northcote to the North had good results. These results were confined to Ulster. If the leading statesmen of either side would go to Ireland frequently, they would undoubtedly produce a great effect upon audiences who now applaud Messieurs Sexton, O'Brien, and Biggar. The task is no doubt regarded as an unpleasant one. Such an excuse, even if true, would be unworthy. But Irishmen would be glad to welcome men deserving of their hearing, and the reception accorded to the leaders of both parties would be such as to make their efforts a pleasure instead of a pain.

Irishmen

Irishmen are asked to be loyal, and, in spite of the false light in which their false friends like to put them, we believe that the majority *are* so to their Queen. But they have very few opportunities of showing their loyalty, and the sentiment of a decidedly imaginative people is left to feed on nothing. We hope that something more may be augured from the visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, now taking place, than a desire to pay an occasional visit. Various circumstances have combined to make the visits of the Sovereign and the Royal Family to Ireland less frequent than the friends of Ireland could have desired. The popularity of the Prince and Princess of Wales is well known, and the energy and tact with which His Royal Highness discharges the many duties he undertakes tend to make his presence welcome wherever he goes. We can well understand that, in the present instance, the Prince of Wales has undertaken to visit Ireland because he has himself thought it desirable to do so. It is hoped, however, that the result will be such, that Irishmen will for the future have more opportunities of showing their loyalty to the Queen or Her Majesty's family than they have had in the past. The question of a Royal residence in Ireland has often been mooted. Were a suitable place bought, in which one or other of the members of the Royal Family would reside for a portion of each year, and were the social functions discharged in Ireland which are so carefully performed in England, the loyal classes of Ireland would have a proper chance of showing those feelings which we hold to prevail among a far larger section of the community, than is generally supposed; and the cheap and frothy sedition which self-interested agitators foster for their own evil objects would be gradually discouraged. On the other hand, there is a danger that, if such opportunity be not given, the petty disloyalty which unquestionably exists among the rabble of certain Irish towns may be allowed to grow into something, not perhaps formidable, but requiring careful handling and capable of considerable mischief.

No method, however, by which it may be sought to remove the disaffection of certain classes in Ireland will succeed so long as the Parnellite party in the House of Commons are allowed to claim, with some show of reason, the credit of the remedial measures passed by the Legislature. Whatever is done for Ireland should be done deliberately and because it is right, not conceded as a sop to obstruction. There are signs that the House of Commons is becoming wearied of the action of the members whose object appears to be to destroy its power and kill its prestige. The sooner the sense of the House asserts itself, the better for its own credit and the advantage of the nation.

nation. Enough has been conceded to freedom of speech, to show that it is not liberty but tyranny which is aimed at. It is clear enough by this time, that no concession will lure the extremists from their irreconcilable position. Whatever is given them will be taken without gratitude, and solely as a means of obtaining more. Whatever therefore is done, should be done, not at their dictation, but spontaneously, and before it is too late. We urge that, in the interests of both the great parties in the State, and still more of Ireland herself, she should cease to be a shuttlecock between them. Of heroic legislation in Ireland there has been more than enough. But there are many minor, though important measures of Reform, much needed in Ireland, upon which the two parties would agree. We do not care to examine a list of these, but we may refer to facility for the purchase of holdings by tenants, and the consolidation and extension of education, as objects which commend themselves alike to both parties. If such measures were undertaken without risk of dispute between the two front benches, any opposition of the extremists could be peremptorily put down, and the persistent obstruction of procedure and violation of the feelings of the House, which have marked the last few Sessions, could be and should be sternly quashed.

That actual crime has been greatly brought under control, the monthly returns published by the constabulary authorities show. With the retention of the chief clauses of the Crime Prevention Act, it is reasonable to hope that the outrage-mongers will be unable to reassert their power. If crime is prevented, time will be given for the farmers to appreciate to the full the enormous privileges given them by the Land Act. The feeling towards their landlords is not wholly bad. There is a great distrust of the influences which seek to put enmity between owner and occupier. There is great dissatisfaction with the perpetual subscription lists upon which the National Leaguers subsist. There is an inclination for peace. If those feelings are cultivated, if the sentiments of the loyal classes are encouraged, and if the action of the Separatist party is met with firmness and not vacillation, we may expect to see a gradual subsidence of the difficulties of Irish government, and a gradual replacement of dissension and abuse by harmony and goodwill. But if both parties persist in bidding for the Irish vote by concessions which are based neither on reason nor on sound policy, or if the Irish Question is treated as a troublesome subject, to be thrust aside on every possible opportunity, no one need be surprised that the Irish difficulty will grow in magnitude till it becomes a grave danger to the Empire.

ART.

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ENGLAND has taken a long time to make up her mind about her Colonies. Whether they were to be regarded as worthless and dangerous encumbrances, or as possessions which would not fail to prove of incalculable value, is a point on which she has too frequently been in doubt. A few years ago, the former view was that which seemed to be most in favour with the governing class, and with no inconsiderable a proportion of the press and the public. Nothing was more common than to hear it said, chiefly by prominent members of the Liberal party, that Canada ought to be given up, that India was a heavy burden, and that the hour had arrived for Australia to cut loose from leading-strings. Special correspondents were sometimes sent to travel through Canada, for the purpose of describing the eagerness of the Colonists to break away from the mother country. But they invariably found themselves obliged to send home a totally different story. Go where they might, they met with an ardent desire to remain associated with England; but of any wish to dissolve connection with her, no one could perceive a trace. The Colonists were often given to understand, directly or indirectly, that England was tired of them, and that they must not look to her for any help in their time of need. Few of our public men knew anything about the Colonies, or had the slightest idea of their resources, or could be brought to believe that it was worth making an effort to keep them closely associated with us, if only in consideration of our future trade. Foresight is not a gift which the Fates reserve for statesmen. The power of taking a long look ahead appears to be denied to most men who are called to govern a nation. As the people are not often wiser than their rulers, it was not very likely that in England the Colonies would receive much notice or attention, except from those who had friends there, or who were thinking of casting in their own lot among them. It therefore happened, that when the Colonies were not treated with neglect, they were dismissed as poor relations with whom we

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were willing to keep up a sort of bowing acquaintance, upon condition of their not presuming to step up and shake hands.

This feeling was largely the result of the teaching of the Manchester—or as we should now say, the Birmingham—school of politicians. The leaders of that party were always decrying the Colonies, always exaggerating the expense and inconvenience they entailed upon us, always suggesting in one form or another that we should be much better off without them. They were a part of the bad aristocratic system under which we lived. It seems now almost incredible that such dogmas should have been solemnly promulgated by men who held themselves to serious accountability for their words, but that it was so most of us can recollect, and everybody can prove by a little exploration among old speeches and newspapers. Here is an example of the light in which Mr. Cobden was accustomed to present the matter:—‘The Corn Laws are a part only of the system in which Whig and Tory aristocracy have about an equal interest. The *Colonies*, Army, Navy, and Church, are, with the Corn Laws, *merely accessories to our aristocratic government*. John Bull has his work cut out for the next fifty years to purge his house of those impurities.’* It is fortunate for Mr. Cobden’s reputation that it does not depend upon the success of his prophecies. In five years we were to have Free Trade tariffs all over the world—a prediction that fell due in 1851. The other cycle of fifty years has well-nigh passed, and the nation is so far from thinking of ‘purging its house’ of Colonies, that it would be very much ashamed to be told that it had ever listened seriously to such advice as Mr. Cobden’s. As for the Army, the Navy, and the Church, they still exist, and the first two, at least, will evidently never be kept long idle while Mr. Cobden’s political heirs and representatives are in power.

The cry of the Manchester politicians always was, ‘Your Colonies only increase your responsibilities, and already those responsibilities are too great.’ Yet at this moment, but for India and the Colonies, Manchester, and Lancashire generally, would be in a fair way to realize the gloomy anticipations to which Mr. Bright gave utterance in 1877, when he told the people of Manchester that he had often thought with sadness of a foreboding once expressed to him, that the great warehouses and factories of Lancashire might one day be as complete a ruin as Tantallon Castle. The exports of our cotton goods to the United States and other foreign countries have largely decreased, or show very little expansion, while to India and our

* Letter of 7th October, 1836, prefixed to ‘Cobden’s Political Writings,’ 1878.

Colonies they have increased. Between 1872 and 1882, our general foreign trade had declined in value forty millions sterling, but our trade to India and the Colonies had increased twenty-four millions. The great hope of our future commerce is, in fact, not with the nations which used to be our best customers—the United States and Germany—but with our own Colonies or Dependencies, and such new countries as we may be able to open up. But neither Mr. Cobden nor Mr. Bright foresaw that this would happen, nor does Mr. Bright appear to see it even now. In his most recent speech at Birmingham (on the 29th of last January) he ridiculed the idea of Colonial Federation—it was a ‘ludicrous’ idea, and people who entertained it ‘must be blind to the lessons of history.’ This ‘ever-growing Empire’ involves ‘an increasing burden, and it must involve, in some not very remote future, catastrophes from which we hope that our children may be saved.’ A nation which was cowed by these unmanly forebodings would not be worthy to have any children. That advice of this kind should have been given in the darkest days of our ignorance respecting the Colonies is not surprising. We used to be told that Colonies do not pay, never could be made to pay, and that England could not afford to be associated with anything of so unprofitable a nature. But now even that ground, never very firm, is cut from under the feet of the objectors. We showed years ago how contemptible in itself, and how fallacious, was this estimate of the value of our Colonies.* Now no argument is needed, for most of us see that, without our Colonies, many branches of our trade would practically be in a state of collapse. But Mr. Bright does not perceive it, or if he does, his old prejudices are too strong for him. It can never be said of him, either in praise or reproach, that he readily took in new ideas.

To hold India was, according to Mr. Cobden, ‘a perilous adventure, quite unconnected with Free Trade, wholly out of joint with the recent tendency of things, which is in favour of nationality and not of domination.’† And on another occasion he said: ‘I do not think it is for the interest of the English people, any more than of the people of India, that we should govern permanently 100,000,000 people 12,000 miles off.’‡ Our trade with India, Mr. Bright told the nation, is only 9½ per cent. on our total exports. It ‘does not seem to me worth that which it costs us; if it cannot be had cheaper it would be much better not to be had at all.’ ‘You do not find,’

* ‘Quarterly Review,’ July, 1863, Vol. 114, p. 125.

† Speech at Rochdale, Nov. 23, 1864.

‡ Speech in the House of Commons on the India Bill, June 27, 1853.

he remarked in the same speech,* 'that your Colonies have sent you either men or money. Canada has not; the West Indian Islands have not; Australia contributes nothing to the taxes; the Cape of Good Hope is merely exhausting your means. The millions in India itself pay nothing.' With regard to Canada, he informed the House of Commons in 1867 that 'there are persons in this country, and there are some also in the North American provinces, who are ill-natured enough to say that not a little of the loyalty that is said to prevail in Canada has its price,' and if the people there were to be continually applying to us for guarantees for railroads and other favours, 'it would be far better for them and for us—cheaper for us and less demoralizing for them—that they should become an independent State, and maintain their own fortresses, fight their own cause, and build up their own future without relying upon us.† All this may seem very foolish now, but it had a great effect at the time. It caused the English people to look with coldness on their Colonies, and it exasperated the Colonists. Moreover, we cannot forget that it was the tone in which Canada and Australia were invariably addressed by the politicians who represented the manufacturers, and not one of these great men knew anything practically of the subject, or had the least presentiment that the manufacturers would one day be looking to these despised offshoots of ours for their chief support. Still less did they anticipate that, in a serious crisis in our affairs, when the world had got the full measure of our strength, as it supposed, and seemed ready to step in and divide our inheritance, the Colonists would voluntarily take up arms and place themselves by our side. 'It is not only with this little island in the Northern Sea that you have to reckon, but with us.' Such was the message which was carried to Europe from almost all the countries formerly reproached by Mr. Bright for their uselessness and selfishness. For the second time in the course of a few years, Europe has been startled to find that the available strength of the British forces was not to be calculated from the *Army List*. The first, and ever memorable, occasion was when Russia suddenly found the Sepoys in her path on her way to Constantinople. No doubt Lord Beaconsfield was bitterly denounced at the time for this stroke of genius, and by no one more bitterly than by Mr. Gladstone; but now it has become a part of our settled policy. The noble offers of the Colonies produced an equally remarkable and dramatic effect upon the world; and if these offers were at first received with

* Speech at Birmingham, April 16, 1879.

† 'Collected Speeches,' popular edition, p. 83.

nothing more than frigid courtesy by the Government, the Colonists must be well aware of the warmth of feeling which has been kindled towards them among all classes of the people, from one end of the country to the other. They may be very sure that the enthusiasm which they have aroused will not die out while the present generation exists. We shall hear no more, in our time, of invitations to India and the Colonies to 'take themselves off.'

If any fortunate accident had evoked the same feeling some years ago, England and her Colonies alike would stand in a far stronger position to-day. Combined action on the part of the Home and the Colonial Authorities would have sufficed to turn the stream of emigration from the United States, where every settler ceases in time to be a purchaser of English goods, to our own possessions, which in spite of all discouragements remain better customers than we can find elsewhere. We have just made a passing reference to this point, but the facts concerning it are so important that everybody ought to be familiar at least with their general signification. So far as we can estimate from the returns, the United States now take from us goods to the value of about 8s. 6d. per head of its population; whereas the proportion taken by Australia is represented by 8l. 18s. per head; by the Cape, 4l. 10s.; by Canada 2l. 2s. In 1873, the Australian Colonies took from us goods to the value of 17,670,152l., and this account increased to 24,216,452l. in 1883. India has increased her purchases by 10,539,000l. in the same period. This poor despised country buys far more of us even now than the United States, or any other country that can be named. It actually stands at the head of the list of our customers, and there is room for an indefinite expansion of our trade with it, at any rate for some years to come. We can still secure free exchange there, and the result is that our trade is conducted on the most profitable principles. It may be that in course of time India will herself become a manufacturing country, and it cannot be overlooked that capital devoted to industrial enterprises shows a tendency to flow out of England rather than into it. Not a few large employers of labour have removed their works to France, Belgium, or Germany, during the last ten years. Our most famous glove makers have establishments at Grenoble, several iron-masters have gone to Belgium with their money, and Sir William Armstrong and Co. are establishing iron and steel works in Italy. Some of our cotton manufacturers are interested in Massachusetts mills, and it was stated in the House some time ago that Mr. Mundella was not above being the owner, or

part

part owner, of works at Chemnitz. This is all very well for the capitalist, but what is to become of the workman, who cannot transport himself to a foreign country quite so easily? But as yet we have the Indian trade almost in our own hands, and it is one of the mainstays of Lancashire at this moment, as the Lancashire operatives well understand. It would scarcely pay any one to go among them and preach the doctrine that it is a 'perilous adventure' to hold India. As railways open up and develop the country, and as the condition of the people improves, there will be a much larger consumption of English goods, for nothing can be more promising than the condition of affairs under which India sends us her grain and raw cotton, and takes our manufactures in payment for them. Her transactions with the United Kingdom amounted in 1883 to over 55 per cent. of her total trade. In 1879, Mr. Bright sneered at our Indian exports as amounting only to 24,000,000*l.* a year, whereas to the United States we sent goods to the value of 30,000,000*l.* 'I show you,' he said, 'that it [our export trade to India] is less than our trade with Germany, with France, and the United States.' And then he drew this conclusion as to the value of India: 'You hold it at a cost which is more than double all the pecuniary benefits which you have acquired by trade in all that vast possession.'* The inconceivable thing about all this is, that Mr. Bright and his followers never seem to have thought it possible that our Indian trade would *grow*. We are reluctant to introduce figures into this article, but we hope the reader will look at the few lines below, and compare them with Mr. Bright's statement in 1879. They show the value of our exports to the countries named in 1883:—

	£
To British India	31,874,084
To the Australian Colonies	24,216,452
To the United States	27,372,698
To Germany	18,787,635
To France	17,567,512

It will be seen at once from this that the tables have been completely turned—that India, as we have said, leads the way, while the United States, and the chief European countries, are falling off from us, to an extent which scarcely any one would have deemed possible a few years ago. The Australian Colonies, with only about 3,000,000 of inhabitants, buy very nearly as much of our produce and manufactures as the United States, with their population of 55,000,000. Does any one want a better answer than this to the *practical* side of the

* Speech at Birmingham, April 16, 1879. 'Collected Addresses,' p. 502.

question,

question, 'What good are our Colonies to us?' And as to India, it must be remembered that her people are only beginning to scratch the surface of her riches. The security and peace which they enjoy under our rule—their freedom from the devastating wars of races which once harassed their country, and which would be renewed to-morrow if we left it—all this is producing a result which must make the old Indians of every town and village rub their eyes in astonishment. In 1873, for instance, India exported wheat to the value only of 167,690*l*. In 1883, that amount had increased to 6,088,814*l*., and even this sum was exceeded the previous year.* We called attention some time ago to the fact, that India was destined to be a sharp thorn in the side of the United States, which had confidently reckoned on having almost a monopoly of the grain trade with this country. The Americans have more recently had their eyes opened to the justice of this warning, by the collapse of many of their railroads, and the decline of all their industries. We must, however, assure them that they have only begun to feel the consequences of this change in their affairs, for it appears highly probable that India alone, as the Bombay Chamber of Commerce once boasted, could supply England with all the wheat she needs. Every nation has to suffer in turn from the appearance of unexpected competitors in what seemed to be its special field of industry, and the United States are now destined to find that, with all their marvellous good fortune, they are not exempt from the common fate.

If India could not supply our demands for wheat, there is no doubt whatever that Canada will some day be fully equal to the task. She has suffered much by her proximity to the United States, for the Americans managed to make emigration to their shores popular almost from the first, and as they attracted more capital and more enterprise, so their progress was naturally much more swift. But a change seems to be going on in this respect also, especially since the great advantages presented in Manitoba and the North-West Territories have become better known. In 1883 there were forty-four thousand emigrants, of British origin only, who sailed for Canada—a great advance on any previous year. But in the same year, nearly two-hundred thousand of our countrymen went to the United States, and we very much doubt whether, under present circumstances, they will fare so well as if they had joined the smaller party, and gone towards the North-West Territories of the Dominion, where there are millions of acres of the finest wheat-land in the

* The exports of wheat from India in 1882 were worth 8,869,562*l*.

world still awaiting cultivation. There is no denying that most of the really good land in the United States, anywhere within the reach of water and means of communication, has been taken up by settlers, or jobbed away to railroads. The 'free grants' are now scarcely worth having. In the Dominion, on the contrary, the finest land in the world is going begging. Manitoba alone could support the population of a great kingdom. A few years ago, all this region was the 'great lone land' of Colonel Butler's picturesque volume, but it is now being settled rapidly. Winnipeg, the capital, from a small collection of shanties, has already been transformed into a city of some 30,000 inhabitants.* In 1870, there were but 253 persons living in and around it—a straggling community in a vast wilderness, and now, as the Marquis of Lorne tells us, 'the streets are full of life; excellent shops, large warehouses, and some handsome churches, have been erected.' Through a large part of the route taken by Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley in his Red River Expedition the railway now runs, and adventurous canoe voyages, or long journeys by dog-sleighs, have become traditions of the past. Emigrants are rapidly flocking to all this splendid region. The new North-West Territories alone, the very names of which are but little known to most people in England—Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Athabasca—contain over 2,500,000 square miles, or, in other words, they cover a space larger than all Europe put together, leaving out Russia. In Manitoba the yield of wheat is twenty-nine bushels to the acre; no other country can boast of land which will produce as much. In some of the new territories, farms are being worked by companies, on a scale worthy of the territory. One farm of this kind, in Assiniboia, is ten square miles in extent. Lord Lorne tells us that a man with a family, who is rich enough to possess 500*l.* on his arrival in Manitoba, may safely consider that he and his children are independent for life. 'He cannot fail to succeed, with ordinary care and energy. Many settlers on arrival have not a tenth part of that sum, and yet they succeed.' A single man may make an excellent beginning with from 50*l.* to 100*l.* It can be done with nothing, but in that case a man must work hard for some years in subordinate positions. The average cost of sending a family of five persons (including children) from this country to Winnipeg is 22*l.*, or 4*l.* 8*s.* per head. Mr. Edwards, who is thoroughly competent to give a sound opinion, states that a 'technical knowledge of farming, however desirable, is not absolutely necessary for new

* This is the estimate given by the Marquis of Lorne in his 'Canadian Pictures,' p. 138.

settlers in the North-West. The soil is so rich, that it only requires to be scratched, and the seed sown, to yield an abundant harvest.' He adds—and the Marquis of Lorne, who travelled all over the country, confirms his words—'Canada thus offers a comfortable home and an assured livelihood, not only to those of the agricultural classes who cannot gain a living here, but also to the unemployed mechanics and labourers in our great cities, who, as I have said, can successfully undertake farming without previous experience, and who only require to cross the Atlantic to find themselves prosperous members of a rising community in this Land of Promise.'

Here, then, are a few facts which may well set the English people thinking, when they look around them and see in almost every direction crowds of unemployed about the streets, or when they remember that every year we are obliged to buy a larger quantity of wheat for the support of our own population. 'More mouths than bread,' is the short and homely description of our chief difficulty. Thousands of lives are spent struggling with the corroding cares of poverty, and come to an end amid the darkest clouds, which would almost certainly have found ample scope for usefulness and prosperity in any of our Colonies. Some help to begin with would doubtless have been required; but a wise nation, placed as we are to-day, would have given that help. The idea that it is a hardship to seek home and comfort in another land, or that an Englishman cannot fight through the obstacles which necessarily surround a new career, is a distinct peculiarity of the present age. We have hitherto proved ourselves to be the best colonists the world has ever seen, simply because we were once full of courage and adventurousness and dash. Men were eager to go forth into new worlds, instead of waiting till they were driven by hunger; and their spirits were elated at the thought of founding a home for themselves and their children in some country which would still be young and great when England was far advanced in age, or had even become touched with decay. This was the spirit which animated Englishmen in the days of Gilbert, Grenville, and Raleigh, and which afterwards led the memorable bands of pioneers to Virginia—considerably further from us, for all practical purposes, than Australia is now—and to the harsh coast of New England. By the same power, our race gradually absorbed almost the entire North American Continent, and planted itself in Australasia and in Africa, and secured stations in every sea. But now, if any one recommends emigration as a means of relieving the congestion of an excessive population, there is a loud outcry as if a crime had been committed against the people, and

and a Cabinet Minister begins to talk of their 'natural rights' to the land of their own country, and of the duty of actual land-owners to pay 'ransom.' Any man who is willing to work, and who knows a trade, or can labour in the fields, is sure of gaining a good livelihood in the Colonies. Of course there are multitudes among us, demoralized by the sickly and artificial life of great cities, who find a much greater charm in hanging about the streets opening cab-doors, or hawking newspapers, or joining in political processions, than in working hard and regularly every day for honest wages. It is from this large and increasing class that the real danger of our social life proceeds, and it is the persons that compose it who have the strongest belief in their natural rights to the property of others, and to the receipt of ransom. It would be a waste of time to urge upon them the advantages of emigration. But there must be numbers of unemployed whose chief desire is to find regular work, a good home, and wholesome food, and who have little prospect of finding all or any of these at home.

Money could scarcely be applied to a better purpose, whether derived from the State or from private benevolence, than that of enabling such men to become citizens of a country which is able at once to provide a satisfactory career for themselves, and to open up a promising future for their children. Many of our farmers, and still more of our labourers who are not too heavily handicapped to think of emigrating, might do worse than turn their attention to the grain belts of Canada, where a sample farm of 62 acres has been known to yield 55 bushels to the acre, weighing more than 60 pounds to the bushel. We do not suppose that every new settler will fall upon land such as that, but there is little fear of the future for any man who goes to this region under proper advice, and who is provident and industrious.

In the absence of great and exceptional inducements to emigrate, the unemployed either cannot or will not make up their minds to try their fortunes beyond the seas. Such inducements were presented in 1848 and 1851 by the gold discoveries in California and Australia. The great influx of new-comers did not at first benefit either the United States or the Antipodes, as may be gleaned from Mr. Bret Harte's stories, or from Mr. G. W. Rusden's excellent '*History of Australia*.*' The

* Mr. Rusden's work must always be the standard authority on all points relating to the early history and growth of the Australian Colonies. It comprises complete records of the chief political and social events connected with those Colonies, and interesting sketches of the leading public men. No one who wishes to trace the growth and progress of Australia can dispense with these volumes.

off-scourings of every community poured into the gold fields; men and women seemed to drop down from the clouds, and for a time there was a serious disturbance of regular industries. But all this righted itself, and many artizans and labourers, who went out in the confident expectation of becoming rich in a few weeks or months, returned after the fever was spent to their usual pursuits, became good colonists, and established their families in comfort. It is possible that totally new and extensive gold fields may be discovered, and the condition of commerce is such as to justify the belief that such discoveries would be as beneficial as they were in 1848 and 1851. But at present gold-finding is not open to every chance comer, and the Colonies have nothing more to offer than plenty of elbow-room, and an assured livelihood for all who are not afraid to work. What is chiefly wanted is an organization to assist deserving families, not only over the first expense of emigration, but in providing them with a small sum to start with in their new homes. Each Colony has now an agent in England, part of whose business it is to afford information to any persons who desire to emigrate, and in some cases to pay a portion of the passage money. Domestic servants, for instance, may usually be taken to Australia or New Zealand for the moderate sum of 2*l.* Wages are still fairly good, but it must in candour be admitted that, all things considered, they are not much higher than in England, provided a man could get regular employment here. That, however, is an important proviso—it is to the unemployed that we strongly recommend emigration, not to those who can ensure full and regular employment in their own country. Farm labourers and ploughmen are now paid, in Australia, from 20*s.* to 2*l.* per week; stockmen from 50*l.* to 75*l.* per annum. Artizans may reckon upon 2*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* per week.* Meat is cheap, and clothing is to be bought at reasonable prices, the fancy rates of the gold-hunting days having long since ceased to prevail. Emigrants intending to go to Western Australia may obtain a free passage from Europe, under certain conditions. This tract of country—eight times as large as the United Kingdom—is at present but little known; perhaps many people had never heard of it at all until they read, in the newspapers of the 17th of March last, the interesting paper read at the Royal Institute, before the Prince of Wales and many friends of the Colonies, by Sir F. Napier Broome. It has an area of over a million square miles, and less than 32,000 settlers. The great need of the Colony has

* These are the rates quoted in some of the most recent journals of New South Wales and Victoria.

hitherto been capital, for the first emigrants were poor, and there was not labour to spare for road-making, so that the inhabitants actually petitioned the Government in 1850 to turn part of the district into a convict settlement. The request was complied with, and prisoners were regularly sent to Swan River, until the adjacent Colonies took the alarm, and the system was brought to an end in 1868. By that time there had been over five thousand convicts, and over six thousand of their families or friends, introduced into West Australia. It was not necessary that Sir F. N. Broome should mention this fact in his recent paper, but if he had chosen to do so, he might have stated that the transportation system did not work badly for the Colony. Highways were made, ports were opened, much rough pioneering work was done, and what is more remarkable than all, 'the statistics of crime'—we quote the 'Australian Handbook'—'have shown an immunity from transgression against peace and property that could hardly have been anticipated.' The Colony now evidently hopes to start on a new career, and its claims were well advocated before a distinguished audience at the meeting to which we have just referred. It was truly remarked by Lord Rosebery that ten years, or even a shorter time ago, 'no such assembly would have come together to consider the subject of even the greatest of the Australian Colonies,' for even now it is hard to get the British public to understand that the Queen rules over a far vaster tract, and over more millions of people than any monarch of ancient or modern times. We fully agree with the reflections which Lord Lorne's Canadian experiences suggested to him on this point. 'It is a misfortune,' he says, 'that men often begin to acquire a useful knowledge about the Colonies when it is too late for them to make use of it for their own good. The information as regards the prospects of life in these great territories should be given in the schools and Universities. To many a boy an accurate knowledge of how money can best be made, and the early years of manhood most profitably spent, in Australia, New Zealand, and the Dominion of Canada, would be of far more use than much of the obsolete erudition still retailed to him in our English public schools.*' It would be a great advantage to the schoolboy of the future if, together with the 'obsolete erudition in question,' he were made to comprehend that England is but a very small part of the Empire, and that fame and fortune are open to the bold and enterprising far beyond the narrow circle of these islands.

* 'Canadian Pictures,' pp. 21-2.

The day will doubtless come when a man who has never seen anything of the British Empire beyond this circle will scarcely be regarded as fit to guide the destinies of the immense community who profess loyalty to the Crown. What Professor Seeley calls the 'old colonial idea,' is doubtless dead and buried, and no one would be mad enough to wish to revive it. Perhaps it was best summed up in Lord Chatham's saying, of which Professor Seeley might have reminded his readers, that 'the British colonists of North America had no right to manufacture even a nail for a horseshoe;' they were bound to buy everything of the mother country. The Duke of Newcastle, when he retired from office, in the reign of George III., was found to have systematically put all papers relating to the colonies in a drawer, unread. The first Lord Sheffield declared that 'the only use of American colonies or West India islands is the monopoly of their consumption, and the carriage of their produce.' The decision to maintain the Tea Tax, which cost us the loss of the American colonies, was arrived at in the Cabinet by a majority of *one* vote only. The Stamp Act, which first stirred the colonists to rebellion, was passed with scarcely any attention in Parliament or out of it. 'It is scarcely mentioned,' says Mr. Lecky, 'in the contemporary correspondence of Horace Walpole, of Grenville, or of Pitt. Burke, who was not yet a member of the House of Commons, afterwards declared that he had followed the debate from the gallery, and that he had never heard a more languid one in the House.' The annual sum to be raised by the Act was only 100,000*l.*, all of which was to be spent in the defence of the colonies; but the measure itself was forced on in utter ignorance of colonial feeling, and persisted in until all hope of a peaceful settlement was shut out. It was another instance of that want of foresight to which we have referred as the great and most remarkable characteristic of so many English statesmen, and which has hurled us into so many unnecessary wars. Mr. Grenville meant no harm, and he had no suspicion that he was about to inflict upon his country a tremendous blow, and to give rise to a series of events which would lead to the great revolution in France, and the end of which no man now living is probably destined to see. This fatal blunder arose chiefly from the bureaucratic malady which still prevails in official circles—ignorance. In those days, the Colonial Secretary frequently sent letters to the chief local authority of Massachusetts addressed to the 'Governor of the Island of New England.' We may smile at this now, but we very much doubt whether Colonial Secretaries of our own time knew very much more about Angra Pequena or
New

New Guinea than Newcastle or Grenville knew of the American Colonies.

We shall have to reform all this before either Government or people can be expected to do justice to the Colonies. We must, as Professor Seeley has well said, 'cease to think that the history of England is the history of the Parliament that sits at Westminster, and that affairs which are not discussed there cannot belong to English history. We must cease altogether to say that England is an island off the north-western coast of Europe, that it has an area of 120,000 square miles, and a population of thirty odd millions.' We shall have to look a little more attentively at the true sources of our greatness, and to attach less importance to mere oratory, or to skill in local wire-pulling, or to adroitness in leading the people of this country off on a false scent. We must endeavour to find men for our chief offices who can sympathize with Englishmen, no matter how many thousands of miles from London may be their dwelling-places—who will, in fact, enter into the feeling which prompted the Prince of Wales to assure the meeting of the 17th of March last that 'all those living in far-distant lands might rest assured that he took a deep interest in everything that concerned them.' Great, indeed, would be the revolution at the Colonial Office which would be heralded by the resolute introduction there of such a spirit as this.

There are, happily, many signs that, if it is taking no great hold upon our rulers, it is making progress among the people. Before the offers of troops to assist our army in Egypt produced so profound an impression, the public had manifested an earnest disposition to consider colonial affairs from the colonial point of view, and to construct, if possible, some scheme by which the whole of our possessions could be closely united with the mother-country. No doubt some of the influences to which we have briefly referred may be traced in this sudden awakening. The workmen everywhere are becoming aware of the great change which is passing over the course and movements of our trade. They have been brought to see that they must now look to their own kith and kin in Greater Britain as the best customers for their productions. This, perhaps, may be called a selfish consideration; but a little sentiment apart, self-interest governs the world, and if the Colonies had nothing to gain from us, nor we from them, it probably would be a waste of breath to discuss any plans of 'Imperial Federation.' There must be some motive in the background a little stronger than that which is based upon the threadbare after-dinner refrain, to the effect, that we have a common language and a common literature.

literature. The Colonists are aware that England holds herself responsible for the protection of their commerce; they are also aware that we offer excellent markets for the sale of their produce; and we hope they will soon know that we are ready to give them still greater facilities, if they will, in their turn, consider well whether some revisions might not be possible in their tariffs. Again, the Colonies have little or no difficulty in borrowing as much money here as they want. In 1883, for instance, they borrowed 23,467,000*l.*, and in 1884, 24,907,500*l.* We are inclined to doubt whether they could have obtained such loans as these quite so readily if they had severed all ties with England. Our civil service appointments, again, are as freely open for competition to the sons of the Colonists as they are to our own, and if this privilege could be extended, so as to permit of examinations in the Colonies instead of in England, everybody would have reason to rejoice. We do not mention these advantages with the intention of suggesting that the benefit of the present connection is all on one side—we trust the whole drift and tone of this article will forbid any such presumption. But we do maintain that the more nearly equal are the advantages of this connection, the longer it is likely to exist. This consideration, though not altogether adapted for treatment in enthusiastic meetings, must never be lost sight of when the question is to be approached in a practical manner.

It is therefore essential in discussing any such proposals as those which have been brought forward of late by Mr. Forster, Earl Grey, and others, to find out as a preliminary step what are the real wishes and aims of the Colonies. We know, for instance, that they are anxious to devise some scheme for their defence, for in these days of swift cruisers, a very few vessels might do incalculable mischief in the Australian ports. European powers have been putting forward pretensions which in former days were never heard of, and the excitement which was occasioned by the rumoured intention of the French to send convicts to the New Hebrides, and by the German movements in New Guinea, shows how keenly our colonists are alive to the possible dangers which threaten them. Already during the present Session,* the subject has been before Parliament, but as might have been expected, very little encouragement was given to any one by the Government. Lord Northbrook invited 'communications,' but he substantially admitted that nothing had yet been done. The First Lord of the Admiralty probably believes that it is one of the little details of business which,

* On the 16th of March, in the House of Lords.

like the strengthening of our fleet, can be conveniently shelved till a more convenient season. But the fact is that, if we are not yet convinced of the value of colonies, the other great Powers of Europe are, and evidently they mean to push out their arms so as to take in as many as they can, without putting themselves to the trouble of consulting the wishes or prejudices of England. Lord Northbrook is probably of opinion that our Colonies are in no sort of danger from any foe, but this is not the view taken by those who are competent to form a right judgment. A writer in a Melbourne publication * has shown that any European Power could land a force of four or five thousand men on the Australian coast, within two months after their embarkation, and that abundant supplies and the means of transport would immediately be within its reach. 'The possession of Australia,' adds the writer, 'would confer on any Power but England the dominion of the South Pacific, the possession of the only coaling station in the Southern Hemisphere, of an inexhaustible supply of the means of subsistence, unsurpassed harbours and repairing stations for ships, and a vast stud farm for breeding cavalry horses for use in future campaigns in Southern and Eastern Asia.' These possibilities which we in England may refuse even to look at, but the Australian Colonists cannot afford to ignore them. No one asks that England should be put to the expense of erecting forts, but a general arrangement might be made by which a few iron-clads could be supplied to the chief ports, the cost to be defrayed by a small tax on Colonial shipping. Some such idea was once, we believe, hinted at by Sir Alexander Galt, but it never appears to have attracted much notice. A very slight toll on the British and Colonial shipping trade would probably suffice for the defence of all the chief ports. Little, however, can be done in this matter until the colonists themselves make definite proposals, but the Admiralty might very properly act upon the advice recently given by Lord Sidmouth, and supply the Colonies with a body of trained officers to enable them to form a navy. The stake now at issue is not a slight one: there are about 8,300,000 tons of shipping belonging to England and the Colonies, and the mere local traffic is very great. We have no doubt that before long some plan will be adopted, by which there will be a colonial and home naval force prepared to act together in any emergency. All these questions are comparatively new to us, for our Colonies are still in their infancy, or at most in their first youth. When we recollect from what

* 'The Victorian Review,' November 1884.

small beginnings most of them have sprung, and look at the progress they have made of late years, nothing with regard to their future will appear incredible. 'If you look over the map of the globe,' Sir Alexander Galt has truly told us, 'you will find that the possessions which own the sway of the Queen are at this moment really the only unoccupied portion of the globe suited for a European population. If you once part with those possessions, they never can be restored. There is no future for the British Empire if you once allow it to be disintegrated and severed.' No one who is acquainted with the facts will say that this warning from a distinguished colonist was uncalled for. We venture to predict, however, that the last of the English Administrations which was in urgent need of it will stand out in history as that of the Party at present in power.

We now come to a question of great intricacy and difficulty, and, because of its difficulty, it has generally been carefully avoided at all the public meetings of which we have seen any records; while in Mr. Forster's explanatory papers it receives very slight mention. We refer to the Colonial tariffs. Mr. Forster thinks that an Imperial Zollverein might be established, on the basis of 'the abolition of all Customs or Excise, except upon intoxicating liquors or tobacco'; 'there must be no indirect taxation, or it must be levied everywhere on the same articles and to the same amount.' We have here an example of the gravest of the obstacles to any root-and-branch scheme of Federation, and also an illustration of the defective knowledge which goes far to mar the well-intentioned efforts of many sincere friends of a new Colonial policy. If there is one thing more certain than another, it is that the colonies *en masse* will refuse to listen to any proposal for an alteration of their tariffs in the line marked out by Mr. Forster. The principle which they have adopted, and by which, beyond all doubt, they mean to abide, is that the money required for the expenses of a community should be raised at the custom-houses, and that 'thumb-screw' taxes—such as the income-tax—ought not to be, and shall not be, imposed. It is utterly in vain to talk to them about the 'science of political economy,' or of the example shown by England. At the first they simply laugh, and, as regards the second, they tell us to wait a few years longer, and we shall then see clearly what the 'example' teaches, and which side has the best reason to cite it. Canada has been flooded with Cobden Club tracts, and some of them have been found useful for the papering of log-huts; otherwise, they have done not a particle of good. All the orators or writers in the world would fail to convince any of our Colonies that they would be well

well advised in exchanging indirect for direct taxation. Whether they are wise or unwise in taking up this attitude, it is scarcely worth while to enquire. We have no choice but to accept the situation. Some people in England are under the impression that the 'Liberal' party in the colonies is in favour of Free Trade. They are misled by mere sounds. There is no Free Trade party anywhere out of England. We have been told that there is in America, but it is all nonsense. The absolute Free Traders, in the English sense, might all go into an omnibus, and then leave room for more. In Canada, no public man has ever advocated our system of Free Imports. 'Colonial Liberals,' wrote a Victorian colonist to an English paper a few months ago, 'are protectionists. Usually, in Melbourne, the more democratic a man is, the more strongly wedded is he to the doctrines of protection.' It would save a great deal of time, and prevent much foolish misunderstanding, if the English people would get this fact well into their minds once for all. No one will adopt Free Trade at our advice, and we may as well take that into account when we are considering the subject. If we indulge in any other assumption, we shall find that priceless time for action has been spent in foolish dreams.

Now, Mr. Bright, who has been expecting every morning for the last forty years to wake up and hear that all the world has been converted to Free Trade, is, naturally, very sore about this; nor can we be surprised at it, for there are always his predictions staring him in the face as to the certainty of high tariffs dying out under the influence of English example. In his speech of the 28th of January last, he said: 'When the first protective tariff was enacted in Canada, the thought that came to my mind, and the observation that I made, was that "this is the first step towards the separation of Canada from Great Britain."' Here, then, is another unfulfilled prediction, for Canada has had a protective tariff for many years, and she never was further off separation from the mother country than she is to-day. Mr. Bright is indignant that his advice has not been taken, and he expressed surprise that Sir John Macdonald, the Prime Minister of Canada, should 'have the face to appear in a meeting' in England to advocate Federation, when he supports a 'highly protective system in regard to English manufactures.' Obviously, it is to the full as hard for Mr. Bright to understand Colonial opinion as it was for the Duke of Newcastle in 1764. He applies to Sir John Macdonald language which would be considered rude in Canada, however it may be regarded in Birmingham, simply because the Prime Minister of the Dominion shares the general belief of his countrymen, that free

free imports would be ruinous to many industries, and that it would involve the infliction of a tax, which even its association with the names of Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone, has not rendered altogether sacred in their eyes. The Income Tax could not be levied there without occasioning a revolution in twenty-four hours. The people impose duties on all foreign goods coming into their ports, in the conviction that the foreign seller pays at least half the duty, if not the whole of it. They may be utterly wrong, but we must look at facts as they are, and take it for granted that neither for the purposes of Federation, nor for any other end that we can propose to them, will they consent to imitate our fiscal system.

This being so, it is not easy to point out how a thorough and effective commercial union of the Colonies with Great Britain can be brought about. But it is not impracticable to produce a good understanding between them, and it may even be of a nature to extend English commerce, while it benefits the Colonies. So far back as 1842, two Tories, both of whom were looked upon as very foolish—or perhaps very wicked—men by the Manchester school, appear to have had an inkling of what might be done in this direction. 'If my wishes had prevailed,' wrote Lord Stanley (the late Lord Derby) in 1847, 'we should then [in 1842] have had a *free admission of Colonial corn*, from which I never apprehended any danger, and which I believed to be a measure wise and sound in policy, and likely to afford us an increased supply, and a firmer ground for resisting the introduction of foreign corn. I was overruled and yielded.* The other Tory was Lord George Bentinck, who suggested the desirability of taxing foreign produce, while admitting Colonial wool and other materials duty free. This course, he maintained, would 'encourage the Colonies,'† and help our own people. Sir Robert Peel opposed Lord Stanley's suggestion, but there is very little doubt that had it been carried out, the Colonies would have been able, long before this, to have supplied England with as much grain as she required. However this may be, it is upon some basis of the kind, and upon that alone, that we can build any reasonable expectation of constructing an Imperial Zollverein. We are justified in asserting this by the attempts which have been made by Canadian public men to convince our own leaders, that some discrimination in favour of Colonial produce here would be certain to lead, on the other side of the Atlantic, to great concessions in favour of English manufacturers. Even now, it must be borne in mind that the Canadian

* 'The Croker Papers,' vol. iii. p. 116.

† Ibid. p. 133.

Tariff bears with much less severity upon our goods than the Tariff of the United States. The difference is something like from twenty to thirty per cent. in our favour. That this inclination in our favour would be still more marked if differential duties were imposed here upon certain United States products, while Canadian products of the same kind were admitted duty free, may safely be taken for granted. But whenever a Canadian public man has dared to whisper a hint of this in the ears of an English Minister, he has been repulsed with much the same scorn as that which Mr. Bright pours out upon Sir John Macdonald. To suggest any modification of our fiscal system, inherited from the days when we had a monopoly of the manufacturing trade, is regarded as an offence almost sufficient to put a man outside the pale of society. It is a certain proof that his mind is feeble; perhaps that his morals are corrupt. Having met with this reception more than once, Canadian officials are now very chary about coming to London with their proposals for an Imperial Zollverein. Sir John Macdonald is a thorough-going Protectionist, but, unless we are much mistaken, he was at one time well disposed to enter into arrangements with England which could not but have had an important effect upon our manufacturing trade. We will not budge an inch from the policy with which some of our older statesmen are identified, and which will probably last their time, unless public opinion has a quickening effect upon their minds. The change, whenever it does come, must be prompted by the people; great orators, and men in high station, may give expression to their wants, but they cannot lead the masses on this question. In Lancashire and elsewhere, there are many evidences that the artisans are beginning to realize their true position, and to comprehend the new forces which are at work in the commerce of the world. It would be useless for any party to try to force them onwards before they are ready to move. Eventually they will drag their rulers after them, and then, but not before, there will be some object in attempting to devise a principle of trade which will be applicable to the mother-country and to the Colonies alike.

Whether the opportunity will not have gone by before we are in this state of readiness is, of course, another and a very serious question. Every year that passes over our heads renders the Colonies more and more Protectionist in their tendencies, and naturally inclines them to enter into commercial alliances with Protectionist countries. Thus, there have been many projects mooted in Canada for new treaties with the United States, but at present the Act of Confederation presents an impediment.

impediment. No treaties may be entered into with a foreign Power except such as exist between the mother country and that Power. Mr. Blake, the leader of the 'advanced' party in the Dominion, has recently put forth the claim that Canada should be free to make its own treaties, irrespective of England, and if that were conceded, no very long period would elapse before the United States and Canada came to an arrangement which would get rid of many of the inconveniences attending their conflicting tariffs. But this new alliance would work badly for England, for identical duties would be placed by both Governments on English goods. In Canada there is at present a duty of 20 per cent. on English cutlery, while in the United States the duty levied is 50 per cent. On cotton goods generally the difference is about 25 per cent. Pig-iron is charged at the rate of 8s. 4d. per cwt. in Canada, and 1l. 9s. 2d. across the border. Without running the risk of wearying the reader with what might prove to be a tedious comparison between the two tariffs, we give these items as examples of the scale on which each is planned. It must be needless to dwell at any length on the great disadvantage sustained by this country when heavy duties are levied in foreign ports on her productions, for although it is customary for theorists to contend that the country which imposes the duty pays it all, and is the chief or only sufferer, that is not the opinion of the United States or the Colonies. Scarcely anyone would be infatuated enough to deny that the effect of such duties must be to limit the sales of the articles falling under them. We are therefore the gainers by Canada having adopted a comparatively mild form of Protection, and we shall suffer very severely if ever she enters into a sort of offensive and defensive trade alliance with the United States. But that is not her affair. She turns to us and says, 'You will give the Dominion no special facilities in your markets; why should we study your interests? You might, if you chose, divide all your grain trade between Canada and India, but you will not do it, because you think it would be a departure from Free Trade. Yet you tax tea heavily, large quantities of which come from your own Dependency of India, who in her turn taxes scarcely anything that you send to her. She is a true Free Trade country, and see how you encourage her. You put a heavy tax on one of her chief products. She cannot help herself, but we can, and if you do not adopt a more rational course, we certainly shall.' Such is the general effect of hundreds of Canadian speeches or leading articles which we have read, but all appeals or remonstrances of this kind pass unheeded in England. Hence it is that we are compelled to express

express a strong doubt whether, when we do consent to look at both sides of the question, the golden moment will not have finally escaped us.

Canada, then, has been thinking of a commercial alliance with the United States; the Chambers of Commerce of Halifax and St. John have actually passed resolutions in favour of reciprocity with the United States. The West Indies have also been talking of seeking the protection of the United States or of Canada, their chief industry having been completely disorganized by the operation of the Continental system of giving bounties on sugar. This Continental beet sugar can be sold here for much less than the old-fashioned and pure West Indian cane sugar, and of course we buy it—'the consumer alone must be considered,' &c.—and the result is that the West Indian planters find their best markets becoming closed, and see little before them but the prospect of ruin. Under these circumstances, no one need have been surprised to find in the English papers of August last a letter from the Solicitor-General of the Leeward Islands, demanding the admission of the West Indian colonies into the Canadian Dominion, with true 'reciprocity'—such as the deserted section of the Tory party wished to secure for England in 1846—as the sole condition. A duty on Continental beet sugar would enable the West Indian planters to sell their produce here, but such a duty would be contrary to 'principle,' though a duty on tea is not—a distinction the subtlety of which is not unworthy of the present head of the British Ministry. It would be very wrong to tax a French article in order to put it on a fair level with the same description of article from our own colonies; but it is not wrong to injure our colonies or dependencies by putting a duty on *their* produce. This is strictly in accordance with 'science,' but the West Indian planters have not been trained in the scientific method, and the consequence is that they are looking round for some one to help them. Jamaica and Barbadoes have made overtures to Canada, and British Guiana and the Leeward Islands are following their example. The arguments addressed to us last August by the colonists were met with the usual formulæ: we benefit by the Continental bounty system, because we get sugar cheaper than we otherwise should. Our colonists are injured, but that is nothing to do with us. 'Weak industries' must go to the wall. It is true that a City merchant urged strenuously, in reply to all this, that 'when the cane planters are ruined, a great rise in value must take place in beet sugar, and the British consumer will no longer have a cheap sugar, but be entirely dependent on foreigners for his supply.

supply. John Bull is about to take up the sacrificial knife, and recklessly wipe out of his estate some millions to oblige France and Germany.* We need scarcely add that this warning was dismissed with contempt; but contempt alone will not suffice to prevent it being verified by subsequent events.

Thus we are driven to the conclusion, that the probability of England joining her Colonies in a commercial union is very slight. We have our own ideas about the proper way of carrying on a nation's business, and the colonists have theirs, and the two ideas are irreconcilable. So much is clear. It may be that the Democratic government which we are promised will change this very quickly; one interest after another will not then be sacrificed for an idea which is not now consistently maintained, and which will never be universally adopted. This, however, being a question of the future, we may leave it to the prophets to determine. We have shown that the colonists have no real community of interests with us in trade, for we have refused to give them any; and although they have no thought of separation, still they wish to be associated for trading purposes with some power which will act upon the principle enunciated by Prince Bismarck—*do ut des*. This is the most important point of all, but we do not see anything to lead us to suppose that the gentlemen who are making praiseworthy efforts to organize a plan of Federation look upon it in this light. Mr. Forster, as we have intimated, can find the basis of commercial union only in the general adoption of Free Trade, or a near approach to it; and there he and the colonists are wide as the poles asunder. On comparatively immaterial points, numerous suggestions are before the public. It may almost be said that a new plan is produced every week, while speeches are continually being delivered which we trust it will afford the colonists a certain degree of pleasure to read. Occasionally we find that a jarring note is struck, as a rule by some colonist who hates our system of trade, or who is a little disappointed with the 'old home.' Thus a Canadian wrote lately to a London paper in these words:—

'The British Government has rewarded my loyalty and that of my fathers by treating our country with small attention and scant courtesy, and in every negotiation between Great Britain and the United States in which the interests of Canada have been involved has, either through ignorant stupidity or indifference, consistently sacrificed the interests of the loyal to those of the revolted colony. Why should I love the English people? Whenever I visit England,

* Letter to the 'Times' from Mr. Daniel de Pass, August 15th, 1884.

the dear old family home, I find the vast majority of the people I meet do not know, and cannot be made to realize, that as a Canadian I am not in some sense a citizen of the United States, and the minority almost invariably treat me as a poor relation and an unimportant bore, and frequently with delightful British frankness tell me that my country is poor, cold, and of little account, or at best a very one-horse edition of the United States. Canada might be a poor place, of little account, and even a one-horse edition of the United States, but I do not feel drawn towards the kind relation who insists upon making the invidious comparison, more especially when I find that my cousins from New York and Chicago are met with interest and are treated with consideration.'

We cannot deny that there is some truth in this view, but the Canadian may not perhaps have noticed that even the greatest of Indian satraps is nobody when he sets foot in London, and that most Londoners look upon their own city and their own affairs as almost all that there is in the world worth a grain of attention. Most of our complaining friend's countrymen accept this weakness in a philosophic spirit, and manage to extract some amusement out of their visit in spite of it. The writer of this letter deprecates Federation, but he does not say with Mr. Bright, 'the true policy of this country is not to seek to enlarge our Empire. Nor is it to seek to bind the Empire together more closely in the way proposed by the Federation League.'* He is simply afraid of too much interference from England. There appears to us to be very little danger of any such evil as this, even in the weakest of the projects which have been discussed in public. The most important of those projects have proceeded from Mr. Forster and Lord Grey; and that they are harmless enough every colonist, we should suppose, would be quite willing to admit.

The object which Mr. Forster is anxious to attain is thus described in his own words: 'Let us only keep in mind what we want, namely, an organization for common defence, and an official acknowledgment of the right of the colonies to have a voice in the determination of foreign policy, especially when such policy directly affects their feelings or interests.' This aim can be accomplished, he thinks, by means of a Federal Congress or Council, such as Lord Grey had recommended in an article which he published in 1879. The agents of the colonies in this country were to be made members of the Privy Council, and also of a Committee on Colonial Affairs. 'The advice and assistance of eminent colonists,' wrote Lord Grey, 'might be expected to be of great value in the proposed

* Speech at Birmingham, January 28th.

Committee, and also to the Secretary of State in a less formal manner.' Mr. Forster's outline varies little from this. The colonial agents, he explains, should 'form a Board of Advice to assist the Cabinet, and especially the Colonial Secretary, in the management of colonial affairs.'

These suggestions have been much discussed, but in spite of all that has been said and written, they appear to us to be still a good deal 'in the air.' There is a general agreement to avoid entering into details, and yet without details of the most practical kind no progress whatever can be made. Some scheme of furnishing adequate means for the defence of colonial trade must be provided, and Mr. Forster seems to intimate—for his language is not very precise—that England's share of this might be raised from the income-tax. But there are limits to the capacity even of the English people to bear the income-tax, as well as to its productiveness. Moreover, it would be manifestly unfair to tax one section only of the community for an object which was intended for the benefit of the whole nation. To be sure this is done now, but that is not a good reason for aggravating the injustice. Then as to the new Council. If the colonies are eager for such a body to be called into existence, there could be little objection in England, but the Colonial Secretary—unless he should be a man of a very different stamp from most of his predecessors—would reduce its deliberations to mere vague and idle formalities. Whenever questions of Imperial policy arose, the Cabinet would arrive at a decision, and the previous deliberations of the new Council would go for very little if they happened to be viewed with disapproval by the Prime Minister and his colleagues. It is said that the Government would be able to ascertain from the Council the wishes of the colonies on any question concerning their interests, but a Government which desired to do that could readily accomplish its purpose now, through the Agents-General of the colonies, without going through the ceremony of swearing them in as Privy Councillors. If at any time the Council met, and its decision was ignored or reversed by the Cabinet, there would be great ill-feeling in the communities which they represented, and we should find ourselves embroiled in very painful, and perhaps dangerous, controversies. Looking at these obvious objections to the plan, we certainly were not surprised to find that it was received with much apathy in the colonies, even when it did not provoke good-humoured ridicule. The office of member of the extra-advisory Council would be but a barren honour, as the colonists may be trusted to see clearly enough for themselves beforehand.

We

We cannot but think that representation in Parliament would be regarded as a much more valuable concession to the colonies. It has not yet been adequately considered, but we observe that the Marquis of Lorne has come forward early to oppose it.* He thinks that the colonial members would not like to be outvoted by a British majority, and that England would not 'submit to be outvoted by the colonies.' Surely, however, the colonial members would not come here in any expectation of finding themselves in a constant majority; and furthermore, there is no necessity for them to vote at all, unless on some question directly affecting their local interests. It does not appear to have occurred to Lord Lorne, or to any one taking part in the discussion, that room might be made for colonial representatives in the House of Commons on the plan adopted for the representation of Territories in the United States Congress; that is to say, each Territory sends a delegate, who is free to speak, but who is not allowed to vote. The wants or opinions of his fellow-citizens may thus be made known, but it is not thought right that his vote should be cast on critical questions chiefly affecting the States already in the Union. The same reasoning would lead to the conclusion, that representatives of Canada or of Australia in Parliament might do much good by laying before the country an outline of colonial thought and feeling; but if they had the power to vote they might do absolute harm—as, for instance, on a question of beginning or carrying on a war. The colonies would pay no part of the expense of such a war, and yet it is conceivable that England might be led into it by the votes of colonial representatives. Votes in Parliament could not in common fairness be claimed by the colonies, but we should like to see them represented there, and we take it for granted that, as the Marquis of Lorne has contended, they would care very little for seats in the House of Lords. 'What politician, having good influence in his native Parliament, would leave it to sit in a House which has little weight even in England, and less in deciding Imperial issues?' This is unanswerable as regards the Upper House, but the system to which we have referred has not yet been discussed either here or in the colonies, to the best of our belief, and it is certainly worth discussion. An able man from the colonies, speaking in the House of Commons on a subject with which he was thoroughly conversant, would influence many votes, even though he cast no vote himself. He might state his case in such a way as to create a profound

* Article in the 'Nineteenth Century,' March 1885.

impression in the country, and to render it impossible for any Colonial Secretary, or any Ministry, to persist in a policy which was objectionable to the people whom he represented. If Australia could have been heard at Westminster in reference to German encroachments in New Guinea, or if Canada could occasionally make known her wants through such spokesmen as Sir A. Galt or Sir John Macdonald, it would be a very great gain on all sides, and we do not for a moment believe that the privilege would be undervalued by the colonists. What they chiefly desire now is to exercise a direct influence in Parliament on the decision of questions which immediately concern their interests. Any expedient for accomplishing this, short of direct representation in the House of Commons, would be cumbrous in itself, and unsatisfactory in its operation. No doubt the House is too large already, but we cannot forget that Mr. Gladstone has shown a readiness to increase its numbers for a purpose in every way less commendable than that which we now suggest. The chief colonies only would be represented, each by a single delegate, and the total number of new members would thus not exceed twelve. No doubt it would be easy to cavil at this proposal, but nothing better adapted for its purpose, or so little open to reasonable objection, has yet been submitted to the public.

Another measure of a thoroughly practical nature would be that to which we have already slightly alluded—the establishment of a permanent and systematic organization for the promotion of emigration to the Colonies. The State has assisted emigration before, and it ought to do so again, being careful to ascertain the special wants of each colony before sending anybody out. On this subject an interesting letter appeared recently in the public journals, from the Secretary of the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce. The writer, Mr. Cowderoy, complained of the ‘deception and betrayal of Australian interests on the part of the Colonial Office, under which the Colonies are now smarting’—an evil for which the English people must find a remedy—and he went on to make some remarks which are deserving of the most careful attention:—

‘My Committee cannot help giving expression to a feeling of astonishment at the apparent apathy of the great manufacturing and commercial classes of Great Britain, who can contemplate the departure of thousands of their countrymen yearly to the United States of America without urging upon the Government the adoption of measures for occupying and developing the immense tracts now lying waste in Australia, especially in the western and northern districts. There is ample scope in this Island Continent for the energies

energies of a population whose requirements would give employment to all the factories of the mother country. . . . Australasia possesses a fruitful soil and a climate superior to that of North America, and yet the arrivals of emigrants from Europe during the past ten years have not much exceeded four hundred thousand, or less than a single year's influx into the States. We trust it will be soon apparent to Statesmen, manufacturers, and merchants in England, that the true interests of the country lie in the rapid development and extension of the Colonies under British rule.*

This, then, is one of the requirements of the Colonies, and it would be much to our own benefit to try and meet it without further delay. The number of unemployed in this country is increasing, and must increase, for there is no sign of that great 'revival of trade' which the philosophers have been predicting, and nothing is visible which can bring about that revival. It is not pleasant to lose our artizans and labourers, but if there are more here than can possibly find employment, it is to their own advantage to go elsewhere. And when they go, we should take some pains to direct their movements, in order that they may join the ten millions of Englishmen who are at this moment living in our colonies, and that they may not be absorbed as citizens of a foreign country, deeply hostile to us in commercial policy, and rapidly becoming a formidable antagonist in every market of the world.

We may hope, before very long, to see these two approaches made towards a substantial Federation with our Colonies. We might have waited for years, and still nothing would have been done, but for the immense effect produced upon the public mind by the offers of New South Wales, Canada, Victoria, South Australia, and Queensland, to send fully equipped troops to help us in Egypt. The English people were not prepared to hear that the Colonies were ready to make these sacrifices in order to attest their loyalty to the Crown, but in reality the Colonies have often before shown a very generous spirit. During the Crimean war, the Australian Colonists subscribed 64,000*l.* towards a fund for the widows and orphans of our soldiers and sailors; one private merchant gave 1000*l.* and 500*l.* a year while the war lasted. Let it also be borne in mind that for a long time past the Colonies have taken all charges for their defence, which formerly were defrayed by England, upon themselves. We certainly could not have expected that the Australian Colonists, after the repeated *douches* which Lord Derby has

* Letter dated 'Melbourne Chamber of Commerce Exchange, Melbourne, Jan. 5, 1885.'

so freely applied to them, would be the very first to come forward with their troops and their money. The only detachment whose services our Government thought it necessary to receive, sailed from their country amid scenes of enthusiasm scarcely ever witnessed before. The day* was observed as a public holiday, and there were six times as many volunteers for the expedition as were wanted. The line of route taken by the troops, over two miles in length, was 'lined by immense numbers of spectators, assembled from all parts, and forming a dense mass.' The force consisted of 800 men, with horses, guns, and stores. It was accompanied far out to sea by a fleet of steamers—a far different spectacle from that which was presented when, by virtue of the 'old colonial idea,' the tea ships made their appearance in Boston harbour. There is no more interesting or more important event in the whole history of England and her Colonies, and there is nothing which relieves with so much light the gloomy annals of the last few years. We hope and believe that it will be productive of great results, and that henceforth it will be seen by all the world that we and our countrymen abroad are not a scattered people, divided in interests and estranged in feeling, but substantially one nation, ready to stand by each other with all the strength that we can muster, and to the last. If that should be the outcome of the sudden marshalling of colonial troops, we shall have reason to look even upon this miserable and unnecessary war in Egypt as not altogether a misfortune. Let us have Federation by all means, but we must never forget that it cannot be brought about by the endeavour to force our favourite ideas upon the colonists, especially in regard to the management of their own business. That either *we* or *they* will have to make many changes in reference to the method of carrying on commerce, we do not for a moment doubt. But it seems most unlikely that any advance towards our position will be made by the colonists. We shall have to go towards them, simply because we shall not be able to help ourselves. One nation cannot fight all the world, either in war or trade. In other respects, we shall show a wise and prudent disposition in following the counsels of Lord Beaconsfield, who once told us† that 'we should develop and consolidate our colonial empire; that we should assimilate not only their interests, but their sympathies, to the mother-country,' and that thus treated they 'would prove ultimately, not a source of weakness and embarrassment, but of strength and splendour to the Empire.'

* March 3rd, 1885. The place of embarkation was Sydney.

† At the Lord Mayor's banquet, 1875.

ART. X.—*Parliamentary Debates*, March, 1885.

NO hopeful augury can be drawn by farsighted men of either party from the early history of the present Session. The result of the two motions of censure can neither have satisfied a thoughtful politician nor surprised a careful observer. Few will be disposed to congratulate either the country or the Government upon the issue. At a grave and perilous crisis in the national fortunes, a Government which still retains the helm has received a signal proof of Parliamentary and public distrust and dissatisfaction; a blow so heavy and staggering that a Cabinet Council is said to have discussed for several hours the propriety of resigning. The vote of the Upper House was, under the circumstances, exceedingly significant. As to the exact weight attaching to the censure of the Peers, men's estimate may be swayed by party feeling and class prejudice; but every impartial observer will allow that the division expressed far more truly than that of the Commons the unbiassed opinion, the conscientious judgment of the House. The defection from the Ministerial ranks was such as implies a much wider and more general defection out of doors. Every deserter expressed a strong personal conviction, while of the Liberals who adhered to their colours a large proportion voted against—we do not say their consciences, but—their convictions upon the immediate issue. Upon any party question the Upper House would probably show a majority of five to four for the Opposition. By *five to two* it pronounced the present Ministry unworthy of Parliamentary and national confidence. The composition of the minority was even more significant than the number and weight of the majority. Scarcely a score of independent supporters followed Lord Granville into the lobby. Of his seventy adherents, some forty-five were members of this Administration or Peers lately created or decorated by Mr. Gladstone himself. Such a vote is not, like the narrow majority in the Commons, a calculable and pre-determined one. After all allowance has been made for party ties and special interests, a division in which the Government can scarcely muster twenty independent votes must be held to indicate an enormous preponderance of adverse opinion in the classes from which the Peers are drawn, with whom they live, intermarry, and associate, with whom they discuss the political questions of the day. It means that, in the judgment of the upper and upper middle ranks of society, of those for whom public affairs are a subject of constant attention and permanent interest, there is 'no case for the defence.' The tone of the press, of chance conversation in every accidental gathering

gathering of Englishmen, large or small, was in substantial accord with the judgment of the Lords. Yet, eliminating—as, in common justice, it should be eliminated from any calculation of political forces, any estimate of Parliamentary opinion—the vote of those who would have voted against any Ministry, who desire simply to embarrass the Queen's Government, the division in the Commons showed a majority of between fifty and sixty in Mr. Gladstone's favour. His normal majority, after the like elimination, would be nearly twice as large. Of the precise value of that formal acquittal, again, men of opposite party bias and various points of view will form different opinions. But upon one point nearly all experienced public men—all candid and careful observers who have watched for the last quarter of a century the course of national affairs, the tone and temper of politics—will agree: at such a crisis, in such a state of public opinion, the result, five-and-twenty years ago, would have been very different. The one striking and obvious thought, the one impressive fact brought home to every veteran journalist and politician, is the total change which, since Lord Palmerston's days, has taken place in the spirit and action of Parliament, in its relations to the Cabinet and the country.

Personal government, dictatorship, individual influence—by whatever phrase Mr. Gladstone would now desire to describe the power which presents so very different an aspect as it is wielded by himself or his rival—has during the last five years attained its culminating point. To the public at large—nay, even to his opponents and adherents in Parliament, to the clubs, to the newspapers, adverse and admiring—Mr. Gladstone is the Government, quite as much as Mr. Pitt ever was; as Lord North, when most bitterly assailed for his alleged monopoly of power, notoriously was not. One eminent Liberal statesman, the representative of the great financial interests whose confidence Mr. Gladstone never possessed, refused to serve under him. One after another, those leaders on whose proven competence and character, on whose lofty independence and fidelity to principle the different sections of the Liberal coalition relied, have retired from office rather than support the very measures against which their position was held to warrant us. The Duke of Argyll and the Marquis of Lansdowne protested against the violation of repeated pledges of finality, against the renewal of Irish agrarian agitation, the breach of solemn Parliamentary engagements, and denounced as sheer confiscation the legislation of their colleagues. Yet a little while, and Mr. Forster, whose acceptance of the Irish Secretaryship had pacified the misgivings of patriotic Liberals, whose

whose retention of office had repeatedly quieted well-grounded alarms and silenced indignant murmurs, threw up his post. The significance of his resignation was pointed and emphasized by the simultaneous withdrawal of a Lord Lieutenant bound by the closest personal and public ties to the Government; the last of the Whig aristocracy whose rupture with his party would have seemed possible. The transaction of Kilmainham; the debates in which the late Chief Secretary exposed the character of this 'negociation,' and gave a flat contradiction to the Prime Minister's passionate denial; the general belief that the chiefs of the Irish Government had been sacrificed to a Cabinet intrigue, if not to a discreditable capitulation—would have shaken any previous Ministry to its centre. If it had not been driven at once from office, it would thenceforth have existed on sufferance alone. But Mr. Gladstone's majority, by that time drilled into unquestioning faith and passive obedience, showed no sign of wavering, and few symptoms of disgust.

Later still, perhaps a little too late for the maintenance of his hitherto unsullied consistency, Mr. Bright resigned. He had borne his share of responsibility for the despatch of the fleet, had helped to prepare and provide for the bombardment of Egyptian forts, but shrank from actual and active 'blood-guiltiness.' His conscience allowed him to load and aim the gun, but not to pull the trigger. At one time or another the Ministry has given what might have seemed a mortal blow to the allegiance of each section of its supporters in turn. The leaders of one and another section have withdrawn, or sacrificed their credit by remaining. Yet the Ministry was not perceptibly weakened; for Mr. Gladstone remained, sufficient to himself. Except his, there are but three names which would occur to any but a Member of Parliament, an official, or a journalist, when the Ministry is spoken of. The public remembers that Lord Hartington, Lord Granville, and Mr. Chamberlain are in the Cabinet. That Sir Charles Dilke has lately been admitted to the same privilege, the readers of the Redistribution debates may recollect or infer. But even these gentlemen might go out, as men at least equally important and influential have gone, and, for aught that recent experience can teach, the Government could dispense with and the country would hardly miss them. Nothing like this has ever occurred since England had a Cabinet. The capacity to endure such mutilations argues not strength and recuperative vitality, but low organization. The Ministry survives the loss of half its principal members because, contrary to constitutional and parliamentary usage, its life resides not in the body corporate, but in its head alone. We do

not

not suggest that within the Cabinet the Prime Minister's ascendancy is so exercised as to reduce his colleagues to nullity or insignificance. But ultimate power, autocracy in the last resort, rests with the one indispensable man, the Minister who can at will dispense with any and each of his colleagues, and whose retirement would dissolve the Government. The Prime Minister is no less despotic in the House than in the Cabinet. It is not Mr. Gladstone who holds office by the confidence of the Liberal majority, but the Liberal majority which exists to sustain Mr. Gladstone; whose members hold their seats on sufferance and their consciences by proxy.

One other Minister within living memory seemed for a short time to hold a somewhat similar position. The situation in 1857 was externally not unlike the present. Then, as now, the Cabinet was relatively weak; containing only half the representative names and administrative reputations of the party. A Liberal Ministry, at least as strong as the Treasury bench, sat behind, or below the gangway. There was this difference in their position: that, at the time and upon the issues upon which the Peelites, Lord John Russell, Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright had severally differed with Lord Palmerston, public opinion had unmistakably pronounced against them and for him. But statesmen so situate have never long acquiesced in their exclusion. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Cardwell, and Lord John Russell showed none of the patience and forbearance that have distinguished the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Forster. The China war afforded a convenient ground of union between the Liberal malcontents and the Opposition, and by their combination Lord Palmerston was defeated. About that war the country understood little and cared less. The issue submitted to the public and decided at the polls was one of confidence in Lord Palmerston alone. On that issue the general election returned a majority of about eighty, pledged to support not the Ministry, but the Prime Minister who had brought the Crimean war to an honourable and satisfactory conclusion; whose resolute, if somewhat high-handed foreign policy the country implicitly trusted and was prepared to sustain. Veteran as he was, Lord Palmerston was, perhaps, a little exalted by so signal a victory, by so enthusiastic a manifestation of popular favour and confidence personal to himself. But he was far from carrying matters with a hand so high as his successor. His popularity out-of-doors was undiminished till the attempt of Orsini—the precursor of Nihilists and dynamitards—threw France into a panic and England into a passion. Lord Palmerston felt that at such
a moment

a moment it ill-beseemed us to stand upon punctilio; he confined his remonstrances to private letters and confidential interviews, and met the reclamations of France by introducing the Conspiracy Bill. The House was of another mind. Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone were burning for revenge. The Peace party sacrificed their principles to their grudges, and came forward to challenge a policy whose sole fault was that it seemed a little too like their own. And in a House elected ten months before to support him against all opponents, Lord Palmerston was left in a minority of nineteen.

A more striking contrast our Parliamentary history nowhere affords. The outbreak of popular indignation produced by the addresses in the 'Moniteur' and the intemperance of Walewski was a passing breeze compared to the storm of wrath and sorrow, shame and disgust, called forth by the tidings that Khartoum was lost and Gordon killed. The recent motions of censure simply gave effect to convictions entertained by all who supported and many who voted against them. Among the dissentient Liberal leaders are two of the most trusted, respected, and popular statesmen living. The most effective excuse of those who, on great occasions and grave issues of national policy, avowedly think one way and vote another, is their reluctance to entrust the wide discretion and vast practical powers of the Executive to their political opponents. For such reluctance there was far more apparent justification in 1858 than in 1885. At the former date only two Tory statesmen had established a parliamentary reputation. One only had more than twelve months' experience in office. To-day Lord Salisbury's administrative reputation stands as high as his parliamentary fame. No one now pretends to think that the interests of the country, the efficiency of the services, the conduct of affairs, would suffer by being transferred from the hands of the Government to those of the Opposition.

Apart from the Conspiracy Bill, Lord Palmerston and his colleagues unquestionably commanded the confidence of the country. Their alleged subservience to France on that occasion was notoriously a single and strange exception to the general tenour of their policy. The crowning disaster of Khartoum is but the culmination of a long series of faults and failures that have shaken the trust originally reposed in the administrative capacity of the present Government. At no time would Mr. Gladstone have been chosen as the fitting representative of a national determination to assert the interests of England and retrieve the honour of her flag.

Liberals

Liberals stronger in weight and character than in numbers, but strong enough in number—even in the absence of the Irish faction—to have turned the scale, took occasion, before the division, to explain away their intended vote. Their chief was forced to understand that that vote conveyed no approval of his course; that it was given in the hope, and on the condition, of a complete and decisive change in that which hitherto had hardly deserved the name of a policy. Time was when Parliament held the maintenance of national prestige, the efficient conduct of public affairs, a firm and judicious foreign policy, above all, vigour and success in war, to be the first and paramount obligation of a Ministry, the one conclusive and indispensable test of its right to Parliamentary confidence. In those days, Lord Northbrook's vagaries, Lord Derby's laches, Lord Granville's shortcomings, Mr. Gladstone's action, and yet more his defence of that action—any one of the palpable failures and scandals of the last two years—would have brought the strongest Government to the ground. That accumulated errors, each of which called forth at the moment an ominous murmur of dissatisfaction, crowned by the tidings which shocked and startled Parliament on its reassembling, are now condoned in mass, proves how deeply and vitally new political conditions, influences hitherto unknown, have affected the spirit and self-respect of the Commons. The House which by a majority of nineteen dismissed Lord Palmerston, decides, by a majority nominally less, but really (ignoring the Irreconcilables) much larger, to leave to Mr. Gladstone's Ministry the charge of great, difficult, and delicate military operations, the conduct of complicated and critical foreign relations; the control of national, colonial, and Imperial interests as momentous, perhaps, as at any time since the close of the great war have been staked on the judgment, firmness, tact, and courage of English statesmen.

The condonation of national disaster and disgrace, the formal however reluctant confidence renewed to a damaged and distrusted Government, reveal a new relation between the Commons and the country, a collective and individual want of understanding between members and their constituents, which paralyses the control of Parliament and renders the machinery of the Constitution unworkable. That the past or future course of the Government commands the confidence of the House of Commons, or of those classes whose voice has been heard and understood, no one will pretend. Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy finds few or no hearty defenders. We hardly see how it could; based, as it has been, on a principle

ciple from which it has repeatedly and signally deviated, on a dogma which, false to the primary facts of the situation, never has been nor could be consistently maintained. It started from the non-intervention theory of the Radical doctrinaires, always to adopt at last, in haste, irresolutely and too late, the active intervention recommended by practical statesmen. Accompanied and excused by professions invariably belied, hampered by promises impossible of fulfilment, yet fatal to consistent and straightforward action, the course of the Government has offended all parties in turn, and with reason. The Radicals protest against the forfeiture of impracticable pledges. Patriotic Liberals are forced to deplore the predicted and inevitable consequences of spasmodic attempts to satisfy impossible engagements and reconcile irreconcilable conditions. Mr. Gladstone's original position and successive shifting attitudes have been tainted by one fatal paradox; the ignoble, not to say immoral, hope that we could assume power without accepting responsibility; that we could dictate the conduct of the Egyptian Government and repudiate the consequences. It was said, at one time, that Ministers inherited obligations and liabilities they would not themselves have accepted. Perhaps; they would probably have left the Canal under French control, and allowed Egypt to share the fate of Tunis. But for the transactions of the last three years this plea cannot avail them; nor do they much care to urge it. Mr. Gladstone's course has been too characteristic, too strongly marked by the subtle distinctions and casuistic ingenuity of which no other statesman is master, to be fathered upon his rivals. Had Lord Salisbury been at the Foreign Office, had Sir Henry Layard retained the Embassy at Constantinople, the personal and political situation would have been radically different. The troubles which have grown step by step, weakness by weakness, neglect by neglect, to such a climax of complicated failure would never have arisen. Their commencement is traceable—clearly and directly as ever consequence was traced to cause—to Mr. Gladstone's bitter antagonism and oratorical intemperance. Because Lord Beaconsfield had made it a cardinal point to keep on good terms with our natural allies in the Levant—allies bound to us by traditional policy and common interests—Mr. Gladstone pursued Austria and Turkey with insult and invective hardly becoming the lips of a responsible statesman and veteran Minister. The famous apology may or may not have effaced from the memory of the Cabinet and Court of Vienna the yet more famous taunts and menaces of Midlothian. The more extravagant and intemperate abuse lavished on 'the Turk' remain unatoned and unforgiven. The speaker's colleagues

leagues and subordinates have long and bitterly rued its effects—effects which may extend further and last longer than even the fame of that memorable canvass. By such affronts alike to his religion, his race, and his person, the Sultan was hopelessly alienated from England. Her influence, hitherto paramount at Constantinople, was thenceforth worse than null. Whatever she desired, the sovereign and statesmen of Turkey were resolute to thwart. A word from the Porte, and Arabi's mutiny would have been nipped in the bud. Had the Sultan been our friend, that rebellious Colonel, to whom the Caliph's sanction and encouragement gave so dangerous an importance, would have been summoned to Constantinople and withdrawn from the stage. The religious and political influence of the Sultan—great throughout the Mohammedan world, and especially great in Egypt—has been thrown deftly and skilfully, at every critical juncture, into the scale of our enemies. An intrigue, insignificant at first, ignored in Downing Street, was fostered by more than one unfriendly influence till it threatened revolution. Compelled to intervene, Mr. Gladstone clung with a perverse and pedantic consistency to the forms and language of non-intervention. His words belied his acts, and his acts were hampered by his theory. He was warned, by those to whom he was bound to listen, that to send a fleet without a force of marines capable of occupying Alexandria would not intimidate but exasperate the mutineers; that it would imperil the lives and property of the European community. The fleet was sent, to lie helpless in the harbour while the predicted massacre followed. The next inevitable step was that which has been commonly called the bombardment of Alexandria—a formal misnomer, a verbal inaccuracy, which the Minister who so managed that bombardment as to provoke and permit the partial destruction of the city cannot hear with temper. 'The bombardment of the forts' failed once more to intimidate Arabi. No one outside the Ministry ever expected otherwise.

The separation from France, the occupation of Egypt, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, the war that was no war, the protectorate that is no protectorate, followed of course. From that day the Khedive's Government was as distinctly and absolutely subject to English direction as that of India. Tewfik's ministers were appointed and dismissed from Downing Street; were as veritably Mr. Gladstone's subordinate officers as Lord Ripon or Lord Dufferin. But Mr. Gladstone obstinately closed his eyes alike to present facts and their certain consequences. 'None so blind as those who won't see;' yet it is hard to understand how even wilfulness could help seeing that while England controlled

controlled the Viceregal Government, while our troops garrisoned Cairo, while English officers commanded Egyptian forces, the defeat of those forces would be regarded by the ignorant masses of Europe—by every Mohammedan man, woman, and child in Africa and Asia—as the defeat of England. Illusion, fiction, dream let it be; a dream which governs the belief of nations, inspires the courage of armies, determines the course of events—a phantom which may light the flames of religious war from Tripoli to Morocco, from Mecca to Cabul—is, in the esteem of practical statesmen, a mighty and formidable fact. But of such illusions Mr. Gladstone's pedantic faith in phrase and form refused to take account. Since General Hicks received his command and his instructions from the Khedive, his doings and his fate were no concern of ours. Baker Pasha no longer held the Queen's commission; it mattered nothing, therefore, that he was a celebrated and distinguished English officer; his defeat or death could in nowise affect the prestige of his country.

None the less, the tidings that General Hicks and his Egyptian army had been surprised and cut to pieces in the Soudan inspired a panic in Downing Street. Frightened from out the shelter of his all-covering formula, Mr. Gladstone hurriedly despatched to the Khedive an order to abandon, at once and *in toto*, the southern empire on whose acquisition and retention his predecessors had spent the strength of Egypt for so many years. The Egyptian Premier remonstrated. We have, he said, strong garrisons scattered over the Soudan. Thousands of Egyptian subjects, men, women, and children, have gathered around them. The Egyptian name is hated by the armed slave dealers and warlike tribes of the country. You are ordering us to betray our soldiers to massacre, our women and children to slaughter or to slavery. Mr. Gladstone, like a yet more famous historical character, washed his hands of it. His ambiguous, unacknowledged relations with the Egyptian Government were exactly calculated to permit his left hand to ignore what his right was doing. The protectorate was real enough to override resistance, informal enough to obscure responsibility. He could not allow the finances of Egypt to be deranged; the fate of her soldiers was no business of his. Cherif Pasha resigned; the abandonment was proclaimed, and the massacres began. Mr. Gladstone's conscience was untroubled, but the subtleties which pacified it failed to content the common-sense or appease the moral instincts of England. From all classes and parties arose a cry of shame and horror; feelings in which Ministers alone did not participate, but which nevertheless compelled them to act. Gordon's short,
simple

simple narrative reveals the mingled haste and hesitation, the excitement and unwillingness, the doubts and confusion of their bewildered counsels. They would and they would not, they wanted and were afraid of him; they summoned, dismissed, then recalled, and then at a moment's warning despatched him, or in Mr. Gladstone's characteristic phrase, 'invited him to go' to Khartoum; with scanty instructions, extensive but indefinite powers, and no resources whatsoever, save those which his own administrative genius, his magnetic personal influence over men, and especially Orientals, might supply. Thus thrown upon himself, Gordon was of course entitled to expect that unfettered discretion, that ungrudging support which he had disdained to stipulate, and which, as it presently appeared, his employers had no mind to give him. They thwarted and contradicted, while they dared not recal or reprimand him. They repudiated his measures, rejected his plans, hampered his policy, withheld everything he pronounced indispensable, yet left him in charge, and held him responsible for success. At a crisis of extreme hazard they were not ashamed to ask him, 'Why don't you come away?' 'Because we are not allowed' was all he deigned to answer. He scorned to read the plain purport of the question. He would not understand that the Queen's Ministers dared to ask him, 'Why don't you *run* away? Why don't you leave the troops you have raised, the garrison and the people of Khartoum, to the mercy of the Mahdi? We don't mind *them*; but if *you* are killed or captured, we shall hear of it.'

Meanwhile, the garrisons on the Red Sea coast were reported to be in extremity. There was a sure prospect of further and yet more hideous massacres. The quality of General Baker's soldiery was known—one would have said universally, but that one or two members of the Cabinet have put in a plea of absolute ignorance. Like their comrades under General Hicks, they turned their backs or lay down to be speared. Their chief narrowly escaped the fate of Hicks. This defeat again hurried the halting steps of our Government. General Graham was sent in hot haste to Suakim—as usual, too late. Sinkat fell before he started, Tokar before his force was ready to move. The loyalty and heroism of Tewfik Pasha, the splendid effort of the garrison to cut its way into safety, their wholesale slaughter, the butchery of their women and children, made a strong impression in England. Before this article appears in print, the like will—if Mr. Gladstone's arrangements are carried out to their obvious issue—probably have happened at Kassala. With the conquerors, however, we had no quarrel. By Mr. Gladstone's own showing, the

the soldiers of Osman Digma were fighting for their chosen sovereign, for their religion, for the deliverance of their country from a yoke which Gordon pronounced intolerable, from which England had professed to liberate them. But Mr. Gladstone could not afford to be consistent. Parliament and the country would demand to 'know the reason why'; would ask how troops for whose fate we were responsible, whose peril we had caused and were bound to succour, were left unaided for months within striking distance of the sea, and allowed to perish almost within sight of our flag? Some new and signal incident, some brilliant stroke, must divert attention from the shameful catastrophe. General Graham was therefore ordered to invade a country where we had now no business, to seek out and slaughter a people who sought no quarrel with us, and against whom we had no complaint. At Tamai and El Teb some hundreds of English soldiers were killed and maimed; thousands of Arabs were mown down by rifles and machine guns, and still more wounded, to live crippled or to die in lingering torture.

Then the fruits of victory, moral and substantial, were hurriedly abandoned. Our troops retreated; the country was evacuated at the very time when General Gordon, baffled in his self-reliant policy by taskmasters who wanted bricks without straw, omelettes without breaking of eggs or smashing of Mahdis, was calling for aid, and pointing to Suakim-Berber as the route by which it might best reach him. He asked for military support on the 29th of February, 1884. On the 23rd of March, Mr. Power, his trusted aid and right-hand, an English official as well as a newspaper correspondent, wrote in Gordon's name:—'We cannot believe that we are to be abandoned. Our existence depends on England.' Early in last spring, then, Ministers knew that Khartoum was in peril; that their agent—whose simple military loyalty had trusted unhesitatingly to their loyalty when he obeyed their summons—felt himself 'abandoned'; warned them that the only chance of life for himself, for his English comrades, for the native soldiers to whom his faith was pledged, lay in prompt and energetic help from home. On May 13th they were with difficulty baited into that admission of responsibility which, however partial and limited, they had so long withheld. 'Indelible disgrace' would rest upon them did they fail to do everything in their power—that is, to exert the whole military strength, the vast resources of England—to protect General Gordon. Ministers were then, and have been ever since, fully informed, upon authority they were not entitled to doubt or impeach, of the true nature of the situation. General
Gordon's

Gordon's language was sharp, explicit, and significant. Except the Duke of Wellington, no English soldier or diplomatist, perhaps, has addressed his official superiors at home in terms so plain, so peremptory, and so indignant. Still, till the end of July, Ministers hesitated, faltered, argued, and did nothing. They were urged in Parliament, they were reproached in the press, they were informed, warned, and taunted in vain. Parliament was compelled to separate without obtaining from them any disclosure of their intentions, any proof that they had intentions to disclose.

Their defence is now before the country, and we venture to say that a lamer, a more feeble, impotent, self-destructive case was never offered by English statesmen to a mortified and disappointed Parliament, a deceived, exasperated and remorseful people. According to Lord Derby, the idea that an expedition might become necessary 'was never absent from their minds.' Mr. Gladstone rests his defence on the assertion, that it was never present to his. It was not till very late in the spring or summer of 1884 that he began to contemplate the possibility that Gordon was in danger. The contradiction is damning in itself; and Mr. Gladstone's argument is refuted by Gordon's despatches. Lord Derby's, then, is the view on which Ministers rest their case. They knew, more than twelve months ago, that they might have to send a strong relieving force to Khartoum. Did it not occur to them that, if the need came, it would or might be sharp, sudden, and pressing; that there would not be weeks, much less months, to spare? Why, then, was time wantonly wasted? Why was nothing done to prepare for action, or even to ascertain what action was possible, till action, instant and rapid, was demanded? By their own account, the route, the nature, the strength, the hazards, the means of transport, the *personnel* and *matériel*, of the expedition should have been settled in detail in April or May. Their defence—the excuse for the fall of Khartoum and Gordon's death—rests on the fact, the avowed and disgraceful fact, that none of these things were done, commenced or attempted, until August. Lord Northbrook stated their story in self-condemning detail. We began—such was the substance of his argument—in May to think whether we might not have to think of action; to wonder whether the Suakim-Berber route, lately opened and abandoned, were not the best, and what we should do if we were forced to do something. Towards the end of June, we began to prepare to set about the preliminary work of exploring and investigating. Then Berber fell. (The First Lord forgets that, in April, Mr. Gladstone had assured the House of Commons that Berber was
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in no danger.) Another massacre, so closely touching Khar-toum, so obviously foreshadowing the fate of General Gordon, startled the Government into what, for them, may be called activity. Late in August they began to collect steamers for the ascent of the Nile. What they did in September they could have done in March; and, save for the fall of Berber, the need was scarcely more obvious in autumn than in spring.

We willingly admit that when action was at last taken—when, that is, effective control, practical responsibility, passed from the hands of Cabinet Ministers into those of officials and men of business, of soldiers and sailors—there was a characteristic change. After that there were few delays, no hesitations, and but one fatal error—for which the Cabinet was responsible. General Stephenson, knowing nothing that Ministers might not have known, but regarding the situation with a soldier's eye, feeling a soldier's keen anxiety for the honour of his flag, a soldier's sympathy for a gallant and deeply endangered comrade, had studied on the spot the possibilities and the conditions of rescue, and pronounced the Nile route too long and too precarious. Events have verified his judgment. It was terribly precarious, and has proved fatally long. The Suakim-Berber route, at first contemplated and almost adopted, was peremptorily rejected. Ministers pronounced the alternative impossible. They are flatly contradicted by an authority higher than theirs—the authority and experience of the great soldier who conducted the expedition to Magdala with a success painfully contrasting the result of Lord Wolseley's last exploit. Motives we cannot know and will not impute. One point is obvious; to adopt that route was to condemn themselves, to brand the recal of General Graham as a perverse and almost wilful blunder. That self-condemnation they have not escaped. They are now driven to assume that the rejected route is practicable, the route they chose a failure. The expedition which, at such cost and toil and hazard, has at last reached Korti by the Nile, can only wait, paralysed by heat and fever, in demoralizing idleness and disheartening impotence, till reinforced and rescued from Suakim. They have sent Sir Gerald Graham to repeat the struggles and the slaughter of last spring, to break once more the power of Osman Digma, to regain, at whatever cost, the position he held and was ordered to relinquish twelve months ago, when two or three weeks would have ascertained its value. But we are told, the Nile expedition has not failed. No; it only came too late! Lord Wolseley's last measures were redolent of impending disaster. The dash across the desert, the battles of Abu Klea and Gubat, the baffled 'reconnaissance' of Metammeh, the perilous halt on

the river, the instant and determined endeavour of Sir Charles Wilson to communicate with Gordon—at what risk, the rescue barely achieved by Lord C. Beresford's consummate skill and recklessness presently showed—were these the deliberate measures of an eminently cautious General, or the last efforts of despair? Was it not that hours had become precious because weeks and months had been wasted at home? A recent letter from the 'Times' correspondent avers that the object of the eleven hundred miles' forced march, the life of Gordon, the credit of the Government and their General, were staked on the chance of reaching Khartoum in time to save its garrison from the treason of despair. When Lord Wolseley, of all Generals, flung Sir H. Stewart's advanced guard of fifteen hundred men 160 miles from support or succour—where the enemy, under a chief skilled in desert warfare, should have worn out men and horses, camels and stores, given them no rest by night or day, hunted, harassed, hung upon them, exhausted, starved, brought them to a standstill, to surrender or annihilation, without a battle—did he rely on British luck or pluck, on the genius of Stewart or the military incapacity of the Mahdi; or—had he simply no choice? When he took that critical resolve, was it not that he knew the situation of the 14th of December—doubtless of a fortnight earlier? Was not the sound in his ears of the significant 'All is over'—General Gordon's last words? That brief farewell despatch is pathetically gentle and moderate. The stinging sense of betrayal and abandonment still lingered, but the angry contempt, the burning indignation—the natural bitterness and just resentment that inspired those scathing messages which have reached us, and those still sharper reproaches which have been suppressed—were quelled, all stormy passion calmed, as he then stood face to face with death. That simple soldierly remonstrance goes deeper and more direct to the heart of his country, appeals more powerfully for justice on those whose weakness had baffled his energy, betrayed his hopes, and sacrificed his life, than the most withering invective, the most telling and damning summary of the long miserable story.

That single sentence records what Ministers have done for General Gordon, for the credit of the British arms, and the honour of England. What have they done for Egypt, over which, since the battle of Tel-el-Kebir at least, they have exercised unquestioned, and in a double sense irresponsible power? They were bound, by every pledge that could oblige the conscience of statesmen, to the Khedive. They have shattered the foundation of his power; have associated him with acts verging on treason to his Sovereign, and hostility to his country. They have

have disbanded his army, and cut his empire in twain. They have disorganized his government, and ruined his finances; have so entangled him in the meshes of their inexplicable policy, that his throne, propped only by British bayonets, must fall without an effort, crumble into dust from very rottenness, when those bayonets are withdrawn. What reparation have we made to him or his people? Abundant reparation, Mr. Gladstone assures us; we have abolished the kourbash and the *corvée*!—for the nonce. And why have we done no more? Why have we not put the finances of Egypt on a sounder footing? Why have we not established in the valley of the Nile a government as decent as those of the protected Indian States, to which we stand in the same relation? We must govern through Egyptians. Nubar Pasha is probably as able, conscientious, and patriotic, as any minister we could employ; but Nubar Pasha is as helpless as the rest, and for the same reason. No Egyptian statesman dare enquire too sternly, or punish malfeasance or dishonesty too severely; none dare call pashas to strict account, or protect the labourers from ill-usage, or systematically visit the prisons and release men consigned to a dungeon by the enmity of powerful neighbours. He is hourly reminded that England will not protect the faithful agents of her will: their proximate abandonment at an early date is the fundamental principle, the one settled and certain element, of Mr. Gladstone's policy. Our withdrawal means for the Egyptian who shall have relied on our protection, and ventured to enforce justice and punish abuses, the bowstring or the poisoned coffee-cup—death by formal sentence or by certain and unpunished assassination.

The financial convention is pre-eminently characteristic: the Ministerial defence thereof more characteristic and significant still. In 1882 the nominal debt of Egypt exceeded ninety millions, and absorbed more than half her revenue. Of that nominal capital, Tewfik Pasha's predecessors had received less than ten shillings in the pound. Of that receipt, a considerable part had been intercepted by foreign adventurers, on one pretext or another; little or none had been spent for the public benefit. The most objectionable feature of the Dual Control was that it linked us with France, the patron of the bondholders, and made us, in some sense, partners in the maintenance of this huge injustice. When France repudiated her joint liability, and forfeited her partnership rights, she released us from that bond of iniquity. The policy of a real, *bonâ fide*, avowed protectorate should have been to readjust the terms of the contract, to modify the claims of the creditors as it altered

essentially and inevitably the character of their security. The English occupation gave the bondholders European security; they might fairly have been required, therefore, to content themselves with European interest. This would have done them no wrong. Three and a half per cent. guaranteed by England is worth, on any European stock exchange, as much as seven per cent. dependent on the power and willingness of Egypt to pay her debts, on the chance of revolution and possibility of conquest. We do not say that such a change could have been enforced by the sole will of England; it should have been made the basis, if not the ultimatum, of negotiation. Unhappily, Mr. Gladstone had assumed a studiously false position: by ignoring the actual protectorate, by qualifying and minimizing the fact of occupation, by repudiating the responsibilities and rights of absolute and exclusive power, he cut from under his feet the ground he should have taken. As the confessed and permanent protectress of Egypt, England was entitled to claim that the engagements of the Dual Control were virtually annulled. She could have treated with the bondholders and with Europe as to the Power by whose sufferance alone the Caisse and the Law of Liquidation could act, whose permission alone could give effect to the decrees of the Tribunals. But the repudiation of her real position, the pretence of an accidental occupation and an ephemeral protectorate, deprived her of that advantage, saddled her with the bargain imposed by force or fraud upon Egypt, kept the institutions of the Control alive to harass and hamper her action, and deprived Egypt of that compensation for the annoyance and the burden of foreign protection to which she was clearly entitled.

Under Mr. Gladstone's management our interference has cost Egypt an additional load of nine millions. The so-called bombardment of Alexandria imposed on the Egyptian Government indemnities amounting to four millions for the destruction of European property. Had that property been destroyed by our shell and shot, the liability would have fallen, primarily at any rate, upon ourselves. It was just as much Mr. Gladstone's doing as if our guns had been directed upon the city, and not solely upon its fortifications. Our own officials had declared, all Europe knew, that the despatch of a fleet without a force capable of landing would not intimidate but encourage and exasperate the military rebels at whose mercy Alexandria lay—who were then the *de facto* Government. The havoc and the consequent indemnities were entailed upon the *de jure* Government we professed to protect solely by English mismanagement. Deficits amounting

to five millions more have been created during and by the occupation ; incurred, whether necessarily or not, by an administration and in the pursuit of a policy for which the occupying Power is solely responsible. This responsibility was so far acknowledged, that a year ago the Cabinet proposed to guarantee the necessary loan, enabling Egypt to borrow the amount at three and a half per cent. But here again their action was fettered by the obsolete engagements of the Dual Control. The Law of Liquidation, belonging to a state of things virtually terminated by our occupation, forbade Egypt to incur any further debt ; and its obligations, gratuitously recognized by us as having the force of international engagements, could only be relaxed by the collective consent of Europe. Had England asserted her true position in Egypt, the supreme authority arising from exclusive power and the sole assumption of responsibilities once collective, she might have demanded as of right the formal assent which Europe could hardly have refused ; but, as the 'mandatary of Europe,' as the 'ally' and 'natural adviser' of the Khedive, having repudiated alike the rights of conquest, of protection, and of possession, her hands were tied. We had to purchase the assent of the Governments on their terms, and those terms, of course, were virtually dictated by France. We have obtained the loan which was clearly and absolutely indispensable, which could not practically have been refused, only by yielding every other point. Instead of substantial reductions of the iniquitous interest on the bonds, a paltry nominal tax of five per cent. for two years is purchased by an equivalent reduction of the dividends on our own Suez Canal shares ; and if this petty tax be not remitted in two years, a European Commission of Enquiry is to overhaul the finance of Egypt, to sit in judgment on our Administration and reduce our authority to impotence in the face of an Oriental population and a corrupt, hostile, contemptuous official aristocracy. Ministers hint that no such Commission will sit. Perhaps not ; the five-per-cent. tax is not worth it. But we shall purchase immunity from such interference by perpetuating in full the monstrous claims of the bondholders. The taxation of foreign merchants and landholders, though a necessary and a very tardy concession of a plain and absolute right, creates new opportunities of diplomatic dictation and vexatious interference.

Finally, the loan is to be guaranteed not by England, but by Europe. Upon this all parties have fixed as the critical point, the vital concession. Ministers insist that it gives the Powers no right of interference. In form and law this may be true ; and, if the sole protectorate of England had been asserted and acknowledged,

ledged, the collective guarantee might be of little consequence ; but in that case the collective guarantee would neither have been offered nor accepted. Its significance lies in the explicit denial of our sole or supreme claim which it involves. It gives the Powers a position and pretensions precisely analogous to that 'moral and indeterminate right' which is all that Mr. Gladstone presumes to assert for England. The Ministers who now endeavour to minimize and explain it away are refuted out of their own mouths. France excepted, the Powers pretend to attach no importance to the matter. The guarantee, as Lord Salisbury says, was offered as an assistance to English credit. The Austrian Ambassador thought that the signature of Austria would enable us to raise money at a cheaper rate ! The ridicule of the suggestion is significant. Diplomacy does not play the fool for nothing. But further, this friendly offer, this financial tenderness to poor overburdened England, was displayed in the teeth of a plain and peremptory English protest. A year ago Ministers had positively refused to hear of a collective guarantee. Mr. Gladstone quotes the Anglo-French guarantee of the Turkish loan of 1855 as a precedent in point. That loan, he says, gave no right of interference. What said he, supported by Lord Derby and Lord Selborne, at the time ?—'The worst of these guarantees is that all the guaranteeing Powers acquire a political hold upon Turkey.' Either then or now Mr. Gladstone must have been utterly wrong ; either he then talked sheer nonsense, or collective Europe acquires by this guarantee 'a political hold upon Egypt.' Lord Granville's defence or explanation is more significant than satisfactory. The comparison so rashly challenged by his chief he slurs over as he may. The present collective guarantee, he intimates, was a concession to France, who had put forward an ultimatum so offensive and impracticable, that some means of retreat must be created for her. France, in this matter, represents first the bondholders, next, the traditional jealousy of England, the interest adverse to ours in the East. And if France have accepted this collective guarantee as the substitute for her former demands, she sees in it a leverage for further intervention, a means of reasserting her forfeited position in Egypt, which no English Ministry should ever have conceded. The division in the Commons was a foregone conclusion ; the debates are equally conclusive, but in an opposite sense. No candid, observant, and well-informed reader has studied them without grave misgivings ; without seeing that the case of the Opposition is strong, telling, and coherent, the Ministerial defence feeble and self-contradictory. Those only approve whose approval sets the seal of national condemnation

condemnation upon the project ; who avowedly desire to enforce the prompt fulfilment of Mr. Gladstone's original pledges—to retreat from Cairo as from Candahar, to scuttle out of the Soudan as from the Transvaal.

Sir William Harcourt's plea consisted of a wholly new constitutional doctrine ; a novel view of the functions and duties of Parliament, the purport of a vote of censure. Parliament and the country cannot desire a change of Government unless they wish to initiate a total change of policy ! The Home Secretary is learned in Parliamentary law and history. What, in his view, was that 'impeachment' for which our mild modern manners have substituted a vote of want of confidence ? What is Parliamentary censure but a constructive and collective impeachment ; the impeachment not of a Minister, but of a Cabinet ; impeachment, not of high crimes and misdemeanours, but of error and failure ; impeachment carrying no heavier penalty than dismissal ? What, on this new view of Parliamentary law and practice, is the meaning of 'Ministerial responsibility ?' The phrase is no obsolete form, no curious fiction. Ministers daily claim to use the wide prerogatives of the Crown to make treaties, to decide questions of war and peace, to take critical and irrevocable action upon that responsibility ; meaning—if words in the Parliamentary use of to-day can be said to have a meaning—that they accept a full, a personal, a very heavy moral liability ; that for misjudgment or failure they must pay the penalty in discredit and disgrace, in formal censure and compulsory resignation. No Ministry has stretched that doctrine further than the present. If past errors are not to be visited with Parliamentary condemnation and dismissal from office, the Home Secretary and his colleagues were paltering with conscience, trifling with the country, when they claimed to act on their discretion and to answer for the consequences. Are not mistakes, mismanagement, blunders, disaster, or even that persistent ill-luck which always argues intellectual or moral weakness, a ground on which the public, like any private employer, may well desire to change its servants ? If Egypt stood alone, if our affairs elsewhere had been conducted with skill and firmness, wisdom, tact, and success, Sir William Harcourt's doctrine would still be unconstitutional and unreasonable. One single series of errors so signal, of disregarded warnings and predicted disasters, would fix upon the responsible members of the Government the charge of gross incompetence, of that *crassa ignorantia* which in every profession, and above all in Her Majesty's service, is visited with the heaviest penalties. The responsibility of the Cabinet is collective, and must be jointly, not severally, enforced. For the

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Egyptian fiasco, moreover, the Cabinet collectively and the Prime Minister personally are actually and not constructively liable. But the same seal of failure; the same mark of irresolution, hesitation, divided counsels, halting opinions, faltering and feeble action, is stamped upon their whole administration. To say nothing of Ireland, South Africa and Australia, Angra Pequena and Fiji, Constantinople and Berlin, our insufficient squadrons, our unfortified coaling stations, our half-armoured ships, our disorganized regiments, tell the same story. The Foreign Office and the Admiralty, our colonial and our military administration, bear the same brand.

Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury left to their successors a position as strong as England ever held since the day when the common voice of Christendom hailed her great General 'the Liberator of Europe.' The Treaty of Berlin revealed the European standing, the practical power of England, and the strength of her Government. We had arrested Russia in mid career, and without war. The slaveholders of the Transvaal no more than the agrarian conspirators of Ireland dreamed of outrage, while a strong and steady hand wielded the power of Great Britain. We were on terms with France the better, that we neither slobbered nor squabbled. Our influence predominated at Constantinople. Italy was quite as ready as now for an alliance by which she had all to gain and nothing to lose. With Austria and Germany we had a thorough understanding, based on community of interests and maintained by mutual confidence that those interests would be vigorously asserted and steadily pursued. England was respected, trusted, deferred to, because Europe understood that her Government was ready and able to maintain her rank as a great Power—her European position, her supremacy in the Pacific and Southern Asia—at any necessary cost. Five years of Liberal rule have sufficed to undo Lord Beaconsfield's work, to reduce England from a station as high as she ever held to one lower than she has ever endured to occupy since the days of Charles II. For the first time in our history a Minister came into power, whose avowed and paramount object was to reverse the foreign policy of the country, to repudiate the engagements, to renounce the objects, to discredit the achievements and damage the fame of his predecessor. We scuttled out of the Transvaal, cringing to victorious enemies, and betraying loyal and trustful allies. The nominal suzerainty, the solemn treaties by which that evasion was covered have only exposed us to deeper and more flagrant insult, by pointing the affronts we did not resent, and making the lawless outrages of the Boers a direct, open, unanswered challenge to England.

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The evacuation of Candahar may be justified on the ground of conciliating the Ameer of Cabul; but the abandonment of the Quetta railway was an act of folly which nothing can excuse. It encouraged Russia to seize Merv, and menace Herat. Indian statesmanship has fortunately secured some of those valuable fruits of Lord Lytton's policy which a partisan successor was eager to fling away. It is not Mr. Gladstone's fault that the Ameer was not driven into the arms of our wakeful and resolute rival. After allowing her to work her will and repudiate her promises, after years of pretended blindness and servile endurance, we are on the verge of war with Russia; a war which the apparently unprovoked attack of General Komaroff upon the Afghans has already precipitated, unless ample and complete reparation is made. France rewards Mr. Gladstone's fawning affection by discourtesies which neither Lord Palmerston nor Lord Beaconsfield was ever invited to endure.

Mr. Gladstone's courtship of the Radical Republic has alienated a Power, whose friendship and support are of infinitely greater value and infinitely more trustworthy, than any temporary understanding that can be established with perennial rivals. The grievances which Prince Bismarck has urged, in a tone he would never have assumed towards Lord Salisbury, his complaints of despatches prematurely published and his publication of despatches never transmitted, are not the motives but the manifestation of ill-temper. The management of recent negotiations for which Mr. Gladstone must be held primarily responsible to an exceptional extent, his private arrangements with France, the slight thereby put upon Germany, and other small incivilities, have created a national sore which no courteous parliamentary phrases, no exchange of unmeaning assurances, will suffice to heal. Even if seriously undertaken and earnestly prosecuted, Prince Bismarck's colonial enterprises need nowise have threatened the interests or provoked the jealousy of England. France is everywhere, especially in the East, a dangerous and troublesome neighbour. Her naval strength renders her Eastern possessions, as the Mauritius so long proved, potential thorns in the side of India, sallyports against our trade. German colonies in temperate climes would be peaceable neighbours and welcome customers. German factories on the pestilential coast of Western Africa, in the swamps of New Guinea, or in the tropical islands of the Pacific, would be pledges of peace, hostages given by the first military Power of the Continent to the Mistress of the Seas; defenceless dependencies which, in case of war with France, would render an English alliance indispensable to Germany.

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This newly-developed ambition, if serious, afforded to a sagacious and adroit Foreign Secretary an invaluable opportunity. He had but to ask Germany, 'What do you want? New Guinea or Zululand you cannot have; for the rest, ask and arrange;' and to place his own price upon English aid. Heavy blame rests somewhere; some malign influence has turned a splendid opportunity into an occasion of quarrel and alienation. An Italian alliance already beginning to cool; a division of spoil upon the Congo, already half nullified by the intrigues of France and Portugal; a half-promise that the former will not plant a penal settlement for her worst criminals within a few days' sail of our Australian colonies—this is what we have to show for five years of Lord Granville's diplomacy, our sole compensation for the wanton sacrifice of our position in Egypt, bought twice over with English blood and money, for the sullenness of Austria, the antagonism of Germany, the unopposed conquests which have brought Russia within sight of Herat, the key of India, and almost emboldened her to snatch it.

Turning from the Foreign Office to the Admiralty, the same self-contradiction and self-condemnation stand on record. In spring, Lord Northbrook declared that the Admiralty would hardly know how to spend four millions if the House should vote them. Nothing had changed meanwhile. Nothing was known, even to the First Lord and his advisers, which had not been known when they proclaimed that everything was as perfect as money could make it. Yet in autumn Lord Northbrook announced his intention to ask the House for five millions, to be spent on objects long foreseen; to make good deficiencies every one of which had been urged upon the Department for months, most of them for years, in vain. By the reluctant admission of the responsible officials, our fleet is insufficient, our coaling stations unprotected, our trade and our colonies dangerously exposed. There is an immediate need of several new ironclads, of a whole squadron of cruisers, of fortifications at a dozen different points. On his own showing, Lord Northbrook stands convicted of astounding inconsistency; of almost incredible ignorance or carelessness in June, or not less culpable extravagance in October. Which fault has been his, there is unhappily no room to doubt. None could read Sir Thomas Brassey's speech on the Naval Estimates without seeing that, even in his view, our navy is perilously weak; that the stations on whose security its efficiency depends lie at the mercy of a naval enemy. The mastery of the seas is for us a question, not of prestige and power, but of life and death. Without it, in war, our manufactures would be stopped, our empire shattered, our colonies endangered,

endangered, our dependencies lost, our commerce paralysed, our shipping rendered worthless, half our industries ruined; nay, in six months the interception of our food supplies would starve these islands, with their population of thirty millions, into a surrender at discretion. Is that mastery secure? Not, by general admission, unless our navy be at least equal or superior to any two rivals that might combine against us. That is the lowest standard of sufficiency assigned by Birmingham economists and official optimists. Yet the Admiralty at most contends that our ironclad—our fighting—fleet is equal or superior to that of France. That it is a match for the navies of France and Italy—of any combination whereof France forms a part—the Department does not affirm. All Lord Northbrook affects to intend is that, in five years' time, it shall be—not all that it ought to be—but fairly strong; at any rate, not inferior to that of France. Even this unsatisfactory estimate is made good only by deciding in our own favour every dubious comparison, every point on which the Admiralty is at issue with some of the highest professional authorities. The Secretary scarcely affects to believe that, when the five millions shall have been expended, our maritime force will have reached its proper standard. Yet this indispensable expenditure is to be spread over five years! Till the end of that time the Admiralty does not pretend that we shall be strong or even safe. The weakness of our China fleet enhances the danger of such misunderstandings as are too apt to occur when overstrained belligerent pretensions harass an important neutral trade. Skilled constructors and experienced officers maintain that our citadel ships are mere death traps, unfit to encounter the fully armoured ironclads of France or Italy. If these are to be struck off our effective strength, we are not masters even of the Mediterranean or of the Channel. Upon questions of naval strength, public opinion can hardly arbitrate in the conflict of authority. But that very conflict creates an alarming uncertainty, a painful sense of insecurity.

Such are the charges to which, in fact, if not in form—by acts which belie their words, by reversing their policy and undoing their measures—Ministers have virtually pleaded guilty. Why, then, has condemnation faltered and retribution halted? Why has the House changed its estimate of duty or failed to fulfil it—refused to give effect to the conviction of the majority, the judgment of society, the disappointment and indignation of the public? Why have Ministers so damaged and weakened, a policy so discredited, shortcomings so signal and so directly brought home, escaped the censure which has invariably visited
lighter

lighter faults and less fatal consequences? Why has the House no longer the decided will, the collective independence, of old? Why have individual members no longer the courage of their convictions?

Something must no doubt be ascribed to indifference, and more to ignorance, out of doors. The larger electorate of to-day takes not necessarily narrower, but more limited and more partial, views than that of 1832; not a less intent, but a less active and continuous interest in affairs, and especially in foreign policy. Of India, of the Continent, of distant commerce, of the wide and complicated range of English interests—of questions like the importance of the Suez Canal, the possession of Constantinople, the value of Herat—it is absolutely and consciously ignorant. Unhappily, in a Democracy, conscious ignorance is not identical with modesty or incompatible with self-confidence; does not always induce it to delegate its powers or limit its interference. It substitutes phrases for facts, generous-seeming or high-sounding abstract principles for practical policy, blind adherence to chosen or chance guides for deference to the collective judgment of statesmen or the authority of Parliament. It lacks leisure to read the debates, and its knowledge of public men is therefore limited in the extreme. To the mass of the present electors, half-a-dozen great names alone are familiar. Of Lord Granville's diplomatic experience and skill; of Lord Hartington's sturdy if somewhat ungracious self-reliance, his administrative ability and high Parliamentary authority; of the heavy loss which Parliament and the country have sustained in the death of Lord Cairns, at once one of the three greatest lawyers and one of the first half-dozen statesmen of the day; of the high qualities which give Sir Stafford Northcote a position independent of mere party leadership; of the merits and defects which determine the Parliamentary weight of men like Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain; of that force of character which gives a wholly exceptional authority to Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster—the multitude outside their own constituencies knows little and cares less. For the average householder, Mr. Gladstone is Liberalism incarnate: to doubt his wisdom, to distrust his temper, to resist his will, is treason to the Liberal cause. An independent vote is damnable heresy, even in men who helped to mould the doctrine and consolidate the strength of the Liberal party when its present chief was still wandering in the outer darkness of Toryism. The narrower the ideas, the scantier the knowledge; the more limited the political education of classes or individuals, the stronger their tendency to impersonate a cause in its foremost champion—

champion—to trust not a party, but its leader—and make military obedience the test of political loyalty. As yet, save in cases like Newcastle and Bradford, the new and untrained electorate of England, like every other democracy, is too far from its rulers to distinguish more than one or two pre-eminent figures; and in its alternate idolatry and abuse of these there is still a large element of mere fetishism.

Presidential rather than Parliamentary government—the rule of a single elected chief rather than a representative committee of the dominant party—seems to embody the ideal and suit the tendencies of democracy. In no other country, except our colonies, has our own peculiar system, which dates from the Revolution of 1688, taken root. It works in France as now, when no one eminent leader commands a parliamentary or popular majority; when a Cabinet representing groups or sections, rather than a united party, best reflects the balance of political forces. Under ordinary conditions, the personal ascendancy of a Thiers or a Bismarck, a Pitt or a Lincoln, is more intelligible and congenial to a really popular electorate. The Cabinet system, which vests executive power and political initiative in a dozen leading members of both Houses, is an essentially aristocratic institution—the natural growth of the historical period to which it belongs, the ascendancy of the aristocratic over both the democratic and monarchical elements of the Constitution under the first four kings of the House of Hanover. A thoughtful survey of our recent history may suggest a doubt whether it can long survive the democratic reforms of the nineteenth century. Since 1831, and yet more since 1868, there has been an obvious tendency to concentrate power—direction, leadership, ultimate authority, if not immediate administrative control—in the Prime Minister. The multiplication of Cabinet officers, of itself, has contributed to render Ministers departmental chiefs, subordinates to the Head of the Government, rather than equal colleagues and *collaborateurs*; to make him a Commander rather than the President of a Council. An Executive Committee of fifteen or sixteen is too large for unity of action or even of counsel. It can, at most, take decisions upon questions prepared and measures already shaped by a single chief or a small interior committee; and if it attempted to do more—if its freedom of discussion and determination were more than nominal—the higher functions of government would be brought to a standstill. Even in the far smaller Council of India, the permanent ascendancy, the potential autocracy of the Viceroy, are found necessary to real strength, promptitude, and consistency of purpose.

purpose. Really to carry on government, to decide great questions of foreign, military, colonial, financial, or domestic policy by the free votes of a Cabinet like ours, is obviously impossible. Similarly, the control of Parliament itself becomes less and less immediate and effective. Separate sections may put pressure upon a Ministry in this or that direction; but the power of the House of Commons to reject or alter a Budget, to refuse or curtail supplies, to withhold its assent from measures recommended by the Executive, is far more nominal than real. Immediate power gravitates to the Prime Minister; ultimate power—which, after all, is little more than the power of choosing the principal Minister from some two, three, or four available candidates—is passing into the hands of the electorate, to be exercised directly at the polls. Intermediate power has become less and less available. Cabinet Ministers can always advise, and in extreme cases resign; the House of Commons can compel a dissolution; but both are naturally more and more slow to assert an authority which can be enforced only by political suicide.

The House of Commons could still censure and dismiss a Ministry, but only as the agent of the electorate, only if confident that its judgment would be ratified by individual constituencies as well as by the country at large. This is just what, since 1868, neither the House nor the Government can know. Many Liberal members must have felt assured that a considerable number of those to whose votes they owed their seats in 1880 had ceased to repose confidence in the present Government; and thirty years ago such a conviction would have sufficed. But now, the revolt of one-half the Liberal voters of 1880 belonging to those which we have called the articulate classes, might leave the party majority in the great Liberal constituencies diminished indeed, but the balance of power unaltered. The public pulse is no longer felt at a point which members can easily and certainly reach.

And it is not only that members are not, as of old, in direct and close communication with those on whose votes their election depends, that they have more or less lost touch of effective voting opinion. Their communications are studiously intercepted. A powerful machinery, invented for that express purpose, manufactures an artificial party feeling, a fictitious public opinion, which in part perverts, which much more largely falsifies and obscures, the true. A member is compelled to read the opinion of his constituency, or at least of his party therein, through the highly refracting medium of the Caucus. Even were that body fairly and honestly chosen by the collective,

collective, spontaneous, unmanipulated votes of the whole party in primary meeting assembled, its action on special occasions, its estimate of great public questions, is necessarily and inevitably taken from a false point of view, affected by a moral *strabismus*. It represents the Liberal electors, not in their individual but in their collective character; not as citizens or patriots, but as partisans. It speaks for them in virtue of an expired commission; represents not what they think of the present situation, but what they thought before that situation had arisen. But, as we know, the Caucus is not thus elected. None but thorough-going partisans take part in its election. The natural leaders, the men of weight and character, of personal influence and authority, for the most part and in most cases hold aloof. Even were the election public, free, and general, a score or two at most could be the real choice of neighbours by whom they were known and trusted; the rest of the Two Hundred or Five Hundred must be the nominees of a clique. As a matter of fact, save a few names inserted for popularity's sake, the Caucus consists, first, of the mere hirelings and busybodies; next, of those whom an experienced electioneerer described as the 'non-commissioned officers of Radicalism'—Dissenting ministers, elders, and Sunday-school teachers, trade delegates, and lecturers; thirdly and chiefly, of nobodies chosen for their insignificance and amenability. Few independent candidates claim a seat, and none, if they came forward, would have a chance. Its action is in keeping with its origin and character. The initiative practically rests exclusively with the managers. They are always present, and always command a majority of the members who care to attend. How small that attendance is, even on important occasions, their public records, their edicts uttered in the name of the whole body and of its nominal constituents, fail to show. But even the local managers seldom pretend to originate anything. Their resolutions come cut and dried from headquarters; their reprimands are dictated in Downing Street or in Birmingham.

The shadow of the coming Redistribution enhances the power, gives force to their dictation and effect to their menaces. Only a man of the highest personal reputation—a statesman like Mr. Forster or Mr. Goschen—can henceforth pretend to stand without the support of the machine or in opposition to its nominee. Such a diversion could in almost any county district or borough ward have but one effect—the return of a Tory. A member, therefore, who ventures to defy the orders of the local Caucus—orders, as he well knows, drawn up at the instigation of present Ministers, by men without weight,

weight, fame, or character—often by men discredited by exposure, men whom he justly despises, with whom, as individuals, he would not deign to discuss a public question—is placed under the ban of the party. He must at the next general election resign his seat, or throw himself, like Mr. Marriott at Brighton, upon the support of his opponents. Of the members who, had they obeyed the dictates of their own judgment, would have followed Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster into the Opposition lobby, nine in ten were Liberals as sincere as the seventy who voted with Mr. Morley; men who could neither ask nor receive Conservative support. To vote against their party was for them political extinction; the sacrifice of the ambition of a life, of the reward of long, loyal, and eminent party services. No man who knows the tone of political life, the standard of Parliamentary morality—nay, no man who has learned by personal experience the force of temptation, the subtlety of sophistry, the power of conflicting obligations, allied with influence, example, and professional custom, to bewilder the conscience—will speak or think harshly of those who, thus pressed, tempted and coerced, thought ‘Aye’ and voted ‘No.’ But the fact of such a vote—the existence of conditions actual or potential, known or conjectured, which so falsified the judgment of the House, and, it is at least probable, the feeling of the country—shows how completely the organized machinery of party may defeat the purpose of the Constitution.

The noisy agitation of last autumn, so loud and threatening that some believed it to foretell a great constitutional revolution, subsided suddenly and harmlessly at the bidding of those who raised it. The fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon surely touched the national heart far more deeply than any question of extended Franchise, any system of Redistribution. The indignation provoked by such a national disaster and disgrace is surely far stronger, deeper, and more passionate than the anger excited by the alleged offence of the Lords in delaying for a few months the promised extension of household suffrage. It is plain, then, that no parade of street processions and public meetings, no storm of organized clamour, can be trusted as a true indication of the force and fervour of public feeling or popular passion. The statesmanship of England has lost touch of the national pulse; the Cabinet and the House of Commons no longer feel themselves in mesmeric *rapport* with the country. Statesmen seeking guidance as to the wishes of the electorate at large, individual members anxious to ascertain the temper of their several constituencies, grope in the dark. In 1874, mortified by the gradual waning of his majority, by symptoms of Parliamentary insubordination,

insubordination, Mr. Gladstone dissolved, in the hope and expectation of a popular triumph, in the confident belief, that a general election would reinstate him in plenitude of power and absolute command of his party—would repeat the verdict of 1868. Dissatisfied with a majority of sixty—expecting probably to double it—he converted it into a minority of nearly fifty. Lord Beaconsfield's reception on his return from Berlin seemed to afford trustworthy evidence of public feeling, confident assurance of a renewed and strengthened majority. The dissolution of 1880 cost him some hundred and fifty votes. Stranger still, the bye-elections, controlled by the same causes and considerations, are utterly deceptive. They may go against a Government which has not even lost ground with the nation; which can, in a direct appeal to the country at large, command as fully as ever the disciplined support of its party, yet which, on single issues and in individual contests, cannot bring them to the poll. The householder writes no letters, makes no protests, listens to the same speakers, takes in the same newspaper, gives no sign of wavering confidence and gradually changing opinion; he has no organ, he gives no commissions, sends no mandates and no remonstrances to his representative. He is mute; and those who profess to speak, who pretend to know, his mind, are those whom, when the time comes, he is eminently likely to repudiate. Nor is the constituency merely silent; its voice, when most clearly and loudly heard, is that of a small, organized, disciplined minority which does not even care to ascertain the tendency of opinion, the flowing or ebbing tide of feeling. The straws upon the surface afford no indication of the strength or direction of the deep current underneath.

The consequences are more serious than mere electoral surprises and party discomfitures. Our institutions, resting on popular support, founded on an assumed harmony, an intimate mutual sympathy, between the rulers and the ruled, work at random when that close and constant contact is broken for months and years together. The Executive is weakened, if not paralysed, when it has no confidence in the support, no certain knowledge of the will, of the constituency. It can take no vigorous, consistent course; it falters, hesitates, tacks and veers with every breeze—not from mere irresolution, from unworthy subservience, but because no policy that does not command the full and hearty approval of the nation is safe or possible. The control of Parliament is annulled; because the representatives are doubtful what they represent, because a manful and independent course, while sure to offend the Caucus, can never be

sure to please the people. No definite foreign policy, no vigorous diplomacy, no firm or assured alliance, is possible to a Government which never knows six months beforehand whether it will be strengthened or overthrown by the next general election. Nay, the constituency itself is puzzled and irresolute for want of knowledge of its own collective mind. The majority—certainly small—is always doubtful. Less, sometimes far less, than a hundred thousand votes may turn the scale; and a larger number may be turned by the events of the day, by a caprice of temper, by an unpopular measure or popular proposal, or even by the apparent tenor of the first elections. As in old Rome, the prerogative vote is not merely a significant augury, but a potent influence. There are many who wish to be on the winning side; still more, perhaps, who like to swell the triumph but hardly to share the defeat of their party. The accidental priority of the borough elections probably contributed not a little to the exaggerated and disproportionate Liberal majority in the present Parliament.

The democracy of England is a novel and unparalleled experiment, a regime of political equality super-imposed on a social system of which inequality, deep-seated, radical, and glaring—inequality of wealth and rank, position and influence, education and opportunity—is the signal characteristic. It was to be expected that such an experiment should present novel and hitherto unrealized difficulties: that institutions essentially aristocratic and suited to a Parliament returned, for the most part, by small privileged constituencies, should fail accurately to reflect the opinion or give prompt effect to the will of an enormously enlarged electorate, a confused, indefinite, unorganized multitude long excluded from political power, and therefore without any natural and gradually developed provision for ascertaining and expressing, from time to time, its collective judgment upon the questions of the hour. It is one thing to learn and carry out the determination of a leisurely, educated, articulate, privileged constituency; it is another, and, as we have found to our cost, a much more difficult and delicate task to define the indefinite aspirations, to gather and embody the fluctuating and divided opinions, to ascertain and give effect to the prevailing wishes of a patient, habitually silent, and almost inarticulate people.

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*Bd. Pers.
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END OF THE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINTH VOLUME.

